



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

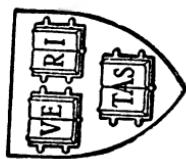
### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



14456.10

R



HARVARD  
COLLEGE  
LIBRARY









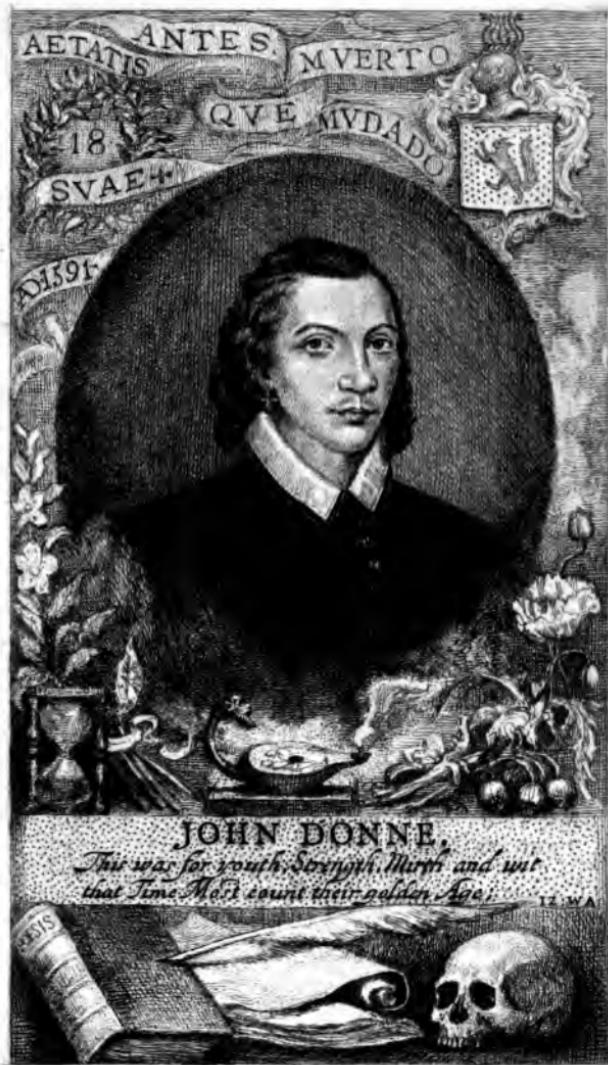
The Publication Committee of the Grolier Club certifies  
that this copy of The Poems of John Donne, in two  
volumes, is one of an edition of three hundred and  
eighty copies on hand-made paper, and three copies on  
vellum, and that the printing was completed in the month  
of August, 1895.



**THE POEMS OF JOHN DONNE.**







S. FIRMINI inv'to Aqua fortis PR 1892





THE  
POEMS OF JOHN DONNE

FROM THE TEXT OF THE EDITION OF 1633

REVISED BY  
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

WITH THE VARIOUS READINGS  
OF THE OTHER EDITIONS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, AND  
WITH A PREFACE, AN INTRODUCTION, AND NOTES BY  
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

—  
VOLUME I



NEW-YORK  
THE GROLIER CLUB  
1895

14456 . 10  
6

Copyright, 1895, by the GROLIER CLUB.



## PREFACE.

DONNE'S Poems were, from an early period of his life, among Mr. Lowell's favorite books. In 1855 an edition of them was included, I believe at his instance, in the series of "British Poets" then in course of publication by Little, Brown & Company, in Boston. It was, apparently, a reprint, without material change, from one of the later English editions, and, like all previous editions, it stood greatly in need of editorial revision.

Few of Donne's poems were printed during his lifetime. In the first collection of them, which appeared in 1633, two years after his death, they were jumbled together in no intelligible order, and with no regard to the dates of their composition, while the text shows that indifference to correct punctuation and to uniformity of spelling which was characteristic of much of the writing and presswork of those days. No poems require more care in printing, for the thought is often intricate, the diction often involved, so that for understanding them every help is needed that can be given by the press. Even with such help many passages remain difficult, and some seem corrupt.

After the publication of the Boston edition, Mr. Lowell scored the margins of the volume with emendations, mainly of the punctuation, amounting to many hundreds in number. It seemed a pity that this work should be lost, and the Grolier Club undertook the present edition for the sake of preserving it. In order to give to this issue still further value, a comparison has been made of the texts of all the editions of the seventeenth century, from the first in 1633 to the last in 1669, and the various readings noted. This was done by Mrs. Burnett, the daughter of Mr. Lowell, and by myself, with the result which is shown in the foot-notes.

The text of the edition of 1633 forms the basis of the present text, with the addition of some poems which first appeared in subsequent editions. To these the date of their first publication has been prefixed.

Some differences exist in different copies of the edition of 1633, showing, what seems to have been a not uncommon practice in the printing of that time, that changes were made in the type-setting in the course of the striking off of the edition. Thus, on page 8, in the fourteenth stanza of "The Progress of the Soul," some copies read, "To see the Prince," others, correctly, "To see the Princess"; and on page 327, in the "First Satire," the "Charitably warm'd of thy sins" of some copies is corrected in others to "Charitably warn'd of thy sins."

The spelling, which often varies in the editions collated, has been made uniform, and practically modernized. There seems to be no sufficient reason for preserving forms of spelling which have no importance in illustrating the history of the language, and which only serve to indicate the common disregard of uniform orthography in the seventeenth century. In some cases the rhyme has required the retention of an archaic form, as *then* for *than*, *bin* for *been*; and in some other cases a peculiar form which seemed noteworthy has been retained.

A few accents have been inserted where Donne has made an arbitrary change in the common accent of a word, and occasionally to assist the reader in regard to the rhythm or rhyme of the verse.

Though much care has been taken in the collation of the texts, and in the printing of the present edition, it is possible that some variant readings and some errors may have escaped notice. But I trust it will appear that, in general, the text as here presented is more nearly correct and more intelligible than any hitherto printed, while such means as the early editions supply for determining the right readings are here afforded.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS,  
January, 1895.



## CONTENTS OF VOLUME I

### MISCELLANEOUS POEMS (SONGS AND SONNETS).

	PAGE
THE FLEA . . . . .	3
THE GOOD-MORROW . . . . .	4
SONG . . . . .	5
WOMAN'S CONSTANCY . . . . .	6
THE UNDERTAKING . . . . .	7
THE SUN-RISING . . . . .	8
THE INDIFFERENT . . . . .	10
LOVE'S USURY . . . . .	11
CANONIZATION . . . . .	12
THE TRIPLE FOOL . . . . .	14
LOVER'S INFINITENESS . . . . .	15
SONG . . . . .	16
THE LEGACY . . . . .	18
A FEVER . . . . .	19
AIR AND ANGELS . . . . .	21
BREAK OF DAY . . . . .	22
THE ANNIVERSARY . . . . .	23
A VALEDICTION OF MY NAME IN THE WINDOW . . . . .	24
TWICKENHAM GARDEN . . . . .	28
VALEDICTION TO HIS BOOK . . . . .	29

	PAGE
COMMUNITY . . . . .	81
LOVE'S GROWTH . . . . .	82
LOVE'S EXCHANGE . . . . .	84
CONFINED LOVE . . . . .	85
THE DREAM . . . . .	86
A VALEDICTION OF WEEPING . . . . .	88
LOVE'S ALCHEMY . . . . .	89
THE CURSE . . . . .	40
THE MESSAGE . . . . .	41
A NOCTURNAL UPON S. LUCY'S DAY, BEING THE SHORTEST DAY . . . . .	42
WITCHCRAFT BY A PICTURE . . . . .	44
THE BAIT . . . . .	45
THE APPARITION . . . . .	46
THE BROKEN HEART . . . . .	47
A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING . . . . .	49
THE ECSTASY . . . . .	50
LOVE'S DEITY . . . . .	53
LOVE'S DIET . . . . .	55
THE WILL . . . . .	56
THE FUNERAL . . . . .	58
THE BLOSSOM . . . . .	59
THE PRIMROSE . . . . .	61
THE RELIC . . . . .	62
THE DAMP . . . . .	64
THE DISSOLUTION . . . . .	65
A JET RING SENT . . . . .	66
NEGATIVE LOVE . . . . .	67
THE PROHIBITION . . . . .	68
THE EXPIRATION . . . . .	69

	CONTENTS.	xiii
	PAGE	
THE COMPUTATION . . . . .	69	
THE PARADOX . . . . .	70	
SONG . . . . .	71	
FAREWELL TO LOVE . . . . .	72	
A LECTURE UPON THE SHADOW . . . . .	74	
THE TOKEN . . . . .	75	

### ELEGIES.

ELEGY I. JEALOUSY . . . . .	79
ELEGY II. THE ANAGRAM . . . . .	80
ELEGY III. CHANGE . . . . .	83
ELEGY IV. THE PERFUME . . . . .	84
ELEGY V. HIS PICTURE . . . . .	87
ELEGY VI . . . . .	88
ELEGY VII . . . . .	90
ELEGY VIII. THE COMPARISON . . . . .	91
ELEGY IX. THE AUTUMNAL . . . . .	93
ELEGY X. THE DREAM . . . . .	95
ELEGY XI. THE BRACELET. UPON THE LOSS OF HIS MISTRESS'S CHAIN, FOR WHICH HE MADE SATISFACTION . . . . .	97
ELEGY XII . . . . .	101
ELEGY XIII. HIS PARTING FROM HER . . . . .	103
ELEGY XIV. JULIA . . . . .	107
ELEGY XV. A TALE OF A CITIZEN AND HIS WIFE . . . . .	109
ELEGY XVI. THE EXPOSTULATION . . . . .	112
ELEGY XVII . . . . .	114
TO HIS MISTRESS GOING TO BED . . . . .	118
ELEGY ON HIS MISTRESS . . . . .	120

	PAGE
<b>ELEGY . . . . .</b>	<b>122</b>
<b>UPON MR. THOMAS CORYAT'S CRUDITIES . . . . .</b>	<b>125</b>

**EPITHALAMIONS, OR MARRIAGE SONGS.**

<b>AN EPITHALAMION, OR MARRIAGE SONG, ON THE LADY</b>	
ELIZABETH AND COUNT PALATINE BEING MARRIED ON	
ST. VALENTINE'S DAY . . . . .	181
<b>ECLOGUE . . . . .</b>	<b>186</b>
<b>EPITHALAMION MADE AT LINCOLN'S INN . . . . .</b>	<b>147</b>

**SATIRES.**

<b>SATIRE I . . . . .</b>	<b>158</b>
<b>SATIRE II . . . . .</b>	<b>157</b>
<b>SATIRE III . . . . .</b>	<b>161</b>
<b>SATIRE IV . . . . .</b>	<b>165</b>
<b>SATIRE V . . . . .</b>	<b>174</b>
<b>SATIRE VI . . . . .</b>	<b>178</b>

**PIGRAMS.**

<b>HERO AND LEANDER . . . . .</b>	<b>188</b>
<b>PYRAMUS AND THISBE . . . . .</b>	<b>188</b>
<b>NIobe . . . . .</b>	<b>188</b>
<b>A BURNT SHIP . . . . .</b>	<b>188</b>
<b>FALL OF A WALL . . . . .</b>	<b>184</b>
<b>A LAME BEGGAR . . . . .</b>	<b>184</b>
<b>A SELF-ACCUSER . . . . .</b>	<b>184</b>
<b>A LICENTIOUS PERSON . . . . .</b>	<b>184</b>
<b>ANTIQUARY . . . . .</b>	<b>184</b>
<b>DISINHERITED . . . . .</b>	<b>184</b>
<b>PHRYNE . . . . .</b>	<b>185</b>

	CONTENTS.	xv
	PAGE	
<b>AN OBSCURE WRITER . . . . .</b>	185	
<b>[A DILEMMA] . . . . .</b>	185	
<b>RADERUS . . . . .</b>	185	
<b>MERCURIUS GALLO-BELGICUS . . . . .</b>	185	
<b>[A WONDER] . . . . .</b>	186	
<b>VOTA AMICO FACTA . . . . .</b>	186	
 <b>THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL . . . . .</b>	 189	
 <b>NOTES . . . . .</b>	 217	



## INTRODUCTION.

No name of a contemporary occurs more frequently than that of Donne in Drummond of Hawthornden's *Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations*, on the occasion of Jonson's famous visit to him in 1618. He reports Jonson as declaring that "He esteemeth John Donne the first poet in the world in some things," but also as asserting that "Donne for not being understood would perish," and that "for not keeping of accent he deserved hanging." Jonson, when his judgment was not warped by jealousy or dislike, was a sound critic, and there is truth in each of these sayings about Donne. In some things Donne was indeed the first poet of his time, Shakespeare alone excepted, and yet this place is not generally accorded to him, because, if he do not wholly perish, he does suffer neglect for not being understood, and is hard to read for not keeping of accent. More than this, few poets are so unequal as Donne; few, capable of such high reaches as he, sink lower than he at times descends. His verse must be sifted with a coarse sieve; much of it will

run through the meshes, but when all that is worthless or worse has been sifted out, there remains a residue of the pure grain of poetry, of poetry rich in imagination, fancy, wit, passion, and reflection, and in strong and often not unmusical verse.

Donne's time was an age of poetry. Spenser was born in 1553, Chapman in 1559, Shakespeare in 1564, Marlowe in the same great year, Donne in 1573, and Ben Jonson in 1574. To enter fully into the understanding of Donne's verse it is not, however, enough to know the general conditions of his times, but it is needful to know the special conditions of his life, and, fortunately, the means for this are sufficient. After his death, in 1631, his friend Sir Henry Wotton undertook to write a memoir of him, but before the work was accomplished Wotton himself died, in 1639. The material which he had collected for the purpose was transferred to the hands of their common friend, Izaak Walton, and in 1640 Walton printed his *Life of Donne* prefixed to a volume of Donne's sermons. It was a happy chance that thus brought Walton to this work, for, as Mr. Lowell points out in his essay on Walton, "He [thus] learned by accident where his true talent lay, and was encouraged to write those other Lives which, with this, make the volume that has endeared him to all who choose that their souls should keep good company,"—good company alike of the author and of the friends concerning

whom he writes.<sup>1</sup> For in these biographies Walton portrays the characters and recounts the fortunes of his friends with a natural sweetness and a delicate and exquisite art which, while giving a true likeness, suffuse it with the glow of his own affectionate and pure nature. His Life of Donne, however, as a mere narrative leaves many blanks, and these have been recently well supplied by Dr. Jessopp in an excellent Life of the poet in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which affords most of the information that a student of Donne may require. To these sources the reader must turn who desires to gain such light as may be thrown upon his poetry by the circumstances and experiences of his life.

It was not till two years after Donne's death that a collection of his poems was published. Many of his verses had had a wide circulation in manuscript, but only some occasional pieces had been printed during his lifetime; and when, in 1633, the first edition of his poems appeared, they received, as I have already had occasion to state in the Preface, no proper editing, but were thrown out, shuffled together in no chronological or other natural order, and only partially grouped according to their respective subjects. It would have been well for Donne's fame, and fortunate for the lovers of his poetry, had he himself overseen its publication, for

<sup>1</sup> Dr. King, the Bishop of Chichester, in a letter to Walton prefixed to the first edition (1665) of Walton's *Life of Hooker*, says: "I am thus far glad that the first Life was imposed on you, because it gave an unavoidable Cause of Writing the second [that of Sir Henry Wotton]; if not, 't is too probable we had wanted both, which had been a prejudice to all Lovers of Honour and ingenious Learning."

much of it required the revision which only the author could give. But to the fate of a great part of it he was more than indifferent. "It is a truth," says Walton in his Life of him, "that in his penitential years, viewing some of those pieces loosely scattered in his youth, he wished they had been abortive, or so short-lived that he had witnessed their funerals."

Moreover, he never was a poet by profession. Poetry was, for him, but an occasional resource, and for the greater part of his life he was much more scholar than poet. His zeal for acquisition was unbounded, and his stores of learning were immense. In one of his letters he speaks of himself as diverted from obvious duties "by the worst voluptuousness, which is an immoderate, hydroptic desire of humane learning and languages." The number of authors cited in his sermons runs far into the hundreds, and ranges from Plato and Aristotle to the Doctors and Saints of the Church, from the Schoolmen to the Talmud, from Pindar and Virgil and other classic poets to Machiavel and Pico della Mirandula, from the Popes to Luther, Calvin, Erasmus, and Melanchthon, from Galen to Paracelsus. "He left," says Walton, "the resultance of fourteen hundred authors, most of them analyzed by his own hand." He left, too, "more than six score sermons," long, elaborate, full of thought; and he wrote much else in prose, treatises for the most part now antiquated, but of note and influence at their time.

It is mainly as poet, however, and not as scholar, preacher, or controversialist, that Donne holds his place in English literature. His better poetry is the revelation of a curiously interesting and complex nature, of a soul with rare capacity of intense feeling, of an intelligence at once deep and subtle, and of a varied experience of life.

His nature was essentially a product of the Elizabethan age. The growth and consciousness of national power and the jealous pride of national independence in England, during the last half of the sixteenth century, had quickened the imagination of her people. The vast discoveries of the world combined with the new learning to animate the intelligence alike of men of affairs and of men of thought with fresh and stimulating inspiration. The tremendous debate of the Reformation, with the social and material changes to which it led, called forth constant discussion of the deepest problems, not as mere abstract subjects of controversy, but as bearing directly on the lives and fortunes of the disputants. The debate was at fire heat with passion. The conditions of the world, moreover, afforded unwonted variety of opportunity for the display of strong individualities, yet society was gaining the settled order and the established form requisite for the higher development of intellectual life. The language itself had just reached that stage in its evolution which made it responsive to the new demands of widening thought and more varied emotion,

and, in answering them, it was shaping itself into the most serviceable instrument of expression which man has ever had at his command.

Another influence also was deeply affecting the intellectual life of England, that of the spirit of the Italian Renaissance. Donne was a child of this spirit. He shared in its exaltations and debasements, in its confusion of the sensual and the supersensual, in its love of physical and its adoration of spiritual beauty, in its poetic fervor, its ardor for experience and for learning, its rapid changes of mood, its subjection to the things of the flesh, its ascetic aspiration for the things of the spirit. The keen, penetrating breath which had blown westward from Italy was a mingling of the purest and most vivifying air with a poisonous malaria. All Western Europe had felt it. It had refined manners, it had corrupted the moral sense; it had quickened life, it had spread mortal contagion. A nature so susceptible as Donne's was subject to its full effect. He and Lord Herbert of Cherbury are among the striking illustrations which the England of 1600 affords of the force which this Italian spirit still exerted after its native source had run almost dry. In the next generation Milton, though directly exposed to the influence of the Italy of his own day, shows the recovery from its control and the revival of the healthier genius of England.

The moods and conditions of this period are displayed in

Donne's poetry in such degree as to make it a sort of epitome and school of them all. Putting Shakespeare out of the question, as forming a class by himself, there is no poet of the time who surpasses Donne in the occasional power of his imagination, in easy flight of fancy, in sincerity of passionate utterance, in sweetness and purity of sentiment, in depth and substance of reflection, in terse expression of thought. But, on the other hand, his poems equally reflect the poetic age in its gross sensuality and coarse obscenity; in studied obscurity, fantasticality of conceit, exaggeration of affected feeling, harshness of diction, and cumbrousness of construction. The mingling of good and bad is often intricate. The sensualism of the verses of his youth is now and then lifted by a stroke of the wing of imagination out of the lower into the higher regions of life. The dreariness of a long stretch of labored and intricate conceits is not seldom lighted up by a flash of wit, or the illumination of an original and impressive thought. The extravagance of eulogy is here and there stoned for by a passage full of natural feeling, expressed with penetrating simplicity.

Much of his poetry seems to have been rapidly composed, and never subjected to considerate revisal. To this no doubt are due something of its obscurity, as well as those grave faults of art in his verse which show not so much a defect of poetic capacity, as carelessness, and in-

difference to perfection of rhythmical form. "Donne," says Mr. Lowell in his *Shakespeare Once More*, "is full of salient verses that would take the rudest March winds of criticism with their beauty, of thoughts that first tease us like charades, and then delight us with the felicity of their solution; but these have not saved him. He is exiled to the limbo of the formless and the fragmentary." And yet, one may add, if he be adjudged to this limbo, he is one "of the people of great worth who are suspended there."

In another essay Mr. Lowell, citing Drayton's fine words about Marlowe, says: "As a poet Donne had in him 'those brave translunary things that our first poets had.' To open vistas for the imagination through the blind wall of the senses, as he could sometimes do, is the supreme function of poetry."

The result of all his poetic faults has not been, as Jonson prophesied, that Donne has perished, but that his merits have been largely overlooked, or falsely measured. Dryden, who was not ashamed to borrow from Donne upon occasion without acknowledgment, in the dedication of his *Eleonora* calls him "the greatest wit though not the greatest poet of our nation," and, again referring to him in his famous dedication of the translation of Juvenal to the Earl of Dorset, asks, "Would not Donne's Satires, which abound with so much wit, appear more charming if he had taken care of his words and of his numbers?" and still again, he says, with

some excess of severity, “ Were he (Donne) translated into numbers and English he would yet be wanting in the dignity of expression.” Pope tried what Dryden here suggested, and “ versified,” as he called it, two of Donne’s Satires. But though his lines flow more smoothly than those of Donne, they lack the conciseness and sincerity of his original. “ Sense passed through him no longer is the same,” and he often adds coarseness to what was gross enough before. The opening verses of the second Satire afford a good example of what Donne suffers in being translated into Pope’s numbers and English. Donne begins :

Sir, though (I thank God for it) I do hate  
Perfectly all this town, yet there’s one state  
In all ill things so excellently best  
That hate towards it breeds pity toward the rest ;

and Pope, transmuting this into more flowing lines, vulgarizes it as follows :

Yes, thank my stars ! as early as I knew  
This town, I had the sense to hate it too.  
Yet here, as e’en in Hell, there must be still  
One giant-vice so excellently ill  
That all beside one pities not abhors,  
As who knows Sappho smiles at other whores.

Parnell, whose name as a poet survives, rather than his verses, did for Donne’s third Satire what Pope had done for the second and fourth ; and in his hands this Satire, one of the most direct, serious, and masculine of Donne’s poems,

full of real emotion and the expression of sincere conviction, becomes a piece of artificial diction, feeble in substance and poor in form. For instance, Donne says, with fine, characteristic compression,

Though Truth and Falsehood be  
Near twins, yet Truth a little elder is.  
Be busy to seek her,—

a passage which Parnell accommodates to the taste of his times by rendering thus :

Though Truth and Falsehood seem as twins allied,  
There's eldership on Truth's delightful side.  
Her seek with heed.

One more sample of this transmuting of gold to clay will answer. Donne says :

On a huge hill,  
Cragged and steep, Truth stands, and he that will  
Reach her, about must and about must go,  
And what the hill's suddenness resists win so.

This is rough, but strong and imaginative. It suggested to Mr. Parnell that

On a large mountain, at the basis wide,  
Steep to the top, and craggy at the side,  
Sits sacred Truth enthron'd; and he who means  
To reach the summit mounts with weary pains,  
Winds round and round and every turn essays,  
Where sudden breaks resist the shorter ways.

Obviously the genius of Parnell had a horror of these “shorter ways.” But he is not to blame for sharing in the incapacity of appreciation which was common in his own and the next generation. Even Hume could declare as the verdict of history that “in Donne’s Satires, when carefully inspected, there appear some flashes of wit and ingenuity; but these totally suffocated and buried by the hardest and most uncouth expression that is anywhere to be met with.”<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Johnson, who had read Donne’s poetry with some thoroughness, seems not to have found much pleasure in it. He gives Donne credit as the first of what he calls “the metaphysical poets,” of whom he says, “they were of very little care to clothe their notions with elegance of dress, and therefore miss the notice and the praise which are often gained by those who think less, but are more diligent to adorn their thoughts.”<sup>2</sup>

Even Coleridge, gifted as he was with sensibility and acute critical perceptions, does imperfect justice to its quality in his quatrain *On Donne’s Poetry*:

With Donne, whose muse on dromedary trots,  
Wreathe iron pokers into true-love knots;  
Rhyme’s sturdy cripple, fancy’s maze and clue,  
Wit’s forge and fire-blast, meaning’s press and screw.

<sup>1</sup> *History of England*. Appendix to the reign of James I.

<sup>2</sup> *Life of Cowley*.

And Southey, with a somewhat characteristic want of taste and appreciation of poetic excellence, goes so far as to say, “Nothing, indeed, could have made Donne a poet, unless as great a change had been worked in the structure of his ears as was wrought in elongating those of Midas.”<sup>1</sup>

Surely it could only be the ears of Midas himself that would not find music and poetry in,—

Little think'st thou, poor flower,  
Whom I have watched six or seven days,  
And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour  
Gave to thy growth thee to this height to raise,  
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,  
Little think'st thou  
That it will freeze anon, and that I shall  
To-morrow find thee fallen, or not at all.

And in *The Relic* there is a metrical felicity which corresponds with the intimate poetic sentiment and gives perfect expression to it :

When my grave is broke up again  
Some second guest to entertain,  
And he that digs it spies  
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,  
Will he not let us alone,  
And think that there a loving couple lies,  
Who thought that this device might be some way  
To make their souls at the last busy day,  
Meet at this grave and make a little stay ?

<sup>1</sup> *Specimens of the Later English Poets*, 1807, 1, xxiv.

I have omitted two verses of this stanza in which Donne's fondness for quips and his lack of refinement are characteristically displayed, but the number of single stanzas fine as this which might be chosen from his earlier poems is very large, and it is surprising that any lover of poetry should fail to take delight in the audacious, picturesque fancy of such a poem as *The Sun-rising*, the brilliant wit of *The Will*, the depth of sentiment in *Love's Growth*, *The Ecstasy*, *The Anniversary*, and *The Shadow*, the subtle delicacy of *The Undertaking*, and the exquisite imagery and true feeling of *A Valediction forbidding Mourning*, in all of which, as well as in many others, there is no defect of measure to interfere with the poetic charm.

I do not impugn Ben Jonson's opinion that Donne deserved hanging for not keeping of accent. His sins in this respect are, indeed, unpardonable and unaccountable. He puts accent where he likes, forcing it from one syllable to another as if it had no settled place of its own. Some of the transpositions are astounding, as, for instance :

Blasted with sighs and surrounded with tears.

As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as be  
The fields they sold to buy them.

At their best  
Sweetness and wit, they 're but mummy possest.

Accent seems as indifferent to him as spelling, and he writes *complaint*, *éxtreme*, *úsurpers*, *tortíre*, *pictíre*, *answér*, *papór*, *giánt*, *prisón*, *kingdóm*, *presénce*, and more than fifty other words, with similar disregard of English usage. I say English usage, for it is obvious that in many of these words Donne was following the French accentuation.<sup>1</sup>

Even when the accent is correct his lines are often harsh, and he employs slurs and elisions to a degree that makes his verse difficult to a reader whose eyes and ears are not accustomed to the freedom in this respect which the poets of Donne's time allowed themselves, and who thus lies open to the charge which Holophernes brings against Sir Nathaniel's reading of Biron's sonnet: "You find not the apostrophes and so miss the accent."

It is hardly worth while to cite examples. The instances are so numerous that the reader soon gains skill by practice, and learns (to alter a phrase of Donne's own) to "redress rough lines and make verse song." In fine, Coleridge says truly: "To read Dryden, Pope, etc., you need only count syllables; but to read Donne you must measure *time*, and discover the time of each word by the sense of passion. . . . In poems where the writer *thinks*, and expects the reader to do so, the sense must be understood to ascertain the metre."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The same fact is noticeable occasionally in Shakespeare's verse. Donne's use of *triúmph* and *triúmpher* may be compared with Shakespeare's "So ridest thou triúmping in my woe." Dryden, too, has *tríumphs*.

<sup>2</sup> *Notes Theological, Political, and Miscellaneous*, 1858, pp. 249, 250.

In Donne's longer poems there are few passages of many continuous verses of sustained excellence, but single verses or couplets are frequent which express a striking thought or a profound reflection with epigrammatic terseness. Some few of them have become familiar quotations, as, for example :

Her pure and eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheeks and so divinely wrought  
That one might almost say her body thought ;

and,

No Spring nor Summer's beauty hath such grace  
As I have seen in one Autumnal face ;

and again,

In laborers' ballads oft more piety  
God finds than in Te Deums' melody.

But there are many others, less commonly known, which are not less memorable ; for instance :

Whose twilights were more clear than our midday,  
Who dreamt devoutlier than most use to pray.

The diocis  
Of every exemplar man the whole world is.

Who knows his virtue's name or place hath none.

To admit  
No knowledge of your worth is some of it.

Why Love among the virtues is not known  
Is that Love is them all, contracted one.

Whose name refines coarse lines and makes prose song.  
And even those tears which should wash sin are sin.

For marriage though it doth not stain doth dye.<sup>1</sup>

We are scarce our fathers' shadows cast at noon.

And man so great that all that is is his,  
Oh, what a trifle and poor thing he is !

We see in authors too stiff to recant  
A hundred controversies of an ant ;  
And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats  
To know but catechisms and alphabets  
Of unconcerning things, matters of fact.

We must  
Still stay and vex our great grandmother, Dust.

As man is of the world, the heart of man  
Is an epitome of God's great book  
Of creatures, and man need no further look.

But it is, perhaps, doing the poet wrong thus to choose out these verses. For, as Donne himself said, "Sentences in authors, like hairs in horsetails, concur in one root of beauty and strength ; but being plucked out one by one, serve only for springs and snares." Donne's better poems deserve to be read not only complete, but over and over again. They allure and hold the lover of poetry with an abiding charm. They have secure place in the small volume of immortal verse.

C. E. N.

<sup>1</sup> Dryden's Epitaph *On the Monument of a Fair Maiden Lady who died at Bath*, which is mainly taken from Donne, changes this verse, much for the worse, to  
" For marriage, tho it sullies not, it dies."

## LIST AND COLLATION OF THE EDITIONS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

No. 1. Poems, | *By J. D.* | With | Elegies | On The Au-  
thor's | Death | London. | Printed by *M. F.* for John  
Marriot, | and are to be sold at his shop in St. *Dunstans* |  
Church-yard in *Fleet Street*. 1633.

**COLLATION:** Sm. 4to. Title, pp. viii (not paged), pp. 406, with  
errors in the numbering. Facing the title-page in some copies is a por-  
trait of Donne (Lombart Sculp. A Londre), with the inscription :

Viri Seraphici Joannis Donne. Qua-  
dragenarii Effigies vera, Qui post  
eam ætatem Sacris initiatus Ec-  
clesiæ Sti Pauli Decanus obiit  
Año { Döm 1631°.  
Ætatis sue 59°.

In some copies sheet A was misplaced by the binder, so that A 3  
and 4 follow the title-page. They contain the prose introduction to  
"The Progress of the Soul," headed "Infinitati Sacrum, 16 Augusti  
1601. Metempsycosis. *Poëma Satyricon*.—Epistle." The other  
unnumbered pages contain "The Printer to the Understanders," and  
on the last page these verses :

*Hexastichon Bibliopolae.*  
I see in his last preach'd and printed booke  
His picture in a sheete; in *Pauls* I looke  
And see his Statue in a sheete of stone,  
And sure his body in the grave hath one:  
Those sheetes present him dead, these if you buy  
You have him living to Eternity.

JO. MAR.

Little method is observable in the arrangement of the poems in this edition. Poems of the same general character are imperfectly grouped, and there is no attempt at chronological order. Pp. 351-372 are occupied by Letters in prose to Sir Henry Goodere, with one to the Countess of Bedford. Pp. 373-406 contain Elegies upon the Author.

No. 2. 1635. Same title and preliminary matter as in No. 1, date of title only being changed.

COLLATION: Sm. 8vo. Title. Pp. x unnumbered, pp. 388, and pp. 32 unpage, containing the Elegies on the Author. Portrait of Donne in oval frame. Will. Marshall, sculpsit. In upper left-hand corner the words, *Anno Dñi 1591 Ætatis Suae 18.* In the opposite corner the author's coat of arms, with a sheaf of snakes for crèst, and the motto, *Antes muerto que mudado.* Under the portrait this inscription :

This was for youth, Strength, Mirth, and wit that Time  
Most count their golden Age; but t'was not thine.  
Thine was thy later yeares, so much refind  
From youths Drosse, Mirth, & wit; as thy pure mind  
Thought (like the Angels) nothing but the Praise  
Of thy Creator, in those last, best Dayes.

Witnes this Booke, (thy Embleme) which begins  
With Love; but endes, with Sighes, & Teares for sins.

IZ: WA:

On p. vi (unpage), after *Hexastichon Bibliopolae*, are the following verses:

Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam.

Incerti.

In thy Impression of Donnes Poems rare,  
For his Eternitie thou hast ta'ne care;  
'Twas well, and pious; And for ever may  
He live: Yet shew I thee a better way;  
Print but his Sermons, and if those we buy,  
Hee, We, and Thou shall live t' Eternity.

Then follows the *Infinitati Sacrum*, misplaced as in 1633, the poem to which it is the introduction being found at p. 301. In this edition the poems were arranged in an order which was followed, with slight variations, in all the subsequent editions of the seventeenth century. The following poems appear for the first time in this edition: To the Countess of Huntingdon; A Dialogue between Sir H. Wotton and Mr. Donne; To Ben Jonson 6 Jan. 1603 (not by Donne); To Ben Jonson 9 Novembris 1603; To Sir T. Rowe 1603; Epitaph on Himself (twice); four additional Holy Sonnets; On the Blessed Virgin Mary; On the Sacrament (not by Donne); Upon the translation of the Psalms by Sir Ph. Sidney; Ode, To Mr. Tilman, after he had taken orders; Hymn to God, my God, in my sickness; Elegy on the L. C.; Song, "Souls Joy"; Song, "Dear Love" (probably neither of these songs was by Donne); Farewell to Love; A Lecture upon the Shadow; Elegies xi-xv, xvii; Elegy on his Mistress; Elegy on Mistress Boulstred; Satire 6th; Latin Poem to Dr. Andrews. The Epitaph on Shakespeare (not by Donne) is omitted.

The following document, first printed from the original in the Record Office by the Rev. A. B. Grosart in his edition of Donne's Poems, in "The Fuller Worthies' Library," 1873, Vol. ii, p. lii, is of interest as showing the unauthorized character of the edition of 1635.

To ye most Reuerende father in God  
William Lorde Arch-Bishop of  
Canterburie Primate and  
Metropolitan of all Eng-  
lande his Grace.

The humble Petition of John Donne, Clercke,  
Doth show unto your Grace that since ye death of his Father (latly  
Deane of Pauls) there hath bene manie scandalous Pamflets printed  
and published vnder his name, which were none of his, by seueral  
Boockellers, without anie leaue or Autoritie; in particuler one en-  
titold Juuenilia, printed for Henry Seale; another by John Marriott  
and William Sheares, entitold Ignatius his Conclaue, as allsoe cer-  
taine Poems by ye sayde John Marriote: of which abuses thay have

bene often warned by your Petitioner and tolde that if thay desisted not, thay should be proceeded against beefore your Grace, which thay seeme so much to slight, that thay professe soddainly to publish new impressions, verie much to the greife of your petitioner and the discredite of y<sup>e</sup> memorie of his Father.

Wherefore your Petitioner doth beeseech your Grace that you would bee pleased by your Commaunde to stopp their farther proceedinge herein and to call the forenamed boocksellers beefore you to give an account for what they have alreadie done; and your Petitioner shall pray, etc.

I require y<sup>e</sup> Partyes whom this Petition concernes not to meddle any farther with y<sup>e</sup> Printing or Selling of any y<sup>e</sup> pretended workes of y<sup>e</sup> late Deane of St. Paules saue onely such as shall be licensed by publike authority, and approued by the Petitioner, as they will answer y<sup>e</sup> contrary at theyr perill. And of this I desire Mr Deane of y<sup>e</sup> Arches to take care.

W. CANT.

Dec 16 1637.

The injunction of the Archbishop seems to have had no effect, for the editions of 1639 and 1649 are practically reissues of that of 1635.

## No. 3. 1639.

COLLATION: Sm. 8vo. Title. Pp. vi unpage, pp. 388, and pp. 32 unpage, containing the Elegies on the Author. Same portrait, title-page, and preliminary matter as in No 2, except that the introduction to "The Progress of the Soul" is inserted on unnumbered pages in its proper place before the poem. The pagination is the same as in No. 2. The variations in the text are few and slight.

## No. 4. 1649.

COLLATION: Sm. 8vo. Title. Pp. vi unpage, pp. 368, and pp. 32 unpage. Same portrait, title-page, etc., as in preceding. Same arrangement of poems. Two are added: Upon Mr. Thomas Coryat's Crudities, and Sonnet, The Token. The text shows some mostly unimportant variations from that of preceding editions.

No. 5. 1650. Poems. | By J. D. | with | Elegies | on the | Author's Death | To which | *Is added divers Copies under his own hand | never before in print.* | London, | Printed for John Marriot, and are | to be sold by Richard Marriot at his shop | by Chancery lane end over against the Inner | Temple gate. 1650.

COLLATION: Portrait by Marshall, as in the preceding. Following the title-page is an Epistle Dedicatory, by John Donne, son of the poet, addressed To the Right Honourable William Lord Craven, Baron of Hamsted-Marsham. On the back of the last page of the Epistle, besides the verses printed in the three preceding editions, is the following Epigram:

To JOHN DONNE.

Donne, the delight of Phœbus and each Muse,  
Who, to thy one, all other brains refuse ;  
Whose every work, of thy most early wit,  
Came forth example and remains so yet ;  
Longer a knowing than most wits doe live ;  
And which no'n affection praise enough can give !  
To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life,  
Which might with halfe mankind maintain a strife ;  
All which I mean to praise, and yet I would,  
But leave, because I cannot as I should.

B. JONS.

As far as p. 368, this corresponds, with the exception of the preliminary matter noted above, with the edition of the preceding year, and is printed from the same type. Then come the "Divers copies never before in print," occupying pp. 369-392, as follows: "Newes from the very Countrey" (prose); "Amicissimo et meritissimo Ben. Jonson. In Vulponem."; a satirical epistle in Latin prose, without title, addressed to a courtier, accompanying a *Catalogus Librorum*, a catalogue of supposititious works by noted authors; "In sacram anchoram Piscatoris. G. Herbert"; the translation of the preceding; "To Mr. George Herbert, with one of my Seal, of the Anchor and

Christ," in Latin, followed by a translation; a discourse in Latin addressed to Convocation; "Vota Amico facta. Translated out of *Gazaeus*"; "To Lucy, Countess of Bedford, with M. Donne's *Satyres*" (by Ben Jonson); "To John Donne" (by Ben Jonson), beginning, "The heavens rejoice in motion"; Poem, beginning, "He that cannot choose but love." After this follow the unpage *Elegies* as in the preceding edition.

NO. 6. 1654.

COLLATION: Sm. 8vo. A reissue of the preceding. Same portrait and title-page, except for a change in the publisher, as follows: London | Printed by J. Flesher, and are to be sold | by John Sweeting, at the Angel in | Popeshead Alley. 1654. The Epistle Dedication by John Donne 2d is omitted, also the Epigram by Jonson.

NO. 7. 1669. Poems, &c. | By | John Donne | *late*  
*Dean* of St. Pauls | With | Elegies | on the | Authors  
Death. | To which is added | *Divers Copies under his  
own hand*, | Never before Printed. | In the Savoy, |  
Printed by *T. N.* for *Henry Herringman*, at the sign of |  
the *Anchor*, in the lower-walk of the | *New Exchange*.  
1669.

COLLATION: 8vo. No portrait. Title. Pp. iv unpage, pp. 414. Following the title-page is the Epistle by John Donne 2d, and the three sets of verses, as in No. 5. This edition contains two additional Elegies, and adds to a third; also a seventh Satire. The matter which appeared for the first time in No. 5, beginning at "Newes from the very Countrey," is in this volume placed at the end, after the Elegies on the Author. There are many variations in the text from that of preceding editions.

*Note.*

In the foot-notes to the present edition, the various readings are given with the dates of the editions in which they appear, except that when all the editions subsequent to that of 1683 agree in a variant, the dates are omitted.



**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

### SONGS AND SONNETS.

#### THE FLEA.

MARK but this flea, and mark in this,  
How little that which thou deniest me is ;  
It sucked me first, and now sucks thee,<sup>1</sup>  
And in this flea our two bloods mingled be ;  
Thou know'st that<sup>2</sup> this cannot be said  
A sin, nor shame, nor loss<sup>3</sup> of maidenhead,  
Yet this enjoys before it woo,  
And pampered swells with one blood made of two,  
And this, alas ! is more than we would<sup>4</sup> do.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,  
Where we almost, yea,<sup>5</sup> more than married are.  
This flea is you and I, and this  
Our marriage-bed and marriage-temple is ;  
Though parents grudge, and you, we 're met  
And cloistered in these living walls of jet.  
Though use make you apt to kill me,  
Let not, to that, self-murder added be,  
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

<sup>1</sup> Me it sucked first, and now it sucks thee, 1669. <sup>2</sup> Confess it, *ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> or shame, or loss, *ibid.* <sup>4</sup> could, *ibid.* <sup>5</sup> nay, *ibid.*

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since  
 Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence ?  
 Wherein could this flea guilty be,  
 Except in that drop<sup>1</sup> which it sucked from thee ?  
 Yet thou triumph'st and say'st that thou  
 Find'st not thyself nor me the weaker now ;  
 'T is true ; then learn how false fears be :  
 Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,  
 Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.

## THE GOOD-MORROW.

I WONDER, by my troth, what thou and I  
 Did till we loved ; were we not weaned till then,  
 But sucked on country pleasures childishly ?<sup>2</sup>  
 Or snorted<sup>3</sup> we in the Seven Sleepers' den ?  
 'T was so ; but this, all pleasures fancies be :<sup>4</sup>  
 If ever any beauty I did see  
 Which I desired and got, 't was but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,  
 Which watch not one another out of fear ;  
 For love all love of other sights controls,  
 And makes one little room an everywhere.  
 Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,

<sup>1</sup> blood, 1669. <sup>2</sup> childish pleasures silly, *ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> slumbered, *ibid.* <sup>4</sup> but as all pleasures fancies be, *ibid.*

Let maps to other, worlds on worlds<sup>1</sup> have shown,  
Let us possess one world; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,  
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;  
Where can we find two better<sup>2</sup> hemispheres  
Without sharp north, without declining west?  
Whatever dies, was not mixed equally;  
If our two loves be one, or<sup>3</sup> thou and I  
Love so alike that none do slacken, none can die.<sup>4</sup>

## SONG.

Go and catch a falling star,  
Get with child a mandrake root,  
Tell me where all past years<sup>5</sup> are,  
Or who cleft the devil's foot,  
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,  
Or to keep off envy's stinging,  
And find  
What wind  
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,  
Things invisible to<sup>6</sup> see,  
Ride ten thousand days and nights,

<sup>1</sup> to other worlds our world, 1669. <sup>2</sup> fitter. <sup>3</sup> both. <sup>4</sup> Love just alike in all, none of these loves can die. <sup>5</sup> times past, 1669. <sup>6</sup> go, ibid.

Till age snow white hairs on thee ;  
 Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me  
 All strange wonders that befell thee,  
 And swear,  
 Nowhere  
 Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know ;  
 Such a pilgrimage were sweet ;  
 Yet do not : I would not go,  
 Though at next door we might meet ;  
 Though she were true when you met her,  
 And last till you write your letter,  
 Yet she  
 Will be  
 False, ere I<sup>1</sup> come, to two or three.

## WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

Now thou hast loved me one whole day,  
 To-morrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say ?  
 Wilt thou then antedate some new-made vow ?  
 Or say that now  
 We are not just those persons which we were ?  
 Or that oaths made in reverential fear  
 Of Love and his wrath, any may forswear ?

<sup>1</sup> she, 1669.

Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,  
So lovers' contracts, images of those,  
Bind but till sleep, death's image, them unloose ?

Or, your own end to justify,  
For having purposed change and falsehood, you  
Can have no way but falsehood to be true ?  
Vain lunatic, against these scapes I could  
Dispute and conquer, if I would ;  
Which I abstain to do,  
For by to-morrow I may think so too.

### THE UNDERTAKING.<sup>1</sup>

I HAVE done one braver thing  
Than all the Worthies did,  
And yet a braver thence doth spring,  
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now t' impart  
The skill of specular stone,  
When he which can have learned the art  
To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now should utter this,  
Others (because no more  
Such stuff to work upon there is)  
Would love but as before :

<sup>1</sup> Without title in 1688.

But he who loveliness within  
 Hath found, all outward loathes ;  
 For he who colour loves and skin,  
 Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do  
 Virtue attired in woman see,<sup>1</sup>  
 And dare love that and say so too,  
 And forget the He and She ;

And if this love, though placed so,  
 From profane men you hide,  
 Which will no faith on this bestow,  
 Or, if they do, deride ;

Then you have done a braver thing  
 Than all the Worthies did,  
 And a braver thence will spring,  
 Which is, to keep that hid.

### THE SUN-RISING.

Busy old fool, unruly sun,  
 Why dost thou thus  
 Through windows and through curtains call<sup>2</sup> on us ?  
 Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run ?

<sup>1</sup> Virtue in ————— book, 1600.

Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide  
 Late school-boys and <sup>1</sup> sour 'prentices,  
 Go tell court-huntsmen that the King will ride,  
 Call country ants to harvest offices;  
 Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,  
 Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beams so reverend and strong,  
 Why should'st thou think?  
 I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,  
 But that I would not lose her sight so long.<sup>2</sup>  
 If her eyes have not blinded thine,  
 Look, and to-morrow late tell me  
 Whether both the Indias of spice and mine  
 Be where thou left'st <sup>3</sup> them, or lie here with me;  
 Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,  
 And thou shalt hear, All here in one bed lay.

She is all states, and all princes I;  
 Nothing else is.  
 Princes do but play us; compared to this,  
 All honour's mimic, all wealth alchemy.  
 Thou sun art half as happy as we,  
 In that the world's contracted thus;  
 Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be  
 To warm the world, that's done in warming us.  
 Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;  
 This bed thy centre is, these walls thy sphere.

<sup>1</sup> or, 1669. <sup>2</sup> Dost thou not think . . . so long? <sup>3</sup> left.

## THE INDIFFERENT.

I CAN love both fair and brown,  
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betrays,  
Her who loves loneliness<sup>1</sup> best, and her who masks<sup>2</sup> and plays,  
Her whom the country formed, and whom the town,  
Her who believes, and her who tries,  
Her who still weeps with spongy eyes,  
And her who is dry cork, and never cries ;  
I can love her and her, and you and you,  
I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you ?  
Will it not serve your turn to do as did your mothers ?  
Or have you all old vices spent,<sup>3</sup> and now would find out  
others ?  
Or doth a fear that men are true torment you ?  
Oh, we are not, be not you so ;  
Let me, and do you, twenty know.  
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go ;  
Must I, who came to travel thorough you,  
Grow your fixed subject, because you are true ?

Venus heard me sigh<sup>4</sup> this song,  
And by love's sweetest part,<sup>5</sup> variety, she swore  
She heard not this till now ; and that<sup>6</sup> it should be so no  
more.

<sup>1</sup> lovers, 1669. <sup>2</sup> sports, *ibid.* <sup>3</sup> worn, *ibid.* <sup>4</sup> sing, *ibid.* <sup>5</sup> sweetest sweet, *ibid.*  
<sup>6</sup> "and that" omitted.

She went, examined, and returned ere long,  
 And said, Alas! some two or three  
 Poor heretics in love there be,  
 Which think to 'stablish dangerous constancy ;  
 But I have told them, Since you will be true,  
 You shall be true to them who are false to you.

## LOVE'S USURY.

FOR every hour that thou wilt spare me now,  
 I will allow,  
 Usurious God of love, twenty to thee,  
 When with my brown my gray hairs equal be ;  
 Till then, Love, let my body reign,<sup>1</sup> and let  
 Me travel, sojourn, snatch, plot, have, forget,  
 Resume my last year's relic,<sup>2</sup> think that yet  
 We had never met.

Let me think any rival's letter mine,  
 And at next nine  
 Keep midnight's promise ; mistake by the way  
 The maid, and tell the lady of that<sup>3</sup> delay ;  
 Only let me love none, no, not the sport ;  
 From country grass to compitures of court  
 Or city's *quelque-choses*, let<sup>4</sup> report  
 My mind transport.

<sup>1</sup> range. <sup>2</sup> relic, 1669. <sup>3</sup> her, *ibid.* <sup>4</sup> let not, 1685, '89, '49, '54.

This bargain 's good; if when I am old, I be  
 Inflamed by thee,  
 If thine own honour, or my shame or<sup>1</sup> pain,  
 Thou covet most, at that age thou shalt gain;  
 Do thy will then, then subject and degree  
 And fruit of love, Love, I submit to thee;  
 Spare me till then, I 'll bear it, though she be  
 One that loves<sup>2</sup> me.

## CANONIZATION.

FOR God's sake, hold your tongue and let me love,  
 Or chide my palsy, or my gout,  
 My five<sup>3</sup> gray hairs, or ruined fortune<sup>4</sup> flout,  
 With wealth your state, your mind with arts improve.  
 Take you a course, get you a place,  
 Observe his Honour or his Grace.  
 Or the King's real, or his stampēd face  
 Contemplate; what you will, approve,  
 So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who 's injured by my love?  
 What merchant's ships have my sighs drowned?  
 Who says my tears have overflowed his ground?  
 When did my colds a forward spring remove?

<sup>1</sup> and, 1685, '89, '49, '54. <sup>2</sup> love, 1685, '89. <sup>3</sup> true, 1685, '89, '49, '54.

<sup>4</sup> fortunes, 1669.

When did the heats which my veins<sup>1</sup> fill  
 Add one more<sup>2</sup> to the plaguy bill ?  
 Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still  
 Litigious men which<sup>3</sup> quarrels move,  
 Though<sup>4</sup> she and I do love.

Call us what you will, we are made such by love ;  
 Call her one, me another fly ;  
 We are tapers too, and at our own cost die ;  
 And we in us find the eagle and the dove ;  
 The phoenix-riddle hath more wit  
 By us ; we two being one, are it ;  
 So to one neutral thing both sexes fit.  
 We die and rise the same, and prove  
 Mysterious by this love.

We can die by it, if not live by love,  
 And if unfit for tombs and<sup>5</sup> hearse  
 Our legends<sup>6</sup> be, it will be fit for verse,  
 And if no piece of chronicle we prove,  
 We 'll build in sonnets pretty rooms ;  
 As well a well-wrought urn becomes  
 The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs ;  
 And by these<sup>7</sup> hymns all shall approve  
 Us canonized for love,

And thus invoke us : " You whom reverend love  
 Made one another's hermitage ;  
 You to whom love was peace, that now is rage,

<sup>1</sup> reins, 1660. <sup>2</sup> man, *ibid.* <sup>3</sup> whom, *ibid.* <sup>4</sup> While, *ibid.*

<sup>5</sup> tomb or, *ibid.* <sup>6</sup> legend. <sup>7</sup> those.

Who did the whole world's soul contract, and drove  
 Into the glasses of your eyes,  
 So made such mirrors and such spies,  
 That they did all to you epitomize,  
 Countries, towns, courts ; beg from above  
 A pattern of our<sup>1</sup> love."

### THE TRIPLE FOOL

I AM two fools, I know,  
 For loving, and for saying so  
 In whining poetry ;  
 But where 's that wise<sup>2</sup> man that would not be I,  
 If she would not deny ?  
 Then as th' earth's inward narrow crooked lanes  
 Do purge sea-water's fretful salt away,  
 I thought, if I could draw my pains  
 Through rhyme's vexation, I should them allay ;  
 Grief, brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,  
 For he tames it that fetters it in verse.

But when I have done so,  
 Some man, his art and<sup>3</sup> voice to show,  
 Doth set and sing my pain,  
 And, by delighting many, frees again  
 Grief, which verse did restrain.

<sup>1</sup> your, 1669. <sup>2</sup> the wiser, *ibid.* <sup>3</sup> or, *ibid.*

To love and grief tribute of verse belongs,  
But not of such as pleases when 't is read ;  
    Both are increased by such songs ;  
For both their triumphs so are publish'd,  
And I, which was two fools, do so grow three :  
Who are a little wise, the best fools be.

## LOVER'S INFINITENESS.

If yet I have not all thy love,  
Dear, I shall never have it all ;  
I cannot breathe one other sigh to move,  
Nor can entreat one other tear to fall ;  
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,  
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters I have spent,  
Yet no more can be due to me,  
Than<sup>1</sup> at the bargain made was meant :  
If then thy gift of love were<sup>2</sup> partial,  
That some to me, some should to others fall,  
    Dear, I shall never have thee<sup>3</sup> all.

Or, if then thou gavest<sup>4</sup> me all,  
All was but all which thou had'st then ;  
But if in thy heart since there be, or shall  
New love created be by other men

<sup>1</sup> That, 1689, '49, '54. <sup>2</sup> was, 1669. <sup>3</sup> it. <sup>4</sup> givest, 1669.

Which have their stocks entire and can in tears,  
 In sighs, in oaths, and<sup>1</sup> letters outbid me,  
 This new love may beget new fears ;  
 For this love was not vowed by thee,  
 And yet it was, thy gift being general ;  
 The ground, thy heart, is<sup>2</sup> mine ; whatever shall  
 Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

Yet, I would not have all yet ;  
 He that hath all can have no more,  
 And since my love doth every day admit  
 New growth, thou should'st have new rewards in store ;  
 Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,  
 If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it :  
 Love's riddles are that, though thy heart depart,  
 It stays at home, and thou with losing savest it :  
 But we will have<sup>3</sup> a way more liberal  
 Than changing hearts,— to join them ;<sup>4</sup> so we shall  
 Be one, and one another's, All.

## SONG.

SWEETEST Love, I do not go,  
 For weariness of thee,  
 Nor in hope the world can show  
 A fitter Love for me ;

<sup>1</sup> in. <sup>2</sup> was, 1635, '39, '49, '54. <sup>3</sup> love, 1669. <sup>4</sup> join us, *ibid.*

But since that I  
Must die at last, 't is best,  
To use myself in jest  
Thus by feign'd deaths to die.<sup>1</sup>

Yesternight the sun went hence,  
And yet is here to-day,  
He hath no desire nor sense,  
Nor half so short a way:  
Then fear not me,  
But believe that I shall make  
Speedier<sup>2</sup> journeys, since I take  
More wings and spurs than he.

Oh how feeble is man's power,  
That, if good fortune fall,  
Cannot add another hour,  
Nor a lost hour recall!  
But come bad chance,  
And we join to it our strength,  
And we teach it art and length,  
Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,<sup>3</sup>  
But sigh'st my soul away;

<sup>1</sup> At the last must part, 't is best,  
Thus to use myself in jest  
By feign'd deaths to die. 1635, '39, '49, '54.  
Must die at last, 't is best,  
Thus to use myself in jest  
By feign'd death to die. 1669.

<sup>2</sup> Haster, 1669.

<sup>3</sup> no wind.

When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,  
 My life's blood doth decay.  
 It cannot be  
 That thou lov'st me as thou say'st,  
 If in thine my life thou waste;  
 Thou<sup>1</sup> art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart  
 Forethink me any ill;  
 Destiny may take thy part,  
 And may<sup>2</sup> thy fears fulfil;  
 But think that we  
 Are but turned<sup>3</sup> aside to sleep:  
 They, who one another keep  
 Alive, ne'er parted be.

### THE LEGACY.

WHEN I died last<sup>4</sup> (and, dear, I die  
 As often as from thee I go,  
 Though it be but an hour ago,  
 And lovers' hours be full eternity)  
 I can remember yet that I  
 Something did say and something did bestow;  
 Though I be dead which sent<sup>5</sup> me, I should be<sup>6</sup>  
 Mine own executor, and legacy.

<sup>1</sup> That, 1635, '39, '49, '54. Which art the life of me, 1669. <sup>2</sup> make, 1639, '49, '54. <sup>3</sup> laid, 1669. <sup>4</sup> last I died, *ibid.* <sup>5</sup> meant, 1635, '39, '49, '54. <sup>6</sup> I might be, 1669.

I heard me say, Tell her anon,  
That myself, that 's you, not I,  
Did kill me ; and when I felt me die,  
I bid me send my heart, when I was gone;  
But I, alas ! could there find none.  
When I had ripped me and searched where  
hearts did lie,<sup>1</sup>  
It killed me again that I, who still was true  
In life, in my last will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,  
But colours it and corners had,  
It was not good, it was not bad,  
It was entire to none, and few had part :  
As good as could be made by art  
It seemed, and therefore for our losses sad ;<sup>2</sup>  
I meant to send this<sup>3</sup> heart instead of mine,  
But oh ! no man could hold it, for 't was thine.

### A FEVER.

Oh do not die, for I shall hate  
All women so, when thou art gone,  
That thee I shall not celebrate,  
When I remember thou wast one.

<sup>1</sup> When I had ripped and searched where hearts should lie.

<sup>2</sup> loss be sad, 1689. <sup>3</sup> that.

But yet thou canst not die, I know ;  
 To leave this world behind, is death ;  
 But when thou from this world wilt go,  
 The whole world vapours with<sup>1</sup> thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the world's soul, goest,  
 It stay, 't is but thy carcass then,  
 The fairest woman but thy ghost,  
 But corrupt worms, the worthiest men.

O wrangling schools, that search what fire  
 Shall burn this world, had none the wit  
 Unto this knowledge to aspire,  
 That this her fever might be it ?

And yet she cannot waste by this,  
 Nor long bear<sup>2</sup> this torturing wrong,  
 For much<sup>3</sup> corruption needful is  
 To fuel such a fever long.

These burning fits but meteors be,  
 Whose matter in thee is soon<sup>4</sup> spent;  
 Thy beauty, and all parts which are thee,  
 Are<sup>5</sup> unchangeable firmament.

Yet 't was of my mind, seizing thee,<sup>6</sup>  
 Though it in thee cannot persever;  
 For<sup>7</sup> I had rather owner be  
 Of thee one hour, than all else ever.

<sup>1</sup> in, 1669. <sup>2</sup> endure, *ibid.* <sup>3</sup> more. <sup>4</sup> soon is, 1669. <sup>5</sup> Are an, *ibid.*  
<sup>6</sup> And here as my mind, seizing thee, *ibid.* <sup>7</sup> Yet, *ibid.*

## AIR AND ANGELS.

Twice or thrice had I lovèd thee,  
 Before I knew thy face or name ;  
 So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,  
 Angels affect us oft, and worshipped be :  
 Still when, to where thou wert, I came,  
 Some lovely glorious nothing I did<sup>1</sup> see ;  
 But since my soul, whose child love is,  
 Takes limbs of flesh, and else could nothing do,  
 More subtile than the parent is,  
 Love must not be, but take a body too ;  
 And therefore what thou wert, and who,  
 I bid love ask, and now,  
 That it assume thy body, I allow,  
 And fix itself in thy lip, and brow.<sup>2</sup>

Whilst thus to ballast love I thought,  
 And so more steadily to have gone,  
 With wares which would sink admiratiön  
 I saw I had Love's pinnace overfraught ;  
 Every thy hair<sup>3</sup> for love to work upon  
 Is much too much, some fitter must be sought ;  
 For, nor in nothing, nor in things  
 Extreme and scattering bright, can love inhere ;  
 Then as an angel face and wings  
 Of air, not pure as it, yet pure, doth wear,  
 So thy love may be my love's sphere ;

<sup>1</sup> did I, 1669. <sup>2</sup> thy lips, eyes, and brow, *ibid.* <sup>3</sup> thy every hair, 1649, '54, '69.  
 2\*

Just such disparity  
 As is 'twixt air<sup>1</sup> and angel's purity,  
 'Twixt women's love, and men's will ever be.

### BREAK OF DAY.

STAY, O Sweet, and do not rise,  
 The light that shines, comes from thine eyes ;  
 The day breaks not, it is my heart,  
 Because that you and I must part.

Stay, or else my joys will die,  
 And perish in their infancy.<sup>2</sup>

'T is true, 't is day ; what though it be ?  
 Oh wilt thou therefore rise from me ?  
 Why should we rise because 't is light ?  
 Did we lie down because 't was night ?

Love, which in spite of darkness brought us hither,  
 Should in despite<sup>3</sup> of light keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye ;  
 If it could speak as well as spy,  
 This were the worst that it could say,  
 That being well, I fain would stay,  
 And that I loved my heart and honour so,  
 That I would not from him that had them go.

<sup>1</sup> air's, 1669. <sup>2</sup> This stanza appears first in 1669.

<sup>3</sup> spite, 1635, '89.

Must business thee from hence remove ?  
Oh, that 's the worst disease of love ;  
The poor, the foul, the false, Love can  
Admit, but not the busied man.

He which hath business and makes love, doth do  
Such wrong as when a married man doth<sup>1</sup> woo.

#### THE ANNIVERSARY.

ALL Kings, and all their favorites,  
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,  
The sun itself (which makes times, as they<sup>2</sup> pass)  
Is elder by a year now than it was  
When thou and I first one another saw :  
All other things to their destruction draw,  
Only our love hath no decay ;  
This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday ;  
Running, it never runs from us away,  
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corse ;  
If one might, death were no divorce ;  
Alas ! as well as other princes, we  
(Who prince enough in one another be)  
Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears  
Oft fed with true oaths and with sweet salt tears.

<sup>1</sup> should, 1685, '89, '49, '54. <sup>2</sup> these, *ibid.*

But souls where nothing dwells but love  
 (All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove  
 This, or a love increasèd, there above,  
 When bodies to their graves,<sup>1</sup> souls from their graves remove.

And then we shall be throughly blest ;  
 But now no more than all the rest.

Here upon earth we are kings, and none but we  
 Can be such kings,<sup>2</sup> nor of such subjects be ;  
 Who is so safe as we, where none can do  
 Treason to us, except one of us two ?

True and false fears let us refrain,  
 Let us love nobly and live and add again  
 Years and years unto years, till we attain  
 To write threescore : this is the second of our reign.

A VALEDICTION OF MY NAME  
 IN THE WINDOW.

I.

My name engraved herein,  
 Doth contribute my firmness to this glass,  
 Which, ever since that charm, hath been  
 As hard as that which graved it was ;  
 Thine eye will give it price enough to mock  
 The diamonds of either rock.

<sup>1</sup> grave, 1635, '39.

<sup>2</sup> . . . and but we  
 None are such kings, 1669.

## II.

"T is much that glass should be  
As all-confessing and through-shine as I ;  
"T is more that it shows thee to thee,  
And clear reflects thee to thine eye ;  
But all such rules Love's magic can undo,  
Here you see me, and I am you.<sup>1</sup>

## III.

As no one point nor dash,  
Which are but accessaries to this name,  
The showers and tempests<sup>2</sup> can outwash,  
So shall all times find me the same ;  
You this entireness better may fulfil,  
Who have the pattern with you still.

## IV.

Or, if too hard and deep  
This learning be for a scratched name to teach,  
It as a given death's-head keep,  
Lovers' mortality to preach ;  
Or think this ragged bony name to be  
My ruinous anatomy.

## V.

Then, as all my souls be  
Emparadised in you (in whom alone  
I understand and grow and see),  
The rafters of my body, bone,

<sup>1</sup> and I see you, 1669. <sup>2</sup> tempest, 1635, '39, '49, '54.

Being still with you, the muscle, sinew, and vein,  
Which tile this house, will come again.

## VI.

Till my return, repair  
And recompact my scattered body so.  
As all the virtuous powers which are  
Fixed in the stars, are said to flow  
Into such characters as gravëd be  
When these<sup>1</sup> stars have<sup>2</sup> supremacy,

## VII.

So, since this name was cut  
When love and grief their exaltation had,  
No door 'gainst this name's influence shut ;  
As much more loving, as more sad,  
'T will make thee ; and thou should'st, till I return,  
Since I die daily, daily mourn.

## VIII.

When thy inconsiderate hand  
Flings ope this casement with my trembling name,  
To look on one whose wit or land  
New battery to thy heart may frame,  
Then think this name alive, and that thou thus  
In it offend'st<sup>3</sup> my Genius.

<sup>1</sup> those. <sup>2</sup> had, 1669. <sup>3</sup> offends, *ibid.*

## IX.

And when thy melted maid,  
 Corrupted by thy lover's gold and<sup>1</sup> page,  
 His letter at thy pillow hath laid,  
 Disputed it, and tamed thy rage,  
 And thou begin'st to thaw towards him for this,<sup>2</sup>  
 May my name step in and hide his.

## X.

And if this treason go  
 To an overt act, and that thou write again ;  
 In superscribing, this<sup>3</sup> name flow  
 Into thy fancy from the pane ;<sup>4</sup>  
 So in forgetting thou remembrest right,  
 And unaware to me shalt write.

## XI.

But glass and lines must be  
 No means our firm substantial love to keep ;  
 Near death inflicts this lethargy,  
 And this<sup>5</sup> I murmur in my sleep ;  
 Impute this idle talk to that I go ;  
 For dying men talk often so.

<sup>1</sup> or, 1669.

<sup>2</sup> Disputed thou it, and tame thy rage,

If thou to him begin'st to thaw for this, *ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> my, *ibid.* <sup>4</sup> pen. <sup>5</sup> thus.

## TWICKENHAM GARDEN.

BLASTED with sighs, and surrounded with tears,  
 Hither I come to seek the spring,  
 And at mine eyes, and at mine ears,<sup>1</sup>  
 Receive such balms as else cure <sup>2</sup> every thing,  
 But oh, self-traitor, I do bring  
 The spider Love <sup>3</sup> which transubstantiates all  
 And can convert manna to gall,  
 And, that this place may thoroughly be thought  
 True Paradise, I have the serpent brought.

'T were wholsomer for me, that winter did  
 Benight the glory of this place,  
 And that a grave frost did forbid  
 These trees to laugh and mock me to my face ;  
 But that I may not <sup>4</sup> this disgrace  
 Endure, nor yet leave loving,<sup>5</sup> Love, let me  
 Some senseless piece of this place be ;  
 Make me a mandrake, so I may grow here,  
 Or a stone fountain weeping out my<sup>6</sup> year.

Hither with crystal vials, lovers, come  
 And take my tears, which are Love's wine,<sup>7</sup>  
 And try your mistress' tears at home,  
 For all are false that taste not just like mine ;

<sup>1</sup> years, 1669. <sup>2</sup> balm as else cures. <sup>3</sup> spider's love, 1669. <sup>4</sup> But since I cannot, *ibid.* <sup>5</sup> nor leave this garden. <sup>6</sup> the, 1635, '39, '49, '54. <sup>7</sup> lover's wine, 1639.

Alas ! hearts do not in eyes shine,  
Nor can you more judge women's thoughts by tears,  
Than by her shadow, what she wears.  
O perverse sex, where none is true but she  
Who 's therefore true, because her truth kills me.

## VALEDICTION TO HIS BOOK.

I 'LL tell thee now (dear love) what thou shalt do  
To anger destiny, as she doth us ;  
How I shall stay, though she esloign me thus,  
And how posterity shall know it too ;  
How thine may out-endure  
Sibyl's glory, and obscure  
Her who from Pindar could allure,  
And her through whose help Lucan is not lame,  
And her whose book (they say) Homer did find and name.

Study our manuscripts, those myriades  
Of letters which have passed 'twixt thee and me,  
Thence write our annals, and in them will be  
To all whom love's subliming fire invades,  
Rule and example found ;  
There, the faith of any ground  
No schismatic will dare to wound,  
That sees how love this grace to us affords,  
To make, to keep, to use, to be these his records,

This book as long-lived as the elements  
 Or as the world's form, this all-grav'd tome<sup>1</sup>  
 In cipher writ, or new-made idiome;  
 We for Love's clergy only are instruments;  
 When this book is made thus,  
 Should again the ravenous  
 Vandals and the Goths<sup>2</sup> invade us,  
 Learning were safe; in this our universe  
 Schools might learn sciences, spheres music, angels verse.

Here Love's divines (since all divinity  
 Is love or wonder) may find all they seek,  
 Whether abstract<sup>3</sup> spiritual love they like,  
 Their souls exhaled with what they do not see,  
 Or, loath so to amuse  
 Faith's infirmity, they choose  
 Something which they may see and use;  
 For though mind be the heaven where Love doth sit,  
 Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it.

Here more than in their books may lawyers find,  
 Both by what titles mistresses are ours,  
 And how prerogative these states devours,  
 Transferred from Love himself to womankind,  
 Who, though from heart and eyes  
 They exact great subsidies,  
 Forsake him who on them relies,  
 And for the cause honour or conscience give,  
 Chimeras vain as they or their prerogative.

<sup>1</sup> tomb, 1669. <sup>2</sup> and Goths, *ibid.* <sup>3</sup> abstracted, *ibid.*

Here statesmen (or of them they which can read)  
 May of their occupation find the grounds ;  
 Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,  
 If to consider what 't is, one<sup>1</sup> proceed ;  
 In both they do excel,  
 Who the present govern well,  
 Whose weakness none doth, or dares tell ;  
 In this thy book such will there something<sup>2</sup> see ;  
 As in the Bible some can find out alchemy.

Thus vent<sup>3</sup> thy thoughts ; abroad I 'll study thee,  
 As he removes far off, that great heights takes ;  
 How great love is, presence best trial makes,  
 But absence tries how long this love will be ;  
 To take a latitude,  
 Sun or stars are fitliest viewed  
 At their brightest, but to conclude  
 Of longitudes, what other way have we  
 But to mark when and where the dark eclipses<sup>4</sup> be ?

COMMUNITY.<sup>5</sup>

Good we must love and must hate ill,  
 For ill is ill and good good still ;  
 But there are things indifferent  
 Which we may neither hate nor love,  
 But one, and then another prove,  
 As we shall find our fancy bent.

<sup>1</sup> what 't is on, proceed, 1669. <sup>2</sup> their nothing, 1635, '39, '49, '54.  
<sup>3</sup> went, *ibid.* <sup>4</sup> the eclipses, 1669. <sup>5</sup> Without title in 1633.

If then at first wise nature had  
Made women either good or bad,  
Then some we might hate and some choose,  
But since she did them so create  
That we may neither love nor hate,  
Only this rests, all all may<sup>1</sup> use.

If they were good, it would be seen ;  
Good is as visible as green,  
And to all eyes itself betrays ;  
If they were bad, they could not last,  
Bad doth itself and others waste ;  
So they deserve nor blame nor praise.

But they are ours as fruits are ours,  
He that but tastes, he that devours,  
And he that leaves all, doth as well ;  
Changed loves are but changed sorts of meat,  
And, when he hath the kernel eat,  
Who doth not fling away the shell ?

#### LOVE'S GROWTH.

I SCARCE believe my love to be so pure  
As I had thought it was,  
Because it doth endure  
Vicissitude and season as the grass ;

<sup>1</sup> all men may, 1669.

Methinks I lied all winter, when I swore  
 My love was infinite, if spring make it more.  
 But if this medicine love, which cures all sorrow  
 With more, not only be no quintessence  
 But mixed of all stuffs paining<sup>1</sup> soul or sense  
 And of the sun his working<sup>2</sup> vigour borrow,  
 Love 's not so pure and abstract<sup>3</sup> as they use  
 To say which have no mistress but their muse,  
 But, as all else, being elemented too,  
 Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent  
 Love by the spring is grown ;  
 As in the firmament  
 Stars by the sun are not enlarged, but shown,  
 Gentle love-deeds, as<sup>4</sup> blossoms on a bough,  
 From love's awakened root do bud out now.  
 If, as in water stirred, more circles be  
 Produced by one, love such additions take,  
 Those, like so many spheres, but one heaven make,  
 For they are all concentric unto thee,  
 And, though each spring do add to love new heat,  
 As princes do in times of action get  
 New taxes and remit them not in peace,  
 No winter shall abate the<sup>5</sup> spring's increase.

<sup>1</sup> vexing. <sup>2</sup> active. <sup>3</sup> an abstract, 1669. <sup>4</sup> are, *ibid.* <sup>5</sup> this.

## LOVE'S EXCHANGE.

Love, any devil else but you,  
Would for a given soul give something too ;  
At court, your fellows every day  
Give th' art of rhyming, huntsmanship, or play  
For them which were their own before ;  
Only I have nothing which gave more,  
But am, alas ! by being lowly, lower.

I ask no dispensation now  
To falsify a tear, or sigh, or vow ;<sup>1</sup>  
I do not sue from thee to draw  
A *non obstante* on nature's law ;  
These are prerogatives, they inhere  
In thee and thine ; none should forswear,  
Except that he Love's minion were.

Give me thy weakness, make me blind  
Both ways as thou and thine, in eyes and mind ;  
Love, let me never know that this  
Is love, or that love childish is ;  
Let me not know that others know  
That she knows my pains, lest that so  
A tender shame make me mine own new woe.<sup>2</sup>

If thou give nothing, yet thou art just,  
Because I would not thy first motions trust ;

<sup>1</sup> a sigh, a vow, 1669. <sup>2</sup> mine own woe, *ibid.*

Small towns which stand stiff till great shot  
Enforce them, by war's law condition not ;  
Such in love's warfare is my case,  
I may not article for grace,  
Having put Love at last to show this<sup>1</sup> face.

This face, by which he could command  
And change the idolatry of any land ;  
This face, which, wheresoe'er it comes,  
Can call vowed men from cloisters, dead from tombs,  
And melt both poles at once, and store  
Deserts with cities, and make more  
Mines in the earth, than quarries were before.

For this, Love is enraged with me,  
Yet kills not : if I must example be  
To future rebels, if th' unborn  
Must learn, by my being cut up and torn,  
Kill and dissect me, Love, for this  
Torture against thine own end is ;  
Racked carcases make ill anatomies.

### CONFINED LOVE.<sup>2</sup>

SOME man unworthy to be possessor  
Of old or new love, himself being false or weak,  
Thought his pain and shame would be lesser  
If on womankind he might his anger wreak,

<sup>1</sup> his, 1669. <sup>2</sup> Without title in 1688.

And thence a law did grow,  
One might but one man know;  
But are other creatures so?

Are sun, moon, or stars by law forbidden  
To smile where they list, or lend<sup>1</sup> away their light?  
Are birds divorced, or are they chidden  
If they leave their mate, or lie abroad a<sup>2</sup> night?  
Beasts<sup>3</sup> do no jointures lose,  
Though they new lovers choose;  
But we are made worse than those.

Whoe'er rigged fair ship<sup>4</sup> to lie in harbors,  
And not to seek new lands, or not to deal with all?  
Or built<sup>5</sup> fair houses, set trees and arbors,  
Only to lock up, or else to let them fall?  
Good is not good, unless  
A thousand it possess,  
But doth waste with greediness.

### THE DREAM.

DEAR love, for nothing less than thee  
Would I have broke this happy dream;  
It was a theme  
For reason, much too strong for phantasy,  
Therefore thou waked'st me wisely; yet

<sup>1</sup> bend, 1669. <sup>2</sup> all, *ibid.* <sup>3</sup> Beast, 1635. <sup>4</sup> ships, 1669. <sup>5</sup> build.

My dream thou brok'st not, but continued'st it :<sup>1</sup>  
 Thou art so truth,<sup>2</sup> that thoughts of thee suffice  
 To make dreams truths and fables histories ;  
 Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best  
 Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest.

As lightning or a taper's light,  
 Thine eyes, and not thy noise, waked me :

Yet I thought thee  
 (For thou lovest truth) an angel at first sight ;  
 But when I saw thou sawest my heart,  
 And knew'st my thoughts beyond an angel's art  
 When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when<sup>3</sup> thou knew'st when  
 Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'st then,  
 I must confess it could not choose but be  
 Profane to think thee anything but thee.

Coming and staying showed thee thee ;  
 But rising makes me doubt that now

Thou art not thou.  
 That love is weak, where fear 's as<sup>4</sup> strong as he ;  
 'T is not all spirit pure and brave,  
 If mixture it of fear, shame, honour, have.  
 Perchance, as torches, which must ready be,  
 Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me ;  
 Thou cam'st<sup>5</sup> to kindle, goest to come: then I  
 Will dream that hope again, but else would die.

<sup>1</sup> thou break'st not, but continuest it, 1669. <sup>2</sup> true. <sup>3</sup> then, 1669.

<sup>4</sup> fears are, *ibid.* <sup>5</sup> com'st, *ibid.*

## A VALEDICTION OF WEEPING.

LET me pour forth  
My tears before thy face whilst I stay here,  
For thy face coins them and thy stamp they bear,  
And by this mintage they are something worth,  
For thus they be  
Pregnant of thee ;  
Fruits of much grief they are, embléms of more ;  
When a tear falls, that Thou fall'st which it bore,  
So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers shore.

On a round ball  
A workman, that hath copies by, can lay  
An Europe, Afric, and an Asia,  
And quickly make that, which was nothing, All,  
So doth each tear  
Which thee doth wear,  
A globe, yea, world<sup>1</sup> by that impression grow,  
Till thy tears mixed with mine do overflow  
This world by waters sent from thee, my heaven dissolvèd so.

O more than moon,  
Draw not up seas to drown me in thy sphere,  
Weep me not dead in thine arms, but forbear  
To teach the sea what it may do too soon ;  
Let not the wind  
Example find

<sup>1</sup> would, 1669.

To do me more harm than it purposeth ;  
Since thou and I sigh one another's breath,  
Whoe'er sighs most, is cruellest, and hastest the other's death.

## LOVE'S ALCHEMY.

SOME that have deeper digged love's mine than I,  
Say where his centric happiness doth lie ;

I have loved and got and told,  
But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,  
I should not find that hidden mystery ;

Oh, 't is imposture all !  
And as no chymic yet the Elixir got,  
But glorifies his pregnant pot,  
If by the way to him befall  
Some odoriferous thing, or médicinal,  
So lovers dream a rich and long delight,  
But get a winter-seeming summer's night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honour, and our day  
Shall we for this vain bubble's shadow pay ?

Ends love in this, that any<sup>1</sup> man  
Can be as happy as I can, if he can  
Endure the short scorn of a bridegroom's play ?

That loving wretch that swears  
'T is not the bodies marry, but the minds,  
Which he in her angelic finds,

<sup>1</sup> my.

Would swear as justly that he hears,  
 In that day's rude hoarse minstrelsy, the spheres :  
     Hope not for mind in women ; at their best  
 Sweetness and wit, they 're but mummý, possest.

## THE CURSE.

WHOEVER guesses, thinks, or dreams he knows  
 Who is my mistress, wither by this curse ;  
     His only, and only his purse  
     May some dull heart to love dispose,  
 And she yield then to all that are his foes ;<sup>1</sup>  
     May he be scorned by one whom all else scorn,  
     Forswear to others what to her he hath sworn,  
     With fear of missing, shame of getting, torn.

Madness his sorrow, gout his cramp,<sup>2</sup> may he  
 Make by but thinking who hath made him such ;  
     And may he feel no touch  
     Of conscience, but of fame, and be  
 Anguished, not that 't was sin, but that 't was she ;  
     In early and long scarceness may he rot,  
     For land which had been his, if he had not  
     Himself incestuously an heir begot.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Him only for his purse  
 May some dull whore to love dispose,  
 And then yield unto all that are his foes, 1669.

<sup>2</sup> cramps, *ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> Or may he for her virtue reverence  
 One that hates him only for impotence,  
 And equal traitors be she and his sense.

May he dream treason and believe that he  
 Meant to perform it, and confess, and die,  
 And no record tell why ;  
 His sons, which none of his may be,  
 Inherit nothing but his infamy ;  
 Or may he so long parasites have fed,  
 That he would fain be theirs whom he hath bred,  
 And at the last be circumcised for bread.

The venom of all step-dames, gamester's gall,  
 What tyrans and their subjects interwish,  
 What plants, mine, beasts, fowl, fish  
 Can contribute, all ill which all  
 Prophets or poets spake, and all which shall  
 Be annexed in schedules unto this by me,  
 Fall on that man ; for if it be a she,  
 Nature beforehand hath outcurséd me.

THE MESSAGE.<sup>1</sup>

SEND home my long-strayed eyes to me,  
 Which (oh) too long have dwelt on thee ;  
 Yet since there they<sup>2</sup> have learned such ill,  
 Such forced fashions  
 And false passions,  
 That they be  
 Made by thee  
 Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

<sup>1</sup> Without title in 1688. <sup>2</sup> But if they there, 1689.

Send home my harmless heart again,  
 Which no unworthy thought could stain ;  
 Which<sup>1</sup> if it be taught by thine  
     To make jestings  
     Of protestings,  
         And break both  
         Word and oath,  
 Keep it, for then 't is none of mine.<sup>2</sup>

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,  
 That I may know and see thy lies,  
 And may laugh and joy, when thou  
     Art in anguish,  
     And dost languish  
         For some one,  
         That will none,  
 Or prove as false as thou art now.<sup>3</sup>

A NOCTURNAL UPON S. LUCY'S DAY,  
 BEING THE SHORTEST DAY.

'T is the year's midnight, and it is the day's,  
 Lucy's, who scarce seven hours herself unmasks ;  
 The sun is spent, and now his flasks  
     Send forth light squibs, no constant rays ;  
     The world's whole sap is sunk :  
 The general balm th' hydroptic earth hath drunk,  
 Whither, as to the bed's-feet, life is shrunk,

<sup>1</sup> But. <sup>2</sup> Keep it still, 't is none of mine, 1669. <sup>3</sup> dost now, *ibid.*

Dead and interred ; yet all these seem to laugh,  
Compared with me who am their epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers be  
At the next world, that is, at the next spring ;

For I am every<sup>1</sup> dead thing,  
In whom Love wrought new alchemy.

For his art did express  
A quintessence even from nothingness,  
From dull privations and lean emptiness ;  
He ruined me, and I am rebegot  
Of absence, darkness, death, things which are not.

All others from all things draw all that 's good,  
Life, soul, form, spirit, whence they being have ;

I, by Love's limbeck, am the grave  
Of all, that 's nothing. Oft a flood  
Have we two wept, and so  
Drowned the whole world, us two ; oft did we grow  
To be two chaoses when we did show  
Care to aught else ; and often absences  
Withdrew our souls and made us carcases.

But I am by her death (which word wrongs her)  
Of the first nothing the elixir grown ;

Were I a man, that I were one  
I needs must know ; I should prefer  
If I were any beast ;

<sup>1</sup> a very.

Some ends, some means ; yea, plants, yea, stones, detest  
And love ; all, all some properties invest ;  
If I an ordinary nothing were,  
As shadow, a light and body must be here.

But I am none ; nor will my sun renew :  
You lovers, for whose sake the lesser sun  
At this time to the Goat is run  
To fetch new lust, and give it you,  
Enjoy your summer all ;  
Since she enjoys her long night's festival,  
Let me prepare towards her, and let me call  
This hour her vigil and her eve, since this  
Both the year's and the day's deep midnight is.

#### WITCHCRAFT BY A PICTURE.

I fix mine eye on thine, and there  
Pity my picture burning in thine eye ;  
My picture drowned in a transparent tear,  
When I look lower, I espy ;  
Hadst thou the wicked skill,  
By pictures made and marred, to kill,  
How many ways might'st thou perform thy will !

But now I have drunk thy sweet salt tears,  
And though<sup>1</sup> thou pour more, I 'll depart :

<sup>1</sup> Although, 1669.

My picture vanished,<sup>1</sup> vanish fears,<sup>2</sup>  
 That I can be endamaged by that art :  
 Though thou retain of me  
 One picture more, yet that will be,  
 Being in thine own heart, from all malice free.

THE BAIT.<sup>3</sup>

COME live with me and be my love,  
 And we will some new pleasures prove  
 Of golden sands and crystal brooks,  
 With silken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river whispering run  
 Warmed by thy<sup>4</sup> eyes, more than the sun ;  
 And there the enamoured fish will stay,<sup>5</sup>  
 Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,  
 Each fish, which every channel hath,  
 Will amorously to thee swim,  
 Gladder to catch thee than thou him.

If thou to be so seen be'st loath  
 By sun or moon, thou darkenest both ;  
 And if myself have leave to see,  
 I need not their light, having thee.

<sup>1</sup> vanish, 1669. <sup>2</sup> vanish all fears, 1685, '39, '49, '54.  
<sup>3</sup> Without title in 1683. <sup>4</sup> thine, 1669. <sup>5</sup> play, *ibid.*

Let others freeze with angling reeds,  
 And cut their legs with shells and weeds,  
 Or treacherously poor fish beset  
 With strangling snare or windowy<sup>1</sup> net ;

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest  
 The bedded fish in banks outwrest,  
 Or curious traitors, sleeve-silk flies  
 Bewitch poor fishes' wandering eyes ;

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,  
 For thou thyself art thine own bait ;  
 That fish that is not catched thereby,  
 Alas ! is wiser far than I.

### THE APPARITION.

WHEN by thy scorn, O murdereress, I am dead,  
 And that thou thinkst<sup>2</sup> thee free  
 From<sup>3</sup> all solicitatiön from me,  
 Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,  
 And thee, feigned vestal, in worse arms shall see ;  
 Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,  
 And he, whose thou art then, being tired before,<sup>4</sup>  
 Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think  
 Thou call'st for more,

<sup>1</sup> winding, 1669. <sup>2</sup> And thou shalt think, *ibid.* <sup>3</sup> Of, *ibid.*  
<sup>4</sup> whose thou art, being tired before, *ibid.*

And in false sleep will from thee shrink.<sup>1</sup>  
And then, poor aspen wretch, neglected thou  
Bathed in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lie  
    A verier ghost than I ;  
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,  
Lest that preserve thee ; and since my love is spent,  
I had rather thou should'st painfully repent,  
Than by my threatenings rest still innocent.

## THE BROKEN HEART.

He is stark mad, whoever says  
    That he hath been in love an hour ;  
Yet not that love so soon decays,  
    But that it can ten in less space devour ;  
Who will believe me, if I swear  
    That I have had the plague a year ?  
    Who would not laugh at me, if I should say  
I saw a flask <sup>2</sup> of powder burn a day ?

Ah ! what a trifle is a heart,  
    If once into Love's hands it come !  
All other griefs allow a part  
    To other griefs, and ask themselves but some ;

<sup>1</sup> And in false sleep from thee shrink, 1635, '39, '49, '54.  
    And in a false sleep even from thee shrink, 1669.

<sup>2</sup> flash.

They come to us, but us Love draws ;  
He swallows us and never chaws ;  
By him, as by chained shot, whole ranks do die ;  
He is the tyran pike, our hearts the fry.<sup>1</sup>

If 't were not so, what did become  
Of my heart when I first saw thee ?  
I brought a heart into the room,  
But from the room I carried none with me :  
If it had gone to thee, I know  
Mine would have taught thine heart to show  
More pity unto me ; but Love, alas,  
At one first blow did shiver it as glass.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,  
Nor any place be empty quite,  
Therefore I think my breast hath all  
Those pieces still, though they be not unite :  
And now, as broken glasses show  
A hundred lesser faces, so  
My rags of heart can like, wish, and adore,  
But after one such love can love no more.

<sup>1</sup> and we the fry, 1669.

## A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,  
And whisper to their souls to go,  
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,  
"The breath goes now,"<sup>1</sup> and some say, "No";

So let us melt and make no noise,  
No tear-floods nor sigh-tempests move,  
'T were profanation of our joys,  
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears;  
Men reckon what it did and meant;  
But trepidation of the spheres,  
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love  
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit  
Absence, because it doth remove  
Those things which elemented it.<sup>2</sup>

But we by a love so much<sup>3</sup> refined  
That ourselves know not what it is,  
Inter-assurēd of the mind,  
Care less eyes, lips, hands<sup>4</sup> to miss.

1 "Now his breath goes," 1669.

2 Of absence, 'cause it doth remove,  
The thing which elemented it, *ibid.*

3 far, *ibid.* 4 lips, and hands, *ibid.*

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,  
Though I must go, endure not yet  
A breach, but an expansion,  
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so  
As stiff twin compasses are two ;  
Thy soul, the fixt foot, makes no show  
To move, but doth if the other do,

And though it in the centre sit,  
Yet when the other far doth roam,  
It leans and hearkens after it,  
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,  
Like th' other foot, obliquely run ;  
Thy firmness makes my circle just,  
And makes me end where I begun.

### THE ECSTASY.

WHERE, like a pillow on a bed,  
A pregnant bank swelled up to rest  
The violet's reclining head,  
Sate we two, one another's best.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The violets declining head,  
Sate we on one another's breasts, 1669.

Our hands were firmly cemented  
With<sup>1</sup> a fast balm which thence did spring,  
Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread  
Our eyes upon one double string ;  
So to engraft<sup>2</sup> our hands, as yet  
Was all the means to make us one,  
And pictures in our eyes to get  
Was all our propagation.  
As 'twixt two equal armies Fate  
Suspends uncertain victory,  
Our souls (which, to advance their<sup>3</sup> state,  
Were gone out) hung 'twixt her and me.  
And whilst our souls negotiate there,  
We like sepulchral statues lay ;  
All day the same our postures were,  
And we said nothing all the day.  
If any, so by love refined  
That he soul's language understood,  
And by good love were grown all mind,  
Within convenient distance stood,  
He (though he knows<sup>4</sup> not which soul spake,  
Because both meant, both spake the same)  
Might thence a new concoction take,  
And part far purer than he came.  
This ecstasy doth<sup>5</sup> unperplex  
(We said) and tell us what we love ;  
We see by this, it was not sex,  
We see we saw not what did move ;

<sup>1</sup> By. <sup>2</sup> engraft. <sup>3</sup> our. <sup>4</sup> knew. <sup>5</sup> do, 1660.

But as all several souls contain  
    Mixture of things they know not what,  
Love these mixed souls doth mix again,  
    And makes both one, each this and that.  
A single violet transplant,  
    The strength, the colour, and the size  
(All which before was poor and scant)  
    Redoubles still and multiplies.  
When love with one another so  
    Inter-animates two souls,  
That abler soul, which thence doth flow,  
    Defects of loneliness<sup>1</sup> controls.  
We then, who are this new soul, know  
    Of what we are composed and made ;  
For th' atomies<sup>2</sup> of which we grow,  
    Are souls, whom no change can invade.  
But, Oh alas ! so long, so far  
    Our bodies why do we forbear ?  
They are ours, though not we ; we are  
    The intelligences, they the spheres.  
We owe them thanks, because they thus  
    Did us to us at first convey,  
Yielded their senses' force to us,  
    Nor are dross to us, but allay.  
On man heaven's influence works not so,  
    But that it first imprints the air ;  
For soul into the soul may flow,  
    Though it to body first repair.

<sup>1</sup> loveliness, 1669. <sup>2</sup> the atomes, *ibid.*

As our blood labours to beget  
 Spirits as like souls as it can,  
 Because such fingers need to knit  
 That subtile knot which makes us man,  
 So must pure lovers' souls descend  
 T' affections and to faculties  
 Which sense may reach and apprehend,  
 Else a great prince in prison lies ;  
 To our bodies turn we then, that so  
 Weak men on love revealed may look ;  
 Love's mysteries in souls do grow,  
 But yet the body is his<sup>1</sup> book ;  
 And if some lover, such as we,  
 Have heard this dialogue of one,  
 Let him still mark us, he shall see  
 Small change, when we are to bodies gone.<sup>2</sup>

## LOVE'S DEITY.

I LONG to talk with some old lover's ghost,  
 Who died before the god of Love was born ;  
 I cannot think that he who then loved most,  
 Sunk so low as to love one which did scorn.  
 But since this god produced a destiny,  
 And that vice-nature, custom, lets it be,  
 I must love her that loves not me.

<sup>1</sup> the, 1660. <sup>2</sup> grown.

Sure they which made him god, meant not so much,  
Nor he in his young godhead practised it ;  
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,  
His office was indulgently to fit  
Actives to passives ; correspondence  
Only his subject was ; it cannot be  
Love, till I love her that loves me.<sup>1</sup>

But every modern god will now extend  
His vast prerogative as far as Jove ;  
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,  
All is the purlieu of the god of Love.  
Oh were we wakened<sup>2</sup> by this tyranny  
To ungod this child again, it could not be  
I should love her who loves not me.

Rebel and atheist too, why murmur I  
As though I felt the worst that Love could do ?  
Love may make me leave loving, or might try  
A deeper plague, to make her love me too,  
Which, since she loves before, I am loath to see ;  
Falsehood is worse than hate, and that must be,  
If she whom I love should love me.

<sup>1</sup> Love, if I love who loves not me, 1635, '39, '49, '54.

<sup>2</sup> Were we not weakened, 1669.

## LOVE'S DIET.

To what a cumbersome unwieldiness  
And burdenous corpulence my love had grown,  
But that I did, to make it less,  
And keep it in proportion,  
Give it a diet, made it feed upon  
That which Love worst endures, discretion.

Above one sigh a day I allowed him not,  
Of which my fortune and my faults had part ;  
And if sometimes by stealth he got  
A she sigh from my mistress' heart,  
And thought to feast on that, I let him see  
'T was neither very sound, nor meant to me.

If he wrung from me a tear, I brined it so  
With scorn or shame, that him it nourished not ;  
If he sucked hers, I let him know  
'T was not a tear which he had got,  
His drink was counterfeit, as was his meat ;  
For eyes which roll towards all, weep not, but sweat.

Whatever he would dictate, I writ that,  
But burnt my letters ; when she writ to me,  
And that that<sup>1</sup> favour made him fat,  
I said, if any title be

<sup>1</sup> But burnt her letters when she writ to me, And if that, 1635, '39, '49, '54.  
But burnt my letters which she writ to me, And if that, 1669.

1. What is the name of the  
person you are writing to?  
2. What is the name of the  
person you are writing to?  
3. What is the name of the  
person you are writing to?  
4. What is the name of the  
person you are writing to?  
5. What is the name of the  
person you are writing to?  
6. What is the name of the  
person you are writing to?  
7. What is the name of the  
person you are writing to?  
8. What is the name of the  
person you are writing to?  
9. What is the name of the  
person you are writing to?  
10. What is the name of the  
person you are writing to?

1. **THE PAIN** - **THE PAIN** IS THE  
2. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
3. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
4. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
5. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
6. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
7. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
8. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
9. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
10. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
11. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
12. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
13. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
14. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
15. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
16. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
17. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
18. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
19. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
20. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
21. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
22. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
23. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
24. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
25. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
26. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
27. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
28. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
29. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
30. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
31. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
32. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
33. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
34. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
35. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
36. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
37. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
38. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
39. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
40. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
41. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
42. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
43. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
44. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
45. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
46. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
47. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
48. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
49. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
50. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
51. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
52. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
53. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
54. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
55. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
56. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
57. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
58. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
59. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
60. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
61. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
62. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
63. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
64. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
65. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
66. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
67. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
68. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
69. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
70. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
71. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
72. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
73. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
74. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
75. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
76. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
77. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
78. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
79. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
80. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
81. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
82. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
83. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
84. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
85. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
86. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
87. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
88. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
89. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
90. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
91. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
92. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
93. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
94. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
95. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
96. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
97. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
98. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
99. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN  
100. **THE PAIN** IS THE PAIN

1. *What is the best way to get rid of the disease?*  
2. *What is the best way to treat the disease?*  
3. *What is the best way to prevent the disease?*  
4. *What is the best way to eliminate the disease?*

My silence to any who abroad hath<sup>1</sup> been;  
My money to a Capuchin;  
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me  
To love there where no love received can be,  
Only to give to such as have an incapacity.<sup>2</sup>

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;  
All my good works unto the schismatics  
Of Amsterdam; my best civility  
And courtship to an University;  
My modesty I give to soldiers bare;  
My patiēnce let gamesters share;  
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me  
Love her that holds my love disparity,  
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputatiōn to those  
Which were my friends; mine industry to foes;  
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness;  
My sickness to physicians, or excess;  
To Nature all that I in rhyme have writ;  
And to my company my wit;  
Thou, Love, by making me adore  
Her who begot this love in me before,  
Taught'st me to make as though I gave, when I  
did<sup>3</sup> but restore.

To him for whom the passing-bell next tolls,  
I give my physic-books; my written rolls

<sup>1</sup> have, 1669. <sup>2</sup> no good capacity, *ibid.* <sup>3</sup> do.

Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give;  
 My brazen medals unto them which live  
 In want of bread; to them which pass among  
 All foreigners, mine English tongue;  
 Thou, Love, by making me love one  
 Who thinks her friendship a fit portion  
 For younger lovers, dost my gifts<sup>1</sup> thus disproportion.

Therefore I 'll give no more, but I 'll undo  
 The world by dying, because Love dies too:  
 Then all your beauties will be no more worth  
 Than gold in mines where none doth draw it forth,  
 And all your graces no more use shall have  
 Than a sundial in a grave.

Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me  
 Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,  
 To invent and practice this one way to annihilate all three.<sup>2</sup>

### THE FUNERAL.

WHOEVER comes to shroud me, do not harm  
 Nor question much  
 That subtile wreath of hair which crowns my arm;<sup>3</sup>  
 The mystery, the sign, you must not touch,  
 For 't is my outward soul,  
 Viceroy to that which, unto heaven being gone,  
 Will leave this to control  
 And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

<sup>1</sup> gift, 1639, '49, '54. <sup>2</sup> annihilate thee, 1669. <sup>3</sup> of hair about mine arm, *ibid.*

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall  
Through every part,  
Can tie those parts and make me one of all,  
Those hairs which upward grew,<sup>1</sup> and strength and art  
Have from a better brain,  
Can better do it ; except she meant that I  
By this should know my pain,  
As prisoners then are manacled, when they are con-  
demned to die.

Whate'er she meant by it, bury it by<sup>2</sup> me ;  
For since I am  
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry  
If into other hands these relics came.  
As 't was humility  
To afford to it all that a soul can do,  
So 't is some bravery,  
That, since you would have none of me, I bury some  
of you.

### THE BLOSSOM.

LITTLE think'st thou, poor flower,  
Whom I have watched six or seven days,  
And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour  
Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,  
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,  
Little think'st thou

<sup>1</sup> grow, 1649, '54, '69. <sup>2</sup> with.

That it will freeze anon, and that I shall  
To-morrow find thee fallen, or not at all.

Little think'st thou, poor heart,  
That labours<sup>1</sup> yet to nestle thee,  
And think'st by hovering here to get a part  
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,  
And hop'st her stiffness by long siege to bow,  
Little think'st thou,  
That thou to-morrow, ere that<sup>2</sup> sun doth wake,  
Must with this sun and me a journey take.

But thou, which lov'st to be  
Subtile to plague thyself, wilt<sup>3</sup> say,  
Alas! if you must go, what's that to me?  
Here lies my business, and here I will stay:  
You go to friends whose love and means present  
Various content  
To your eyes, ears, and taste, and every part;  
If then your body go, what need your heart?

Well, then stay here: but know,  
When thou hast stayed and done thy most,  
A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,  
Is to a woman but a kind of ghost;  
How shall she know my heart, or, having none,  
Know thee for one?  
Practice may make her know some other part,  
But take my word, she doth not know a heart.

<sup>1</sup> labourest. <sup>2</sup> the. <sup>3</sup> will, 1669.

Meet me at London, then,  
Twenty days hence, and thou shalt see  
Me fresher and more fat, by being with men,  
Than if I had stayed still with her and thee.  
For God's sake, if you can, be you so too ;  
I will give you  
There to another friend, whom we shall find  
As glad to have my body as my mind.

THE PRIMROSE.<sup>1</sup>

UPON this primrose hill,  
Where if Heaven would distil  
A shower of rain, each several drop might go  
To his own primrose, and grow manna so ;  
And where their form and their infinity  
Make a terrestrial galaxy,  
As the small stars do in the sky,  
I walk to find a true love, and I see  
That 't is not a mere woman that is she,  
But must or more or less than woman be.

Yet know I not which flower  
I wish ; a six, or four ;  
For should my true-love less than woman be,  
She were scarce anything ; and then, should she

<sup>1</sup> Later editions add, " Being at Montgomery Castle, upon the hill  
on which it is situate."

Be more than woman, she would get above  
 All thought of sex and think to move  
 My heart to study her, and not<sup>1</sup> to love ;  
 Both these were monsters ; since there must  
 reside  
 Falsehood in woman, I could more abide  
 She were by art, than nature falsified.

Live, primrose, then, and thrive  
 With thy true number five ;  
 And women, whom this flower doth represent,  
 With this mysterious number be content ;  
 Ten is the farthest number ; if half ten  
 Belongs unto each woman, then  
 Each woman may take half us men,  
 Or, if this will not serve their<sup>2</sup> turn, since all  
 Numbers are odd or even, and<sup>3</sup> they fall  
 First into this<sup>4</sup> five, women may take us all.

### THE RELIC.

WHEN my grave is broke up again  
 Some second guest to entertain,  
 (For graves have learned that woman-head,  
 To be to more than one a bed,)

<sup>1</sup> to study her, not, 1695, '89. <sup>2</sup> the, 1649, '54, '69. <sup>3</sup> since. <sup>4</sup> into five.

And he that digs it, spies  
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,  
Will he not let us alone,  
And think that there a loving couple lies,  
Who thought that this device might be some way  
To make their souls, at the last busy day,  
Meet at this grave, and make a little stay ?

If this fall in a time, or land,  
Where mis-devotion<sup>1</sup> doth command,  
Then he that digs us up will bring  
Us to the Bishop and<sup>2</sup> the King,  
To make us relics; then  
Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I  
A something else thereby;  
All women shall adore us, and some men;  
And since at such time miracles are sought,  
I would have that age by this paper taught  
What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

First, we loved well and faithfully,  
Yet knew not what we loved, nor why;  
Difference of sex no more we knew<sup>3</sup>  
Than our guardian<sup>4</sup> angels do;  
Coming and going, we  
Perchance might kiss, but not<sup>5</sup> between those meals;  
Our hands ne'er touched the seals

<sup>1</sup> mass devotion, 1669. <sup>2</sup> or, *ibid.* <sup>3</sup> we never knew.

<sup>4</sup> No more than guardian. <sup>5</sup> yet, 1669.

Which nature, injured by late law, sets<sup>1</sup> free :  
 These miracles we did ; but now, alas !  
 All measure and all language I should pass,  
 Should I tell what a miracle she was.

## THE DAMP.

WHEN I am dead, and doctors know not why,  
 And my friends' curiosity  
 Will have me cut up, to survey each part,  
 When they shall find your picture in my<sup>2</sup> heart,  
 You think a sudden damp of love  
 Will through all their senses move,  
 And work on them as me, and so prefer  
 Your murder to the name of massacre.

Poor victories ! but if you dare be brave,  
 And pleasure in your<sup>3</sup> conquest have,  
 First kill th' enormous giant, your Disdain,  
 And let th' enchantress Honour next be slain ;  
 And, like a Goth and<sup>4</sup> Vandal rise,  
 Deface records and histories  
 Of your own arts<sup>5</sup> and triumphs over men,  
 And without such advantage kill me then.

For I could muster up, as well as you,  
 My giants and my witches too,

<sup>1</sup> set, 1669. <sup>2</sup> mine, 1649, '54, '69. <sup>3</sup> the, 1669. <sup>4</sup> or, *ibid.* <sup>5</sup> acts, *ibid.*

Which are vast Constancy and Secretness,  
But these I neither look for nor profess.

Kill me as woman, let me die

As a mere man ; do you but try  
Your passive valor, and you shall find than,  
In that<sup>1</sup> you have odds enough of any man.

### THE DISSOLUTION.

SHE is dead, and all which die  
To their first elements resolve ;  
And we were mutual elements to us,  
And made of one another ;  
My body then doth hers involve,  
And those things whereof I consist, hereby  
In me abundant grow and burdenous,  
And nourish not, but smother.  
My fire of passion, sighs of air,  
Water of tears, and earthly<sup>2</sup> sad despair,  
Which my materials be,  
(But ne'er<sup>3</sup> worn-out by Love's security,) She, to my loss, doth by her death repair ;  
And I might live long wretched so,  
But that my fire doth with my fuel grow.  
Now as those active kings,  
Whose foreign conquest treasure brings,

<sup>1</sup> Naked. <sup>2</sup> earthy. <sup>3</sup> near.

Receive more, and spend more, and soonest break,  
 This (which I am assured that I can speak)  
     This death hath with my store  
         My use increased,  
 And so my soul, more earnestly released,  
 Will outstrip her, as bullets flown before  
 A later bullet may o'ertake, the powder being more.

## A JET RING SENT.

Thou art not so black as my heart,  
 Nor half so brittle as her heart thou art ;  
 What wouldst thou say ? shall both our properties by  
     thee be spoke,  
 Nothing more endless, nothing sooner broke ?

Marriage-rings are not of this stuff ;  
 Oh ! why should aught less precious, or less tough,  
 Figure our loves ? except in thy name thou have bid  
     it say,  
 "I am cheap and nought but fashion ; fling me  
     away !"

Yet stay with me, since thou art come,  
 Circle this finger's top, which didst her thumb :  
 Be justly proud and gladly safe, that thou dost dwell  
     with me ;  
 She that, oh ! broke her faith, would soon break  
     thee.

## NEGATIVE LOVE.

I NEVER stooped so low as they  
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey ;  
    Seldom to them which soar no higher  
    Than virtue or the mind to admire,  
For sense and understanding may  
    Know what gives fuel to their fire ;  
My love, though silly, is more brave,  
For may I miss whene'er I crave,  
If I know yet what I would have.

If that be simply perfectest,  
Which can by no way<sup>1</sup> be express  
    But negatives, my love is so.  
    To all, which all love, I say no.  
If any who deciphers best  
    What we know not, ourselves, can know,  
Let him teach me that nothing. This  
As yet my ease and comfort is,  
Though I speed not, I cannot miss.

<sup>1</sup> means, 1660.

## THE PROHIBITION.

TAKE heed of loving me,  
At least remember, I forbade it thee;  
Not that I shall repair my unthrifty waste<sup>1</sup>  
Of breath and blood upon thy sighs and tears,  
By being to me then that which thou wast;<sup>2</sup>  
But so great joy our life at once outwears:  
Then, lest thy love by my death frustrate be,  
If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating me,  
Or too much triumph in the victory;  
Not that I shall be mine own officer  
And hate with hate again retaliate,  
But thou wilt lose the style of conqueror  
If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate:  
Then, lest my being nothing lessen thee,  
If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet love and hate me too,  
So these extremes shall ne'er their office do;  
Love me, that I may die the gentler way;  
Hate me, because thy love is too great for me;  
Or let these two themselves, not me, decay;  
So shall I live thy stay,<sup>3</sup> not triumph be:

<sup>1</sup> shall repay in unthrifty a waste, 1669.

<sup>2</sup> By being to thee then what to me thou wast. <sup>3</sup> stage.

Lest thou thy love and hate and me undo,  
To let me live, oh love and hate me too.<sup>1</sup>

## THE EXPIRATION.

So, so,<sup>2</sup> break off this last lamenting kiss,  
Which sucks two souls and vapours both away :  
Turn, thou ghost, that way, and let me turn this,  
And let ourselves benight our happiest day ;  
We ask none leave to love, nor will we owe  
Any so cheap a death, as saying, Go.

Go ; and if that word have not quite killed thee,  
Ease me with death, by bidding me go too ;  
Oh <sup>3</sup> if it have, let my word work on me,  
And a just office on a murderer do,  
Except it be too late to kill me so,  
Being double-dead, going, and bidding go.

## THE COMPUTATION.

FOR <sup>4</sup> the <sup>5</sup> first twenty years since yesterday,  
I scarce believed thou could'st be gone away ;  
For forty more, I fed on favours past,  
And forty, on hopes that thou would'st they  
might last ;

<sup>1</sup> Then lest thou thy love hate, and me thou undo,  
Oh let me live, yet love and hate me too, 1686, '89, '49, '54.  
Lest thou thy love, and hate, and me thou undo,  
Oh let me live, yet love and hate me too, 1689.

<sup>2</sup> So, go, *ibid.* <sup>3</sup> Or. <sup>4</sup> From, 1689. <sup>5</sup> my.

Tears drowned one hundred, and sighs blew  
 out two ;  
 A thousand, I did neither think nor do,  
 Or not divide,<sup>1</sup> all being one thought of you,  
 Or in a thousand more forgot<sup>2</sup> that too.  
 Yet call not this long life ; but think that I  
 Am, by being dead, immortal ; can ghosts die?

THE PARADOX.<sup>3</sup>

No lover saith, I love, nor any other  
 Can judge a perfect lover ;  
 He thinks that else none can or will agree  
 That any loves but he :  
 I cannot say I loved, for who can say  
 He was killed yesterday ?  
 Love, with excess of heat, more young than old,  
 Death, kills with too much cold ;  
 We die but once, and who loved last did die ;  
 He that saith twice doth lie ;  
 For, though he seem to move and stir awhile,  
 It doth the sense beguile.  
 Such life is like the light which bideth yet,  
 When the life's light is set,  
 Or like the heat which fire in solid matter  
 Leaves behind two hours after.

<sup>1</sup> deemed, 1635, '39, '49, '54. <sup>2</sup> forget, 1669.

<sup>3</sup> Without title in the edition of 1633.

Once I love and died, and am now become  
Mine epitaph and tomb.  
Here dead men speak their last, and so do I ;  
Love-slain, lo, here I die.

## SONG.

1635.

Soul's joy, now I am gone,  
And you alone,  
(Which cannot be,  
Since I must leave myself with thee,  
And carry thee with me,)  
Yet when unto our eyes  
Absence denies  
Each other's sight,  
And makes to us a constant night,  
When others change to light,  
Oh give no way to grief,  
But let belief  
Of mutual love,  
This wonder to the vulgar prove,  
Our bodies, not we, move.

Let not thy wit beweep  
Words, but sense deep ;  
For when we miss  
By distance our hopes-joining bliss,

Even then our souls shall kiss :  
 Fools have no means to meet,  
 But by their feet ;  
 Why should our clay  
 Over our spirits so much sway,  
 To tie us to that way ?  
 Oh give no way to grief,  
 But let belief  
 Of mutual love,  
 This wonder to the vulgar prove,  
 Our bodies, not we, move.

## FAREWELL TO LOVE.

1635.

WHILST, yet to prove,  
 I thought there was some deity in love,  
 So did I reverence and gave  
 Worship, as atheists, at their dying hour,  
 Call, what they cannot name, an unknown power ;  
 As ignorantly did I crave :  
 Thus when  
 Things not yet known are coveted by men,  
 Our desires give them fashiön, and so,  
 As they wax lesser, fall, as they size, grow.

But from late fair  
 His Highness, sitting in a golden chair,

Is not less car'd for after three days  
 By children, than the thing which lovers so  
 Blinely admire and with such worship woo ;  
 Being had, enjoying it decays,  
 And thence,  
 What before pleased them all, takes but one sense,  
 And that so lamely, as it leaves behind  
 A kind of sorrowing dulness to the mind.

Ah ! cannot we,  
 As well as cocks and lions, jocund be  
 After such pleasures ? unless wise  
 Nature decreed (since each such act, they say,  
 Diminisheth the length of life a day)  
 This ; as she would man should despise  
 The sport,  
 Because that other curse of being short,  
 And only for a minute made to be  
 Eager, desires to raise posterity.

Since so, my mind  
 Shall not desire what no man else can find ;  
 I 'll no more dote and run  
 To pursue things which had endamaged me,  
 And when I come where moving beauties be,  
 As men do, when the summer's sun <sup>1</sup>  
 Grows great,  
 Though I admire their greatness, shun their heat ;  
 Each place can afford shadows. If all fail,  
 'T is but applying worm-seed to the tail.

<sup>1</sup> the summer sun, 1649, '54, '69.

A LECTURE UPON THE SHADOW.<sup>1</sup>

1635.

STAND still, and I will read to thee  
A lecture, Love, in love's philosophy.

These three hours that we have spent  
Walking here, two shadows went  
Along with us, which we ourselves produced ;  
But now the sun is just above our head,  
We do those shadows tread,  
And to brave clearness all things are  
reduced ;  
So whilst our infant loves <sup>2</sup> did grow  
Disguises did and shadows flow  
From us and our cares : but now 't is not so.

That love hath not attained the high'st degree,  
Which is still diligent lest others see ;  
Except our loves at this noon stay,  
We shall new shadows make the other way.

As the first were made to blind  
Others, these, which come behind,  
Will work upon ourselves and blind our eyes.  
If our loves faint and westwardly decline,  
To me thou, falsely, thine,  
And I to thee mine actions shall disguise.

<sup>1</sup> Title simply "A Song," in the editions of 1635, '39. <sup>2</sup> love, 1669.

The morning shadows wear away,  
But these grow longer all the day,  
But oh ! love's day is short, if love decay,

Love is a growing, or full constant light,  
And his short minute, after noon, is night.

### THE TOKEN.

1649.

SEND me some tokens, that my hope may live,  
Or that my easeless thoughts may sleep and rest ;  
Send me some honey, to make sweet my hive,  
That in my passions I may hope the best.  
I beg nor ribbon wrought with thine own hands  
To knit our loves in the fantastic strain  
Of new-touched youth ; nor ring to show the stands  
Of our affection, that, as that 's round and plain,  
So should our loves meet in simplicity ;  
No, nor the corals which thy wrist infold,  
Laced up together in congruity,  
To show our thoughts should rest in the same hold ;  
No, nor thy picture, though most graciöus,  
And most desired, 'cause 't is like thee<sup>1</sup> best ;  
Nor witty lines, which are most copious  
Within the writings which thou hast addrest ;  
Send me nor this, nor that, t' increase my score ;  
But swear thou think'st I love thee, and no more.

<sup>1</sup> the, 1669.



ELEGIES.



## ELEGIES.

### ELEGY I.

#### JEALOUSY.<sup>1</sup>

FOND woman, which would'st have thy husband die,  
And yet complain'st of his great jealousy !  
If swoln with poison he lay in his last bed,  
His body with a sere-bark <sup>2</sup> coverēd,  
Drawing his breath as thick and short as can  
The nimblest crotchetting musiciān,  
Ready with loathsome vomiting to spew  
His soul out of one hell into a new,  
Made deaf with his poor kindred's howling cries,  
Begging with few feigned tears great legacies,  
Thou would'st not weep, but jolly and frolic be  
As a slave which to-morrow should be free ;  
Yet weep'st thou, when thou seest him hungerly  
Swallow his own death, heart's-bane jealousy.  
Oh give him many thanks, he is courteōus,  
That in suspecting kindly warneth us.

<sup>1</sup> These elegies have no titles in the editions of 1688 and 1669,  
being simply numbered. <sup>2</sup> sere-cloth, 1669.

We must not, as we used, flout openly,  
 In scoffing riddles, his deformity;  
 Nor, at his board together being sat,  
 With words, nor touch, scarce looks, adulterate,  
 Nor, when he, swoln and pampered with great<sup>1</sup> fare  
 Sits down and snorts, caged in his basket-chair,  
 Must we usurp his own bed any more,  
 Nor kiss and play in his house, as before.  
 Now I see many dangers;<sup>2</sup> for it is  
 His realm, his castle, and his diocese.  
 But if (as envious men which would revile  
 Their Prince, or coin his gold, themselves exile  
 Into another country and do it there)  
 We play in another<sup>3</sup> house, what should we fear?  
 There we will scorn his household policies,  
 His silly plots, and pensionary spies,  
 As the inhabitants of Thames' right side  
 Do London's Mayor, or Germans the Pope's pride.

## ELEGY II.

## THE ANAGRAM.

MARRY, and love thy Flavia, for she  
 Hath all things whereby others beauteous be;  
 For though her eyes be small, her mouth is great;  
 Though they<sup>4</sup> be ivory, yet her teeth be jet;

<sup>1</sup> high, 1669. <sup>2</sup> Now do I see my danger, *ibid.* <sup>3</sup> another's, *ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> theirs, *ibid.*

Though they be dim, yet she is light enough,  
 And though her harsh hair fall,<sup>1</sup> her skin is rough;<sup>2</sup>  
 What though her cheeks be yellow, her hair 's red;  
 Give her thine, and she hath a maidenhead.  
 These things are beauty's elements; where these  
 Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please.  
 If red and white and each good quality  
 Be in thy wench, ne'er ask where it doth lie;  
 In buying things perfumed, we ask if there  
 Be musk and amber in it, but not where.  
 Though all her parts be not in th' usual place,  
 She hath yet an anagram<sup>3</sup> of a good face;  
 If we might put the letters but one way,  
 In the<sup>4</sup> lean dearth of words, what could we say?  
 When by the gamut some musicians make  
 A perfect song, others will undertake,  
 By the same gamut changed, to equal it.  
 Things simply good can never be unfit;  
 She 's fair as any, if all be like her;  
 And if none be, then she is singular.  
 All love is wonder; if we justly do  
 Account her wonderful, why not lovely too?  
 Love built on beauty, soon as beauty, dies;  
 Choose this face, changed by no deformities.  
 Women are all like angels: the fair be  
 Like those which fell to worse; but such as she,  
 Like to good angels, nothing can impair.  
 'T is less grief to be foul, than to have been fair.

<sup>1</sup> harsh hair's foul, 1669. <sup>2</sup> tough, 1685, '89, '49, '54.

<sup>3</sup> the anagrams, 1669. <sup>4</sup> that.

For one night's revels silk and gold we choose,  
But in long journeys cloth and leather use.  
Beauty is barren oft ; best husbands say  
There is best land where there is foulest way.  
Oh what a sovereign plaster will she be,  
If thy past sins have taught thee jealousy !  
Here needs no spies nor eunuchs ; her commit  
Safe to thy foes, yea, to a marmosit.  
When Belgia's cities the round countries drown,<sup>1</sup>  
That dirty foulness guards and arms the town ;<sup>2</sup>  
So doth her face guard her ; and so for thee,  
Which, forced by business, absent oft must be,  
She, whose face, like clouds, turns the day to night,  
Who, mightier than the sea, makes Moors seem white,  
Who, though seven years she in the stews had laid,  
A nunnery durst receive and think a maid,  
And, though in childbed's<sup>3</sup> labour she did lie,  
Midwives would swear 't were but a tympany,  
Whom, if she accuse herself, I credit less  
Than witches which impossibles confess.<sup>4</sup>  
One like none, and liked of none, fittest were,  
For things in fashion every man will wear.

<sup>1</sup> Like Belgia's cities when the country is drowned, 1669. <sup>2</sup> towns, *ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> childbirth's, *ibid.* <sup>4</sup> After "confess" the following lines occur in the edition of 1669, but not in the other editions :

Whom dildoes, bedstaves, or a velvet glass  
Would be as loath to touch as Joseph was.

## ELEGY III.

## CHANGE.

ALTHOUGH thy hand and faith and good works<sup>1</sup> too  
Have sealed thy love, which nothing should undo,  
Yea, though thou fall back, that apostasy  
Confirm<sup>2</sup> thy love, yet much, much I fear thee.  
Women are like the arts, forced unto none,  
Open to all searchers, unprized if unknown.  
If I have caught a bird and let him fly,  
Another fowler, using these<sup>3</sup> means as I,  
May catch the same bird ; and, as these things be,  
Women are made for men, not him, nor me.  
Foxes and goats, all beasts<sup>4</sup> change when they please,  
Shall women, more hot, wily, wild, than these,  
Be bound to one man ? and did<sup>5</sup> nature then  
Idly make them apter to endure than men ?  
They are our clogs, not their own ; if a man be  
Chained to a galley, yet the galley is free.  
Who hath a plough-land, casts all his seed-corn there,  
And yet allows his ground more corn should bear ;  
Though Danuby into the sea must flow,  
The sea receives the Rhene, Volga, and Po.  
By nature, which gave it, this liberty  
Thou lov'st, but oh ! can'st thou love it and me ?

<sup>1</sup> word, 1669. <sup>2</sup> confirms, *ibid.* <sup>3</sup> those, 1649, '54, '69.

<sup>4</sup> Foxes, goats and all beasts, 1669. <sup>5</sup> bid, *ibid.*

Likeness glues love ; and if that thou so do,  
 To make us like and love must I change too ?  
 More than thy hate, I hate it ; rather let me  
 Allow her change, than change as oft as she,  
 And so not teach, but force my opiniön  
 To love not any one, nor every one.  
 To live in one land is captivity,  
 To run all countries a wild roguery ;  
 Waters stink soon, if in one place they bide,<sup>1</sup>  
 And in the vast sea are more putrefied,<sup>2</sup>  
 But when they kiss one bank, and leaving this  
 Never look back, but the next bank do kiss,  
 Then are they purest. Change is the nursery  
 Of music, joy, life, and eternity.

## ELEGY IV.

## THE PERFUME.

ONCE, and but once, found in thy company,  
 All thy supposed escapes are laid on me ;  
 And as a thief at bar is questioned there  
 By all the men that have been robbed that year,  
 So am I (by this traitorous means surprised)  
 By thy hydroptic father catechized.<sup>3</sup>  
 Though he had wont to search with glazed eyes,  
 As though he came to kill a cockatrice ;

<sup>1</sup> abide, 1669. <sup>2</sup> purified, 1649, '54. worse purified, 1669.

<sup>3</sup> The following two lines are not in the edition of 1633.

Though he hath oft sworn that he would remove  
Thy beauty's beauty and food of our love,  
Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seen,  
Yet close and secret as our souls we have been.  
Though thy immortal mother, which doth lie  
Still buried in her bed, yet will not die,  
Takes this advantage to sleep out daylight,  
And watch thy entries and returns all night,  
And when she takes thy hand and would seem kind,  
Doth search what rings and armlets she can find,  
And, kissing, notes the colour of thy face,  
And, fearing lest thou art swoln, doth thee embrace,  
To try<sup>1</sup> if thou long,<sup>2</sup> doth name strange meats,  
And notes thy paleness, blushing,<sup>3</sup> sighs, and sweats,  
And politickly will to thee confess  
The sins of her own youth's rank lustiness,  
Yet Love these sorceries did remove, and move  
Thee to gull thine own mother for my love.  
Thy little brethren, which like fairy sprites  
Oft skipped into our chamber those sweet nights,  
And, kissed, and ingle<sup>4</sup> on thy father's knee,  
Were bribed next day to tell what they did see;  
The grim eight-foot-high iron-bound serving-man,  
That oft names God in oaths, and only than,  
He that to bar the first gate doth as wide  
As the great Rhodian Colossus stride,  
Which, if in hell no other pains there were,  
Makes me fear hell, because he must be there,

<sup>1</sup> And to try. <sup>2</sup> To try if thou [do] long. J. R. L.

<sup>3</sup> blushes, 1660. <sup>4</sup> dandled, *ibid.*

Though by thy father he were hired to this,  
Could never witness any touch or kiss.  
But, oh ! too common ill, I brought with me  
That which betrayed me to my<sup>1</sup> enemy,  
A loud perfume, which at my entrance cried  
Even at thy father's nose, so were we spied.  
When like a tyran king, that in his bed  
Smelt<sup>2</sup> gunpowder, the pale wretch shiverëd,  
Had it been some bad smell, he would have thought  
That his own feet or breath that<sup>3</sup> smell had wrought,  
But as we, in our isle imprisonëd,  
Where cattle only and divers dogs are bred,  
The precious unicorns strange monsters call,  
So thought he good<sup>4</sup> strange, that had none at all.  
I taught my silks their whistling to forbear,  
Even my oppressed shoes dumb and speechless were,  
Only, thou bitter sweet, whom I had laid  
Next me, me traitorously hast betrayed,  
And, unsuspected, hast invisibly  
At once fled unto him, and stayed with me.  
Base excrement of earth, which dost confound  
Sense from distinguishing the sick from sound,  
By thee the silly amorous sucks his death  
By drawing in a leprous harlot's breath,  
By thee the greatest stain to man's estate  
Falls on us, to be called effeminate.  
Though you be much loved in the Prince's hall,  
There things that seem exceed substantial.

<sup>1</sup> mine. <sup>2</sup> Smells, 1669. <sup>3</sup> the, *ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> sweet, *ibid.*

Gods, when ye fumed on altars, were pleased well,  
Because you were burnt, not that they liked your smell.  
You are loathsome all, being taken simply alone ;  
Shall we love ill things joined, and hate each one ?  
If you were good, your good doth soon decay ;  
And you are rare, that takes the good away.  
All my perfumes I give most willingly  
To embalm thy father's corse ; What ? will he die ?

## ELEGY V.

## HIS PICTURE.

HERE take my picture ; though I bid farewell,  
Thine in my heart, where my soul dwells, shall dwell ;  
'T is like me now, but, I dead, 't will be more,  
When we are shadows both, than 't was before.  
When weather-beaten I come back, my hand  
Perhaps with rude oars torn, or sunbeams tann'd,  
My face and breast of haircloth, and my head  
With care's rash sudden storms being o'erspread,<sup>1</sup>  
My body a sack of bones, broken within,  
And powder's blue stains scattered on my skin,  
If rival fools tax thee to have loved a man  
So foul and coarse, as, oh ! I may seem than,  
This shall say what I was : and thou shalt say,  
Do his hurts reach me ? doth my worth decay ?

<sup>1</sup> harsh sudden hoariness o'erspread.

Or do they reach his judging mind, that he  
Should now love less what he did love to see?  
That which in him was fair and delicate  
Was but the milk which, in love's childish state,  
Did nurse it, who now is grown strong enough  
To feed on that, which to disused<sup>1</sup> tastes seems  
tough.

## ELEGY VI.

OH! let me not serve so as those men serve,  
Whom honour's smokes at once fattén<sup>2</sup> and sterve,  
Poorly enriched with great men's words or looks;  
Nor so write my name in thy loving books,  
As those idolatrous flatterers, which still  
Their Prince's styles which many realms<sup>3</sup> fulfill  
Whence they no tribute have, and where<sup>4</sup> no sway.  
Such services I offer as shall pay  
Themselves; I hate dead names; oh then let me  
Favorite in ordinary, or no favorite be.  
When my soul was in her own body sheathed,  
Nor yet by oaths betrothed, nor kisses breathed  
Into my purgatory, faithless thee,  
Thy heart seemed wax, and steel thy constancy:  
So careless flowers, strowed on the water's face,  
The curléd whirlpools suck, smack, and embrace,

<sup>1</sup> weak, 1649, '54, '69. <sup>2</sup> flatter, 1669. <sup>3</sup> names, *ibid.* <sup>4</sup> bear, *ibid.*

Yet drown them ; so the taper's beamy eye,  
Amorously twinkling, beckons the giddy fly,  
Yet burns his wings ; and such the Devil is,  
Scarce visiting them who are entirely his.  
When I behold a stream, which, from the spring,  
Doth with doubtful melodious murmuring,  
Or in a speechless slumber, calmly ride  
Her wedded channel's bosom, and then<sup>1</sup> chide  
And bend her brows and swell, if any bough  
Do but stoop down or<sup>2</sup> kiss her upmost<sup>3</sup> brow,  
Yet, if her often-gnawing kisses win  
The traitorous banks to gape and let her in,  
She rusheth violently and doth divorce  
Her from her native and her long-kept course,  
And roars and braves it, and in gallant scorn,  
In flattering eddies promising return,  
She flouts the<sup>4</sup> channel who<sup>5</sup> thenceforth is dry,  
Then say I, that is she, and this am I.  
Yet let not thy deep bitterness beget  
Careless despair in me, for that will whet  
My mind to scorn ; and, oh !<sup>6</sup> Love dulled with pain,  
Was ne'er so wise, nor well armed, as Disdain.  
Then with new eyes I shall survey thee, and spy<sup>7</sup>  
Death in thy cheeks and darkness in thine eye :  
Though<sup>8</sup> hope bred<sup>9</sup> faith and love, thus taught, I  
shall,  
As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall ;

<sup>1</sup> there. <sup>2</sup> to. <sup>3</sup> utmost. <sup>4</sup> her. <sup>5</sup> which. <sup>6</sup> ah ! 1669. <sup>7</sup> survey and spy, *ibid.*  
<sup>8</sup> Through, *ibid.* <sup>9</sup> breed.

My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly  
I will renounce thy dalliance; and when I  
Am the recusant, in that resolute state  
What hurts it me to be excommunicate?

## ELEGY VII.

NATURE's lay idiot, I taught thee to love,  
And in that sophistry, oh! thou dost prove<sup>1</sup>  
Too subtile! Fool, thou didst not understand  
The mystic language of the eye nor hand,  
Nor could'st thou judge the difference of the air  
Of sighs, and say, This lies, this sounds despair,  
Nor by the eye's water call<sup>2</sup> a malady  
Desperately hot, or changing feverously.  
I had not taught thee then the alphabet  
Of flowers, how they, devicefully being set  
And bound up, might with speechless secrecy  
Deliver errands mutely and mutually.  
Remember, since all thy words used to be  
To every suitor, "Ay,<sup>3</sup> if my friends agree";  
Since household charms, thy husband's name to teach,  
Were all the love-tricks that thy wit could reach,  
And since an hour's discourse could scarce have made  
One answer in thee, and that ill-arrayed  
In broken proverbs and torn sentences,  
Thou art not by so many duties his,

<sup>1</sup> how thou dost prove, 1669. <sup>2</sup> know. <sup>3</sup> I.

That, from the world's common having severed thee,  
Inlaid thee, neither to be seen, nor see,  
As mine, who have with amorous delicacies  
Refined thee into a blissful paradise.  
Thy graces and good words<sup>1</sup> my creatures be,  
I planted knowledge and life's tree in thee,  
Which, oh! shall strangers taste? Must I, alas!  
Frame and enamel plate, and drink in glass?  
Chafe wax for others' seals? break a colt's force,  
And leave him then being made a ready horse?

## ELEGY VIII.

## THE COMPARISON.

As the sweet sweat of roses in a still,  
As that which from chafed muskcat's pores doth trill,  
As the almighty balm of th' early East,  
Such are the sweat-drops of my mistress' breast,  
And on her neck her skin such lustre sets,  
They seem no sweat-drops, but pearl coronets.  
Rank sweaty froth thy mistress' brow defiles,  
Like spermatic issue of ripe menstruous boils,  
Or like the scum, which, by need's lawless law  
Enforced, Sanserra's starv'd men did draw  
From parboiled shoes and boots, and all the rest  
Which were with any sovereign fatness blest;

<sup>1</sup> works, 1669.

And like vile stones lying<sup>1</sup> in saffroned tin,  
 Or warts, or weals, it hangs upon her skin.  
 Round as the world 's her head on every side,  
 Like to the fatal ball which fell on Ide,  
 Or that, whereof God had such jealousy,  
 As for the ravishing thereof we die.  
 Thy head is like a rough-hewn statue of jet,  
 Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce set,  
 Like the first chaos, or flat-seeming face  
 Of Cynthia, when th' earth's shadows her embrace.  
 Like Proserpine's white beauty-keeping chest,  
 Or Jove's best fortune's urn, is her fair breast ;  
 Thine 's like worm-eaten trunks clothed in seal's skin,  
 Or grave,<sup>2</sup> that 's dust without, and stink within.  
 And like that slender stalk, at whose end stands  
 The woodbine quivering, are her arms and hands ;  
 Like rough-barked elm-boughs, or the russet skin  
 Of men late scourged for madness or for sin,  
 Like sun-parched quarters on the city gate,  
 Such is thy tanned skin's lamentable state,  
 And like a bunch of ragged carrots stand  
 The short swollen fingers of her gouty hand.<sup>3</sup>  
 Then like the chymic's masculine equal fire,  
 Which in the limbec's warm womb doth inspire  
 Into th' earth's worthless part<sup>4</sup> a soul of gold,  
 Such cherishing heat her best-loved part doth hold ;  
 Thine 's like the dread mouth of a fired gun,  
 Or like hot liquid metals newly run

<sup>1</sup> vile lying stones, 1635, '39, '49, '54. <sup>2</sup> grav'd, 1660.

<sup>3</sup> thy gouty hand, 1635, '39, '49, '54 ; thy mistress' hand, 1660. <sup>4</sup> dirt.

Into clay moulds, or like to that Aetná,  
Where round about the grass is burnt away.  
Are not your kisses then as filthy, and more,  
As a worm sucking an invenomed sore ?  
Doth not thy fearful hand in feeling quake,  
As one which gathering flowers still fears a snake ?  
Is not your last act harsh and violent,  
As where<sup>1</sup> a plough a stony ground doth rent ?  
So kiss good turtles, so devoutly nice  
Are priests in handling reverend sacrifice,<sup>2</sup>  
And nice in searching wounds the surgeon is,  
As we, when we embrace, or touch, or kiss :  
Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,  
She and comparisons are odiöus.

## ELEGY IX.

## THE AUTUMNAL.

No spring nor summer<sup>3</sup> beauty hath such grace  
As I have seen in one autumnal face.  
Young beauties force our love,<sup>4</sup> and that 's a rape ;  
This doth but counsel, yet you cannot scape.  
If 't were a shame to love, here 't were no shame ;  
Affections here take Reverence's name.

<sup>1</sup> when. <sup>2</sup> A priest is in his handling sacrifice, 1669.

<sup>3</sup> summer's. <sup>4</sup> your love, 1685, '89, '49, '54. our loves, 1669.

Were her first years the golden age ? that 's true ;  
But now they are <sup>1</sup> gold oft tried, and ever new.  
That was her torrid and inflaming time ;  
This is her tolerable <sup>2</sup> tropic clime.  
Fair eyes, who asks more heat than comes from hence,  
He in a fever wishes pestilence.  
Call not these wrinkles graves ; if graves they were,  
They were Love's graves, for <sup>3</sup> else he is nowhere.  
Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth sit  
Vowed to this trench, like an anachorit,  
And here, till her's, which must be his death, come,  
He doth not dig a grave, but build a tomb.  
Here dwells he ; though he sojourn everywhere  
In progress, yet his standing-house is here,  
Here, where still evening is, not noon nor night,  
Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight.  
In all her words, unto all hearers fit,  
You may at revels, you at council <sup>4</sup> sit.  
This is Love's timber, youth his underwood ;  
There he, as wine in June, enrages blood,  
Which then comes seasonablest, when our taste  
And appetite to other things is past.  
Xerxes' strange Lydian love, the platane tree,  
Was loved for age, none being so large <sup>5</sup> as she,  
Or else because, being young, nature did bless  
Her youth with age's glory, barrenness.  
If we love things long sought, age is a thing  
Which we are fifty years in compassing ;

<sup>1</sup> she 's. <sup>2</sup> habitable. <sup>3</sup> or. <sup>4</sup> councils, 1669. <sup>5</sup> old.

If transitory things, which soon decay,  
 Age must be loveliest at the latest day.  
 But name not winter-faces, whose skin 's slack,  
 Lank as an unthrift's purse, but a soul's<sup>1</sup> sack,  
 Whose eyes seek light within, for all here 's shade,  
 Whose mouths are holes, rather worn out than made,  
 Whose every tooth to a several place is gone  
 To vex their souls<sup>2</sup> at resurrectiön,  
 Name not these living death's-heads<sup>3</sup> unto me,  
 For these not ancient but antique be:<sup>4</sup>  
 I hate extremes; yet I had rather stay  
 With tombs than cradles, to wear out a<sup>5</sup> day.  
 Since such love's motion natural<sup>6</sup> is, may still  
 My love descend, and journey down the hill,  
 Not panting after growing beauties; so  
 I shall ebb out<sup>7</sup> with them, who homeward go.

## ELEGY X.

THE DREAM.<sup>8</sup>

IMAGE of her, whom I love more than she  
 Whose fair impression in my faithful heart  
 Makes me her medal, and makes her love me,  
 As kings do coins, to which their stamps impart

<sup>1</sup> fool's, 1635, '39, '49, '54. <sup>2</sup> the soul, 1669. <sup>3</sup> death-heads.

<sup>4</sup> not ancients but antiques be, 1635, '39, '49, '54. <sup>5</sup> the, 1669.

<sup>6</sup> natural station. <sup>7</sup> on. <sup>8</sup> This is without title in the edition of 1633.

The value, go, and take my heart from hence,  
Which now is grown too great and good for me.  
Honours oppress weak spirits, and our sense  
Strong objects dull ; the more, the less we see.  
When you are gone, and Reason gone with you,  
Then Fantasy is queen, and soul, and all ;  
She can present joys meaner than you do,  
Conveniēnt, and more proportional ;  
So if I dream I have you, I have you ;  
For all our joys are but fantastical.  
And so I scape the pain, for pain is true ;  
And sleep, which locks up sense, doth lock out all.  
After a such <sup>1</sup> fruition I shall wake,  
And, but the waking, nothing shall repent ;  
And shall to Love more thankful sonnets make,  
Than if more honour, tears, and pains were spent.  
But dearest heart, and dearer image, stay,  
Alas ! true joys at best are dream <sup>2</sup> enough ;  
Though you stay here, you pass too fast away,  
For even at first life's taper is a snuff.  
Filled with her love, may I be rather grown  
Mad with much heart, than idiot with none.

<sup>1</sup> such a, 1669. <sup>2</sup> dreams, *ibid.*

## ELEGY XI.

1635.

THE BRACELET.<sup>1</sup>

UPON THE LOSS OF HIS MISTRESS'S CHAIN,  
FOR WHICH HE MADE SATISFACTION.

Not that in colour it was like thy hair,  
For armlets of that thou mayest let me wear,<sup>2</sup>  
Nor that thy hand it oft embraced and kist,  
For so it had that good which oft I mist,  
Nor for that silly old morality,  
That, as these links were knit, our love <sup>3</sup> should be,  
Mourn I that I thy sevenfold chain have lost ;  
Nor for the luck sake, but the bitter cost.  
Oh ! shall twelve righteous angels which as yet  
No leaven of vile solder did admit,  
Nor yet by any way have strayed or gone  
From the first state of their creatiön,  
Angels which heaven commanded to provide  
All things to me, and be my faithful guide  
To gain new friends, t' appease great <sup>4</sup> enemies,  
To comfort my soul when I lie or rise,  
Shall these twelve innocents by thy severe  
Sentence, dread judge, my sin's great burden bear ?

<sup>1</sup> The title "The Bracelet" is omitted in the editions of 1639, '49, '54.

<sup>2</sup> Armlets of that thou mayst still let me wear, 1669.

<sup>3</sup> loves, *ibid.* <sup>4</sup> old, *ibid.*

Shall they be damned and in the furnace thrown,  
And punished for offences not their own ?  
They save not me, they do not ease my pains,  
When in that hell they are burnt and tied in chains.  
Were they but crowns of France, I carēd not,  
For most of these their country's natural rot,<sup>1</sup>  
I think, possesseth ; they come here to us  
So pale, so lame, so lean, so ruinous ;  
(And howsoe'er French kings most Christian be,  
Their crowns are circumcised most Jewishly ;)  
Or were they Spanish stampē still travelling,  
That are become as catholic as their king,  
Those unlicked bear-whelpē, unfiled pistolets,  
That (more than cannon-shot) avails or lets,  
Which, negligently left unrounded, look  
Like many-angled figures in the book  
Of some great<sup>2</sup> conjurer that would enforce  
Nature, as these do justice, from her course ;  
Which, as the soul quickens head, feet, and heart,  
As streams like veins run through th' earth's  
every part,  
Visit all countries, and have slyly made  
Gorgeous France ruined, ragged and decayed,  
Scotland, which knew no state, proud in one day,  
And mangled seventeen-headed Belgia ;  
Or were it such gold as that wherewithal  
Almighty chymics, from each mineral  
Having by subtle fire a soul out-pulled,  
Are dirtily and desperately gulled,

<sup>1</sup> them, their natural country rot, 1669. <sup>2</sup> dread, *ibid.*

I would not spit to quench the fire they are in,  
For they are guilty of much heinous sin.  
But shall my harmless angels perish ? Shall  
I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all ?  
Much hope which they should nourish will be dead,  
Much of my able youth and lusty-head  
Will vanish if thou, Love, let them alone ;  
For thou wilt love me less when they are gone,  
And be content that some loud squeaking cryer,  
Well-pleased with one lean threadbare groat for hire,  
May like a devil roar through every street  
And gall the finder's conscience, if he <sup>1</sup> meet.  
Or let me creep to some dread conjurer,  
That with fantastic scenes fills full much paper,  
Which hath divided heaven in tenements,  
And with whores, thieves, and murderers stuffed  
his rents  
So full, that, though he pass them all in sin,  
He leaves himself no room to enter in.  
But if, when all his art and time is spent,  
He say 't will ne'er be found, yet be content ;  
Receive from him that <sup>2</sup> doom ungrudgingly,  
Because he is the mouth of Destiny.  
Thou say'st, (alas !) the gold doth still remain,  
Though it be changed and put into a chain ;  
So in the first fallen Angels resteth still  
Wisdom and knowledge, but 't is turned to ill,  
As these should do good works and should provide  
Necessities, but now must nurse thy pride :

<sup>1</sup> they, 1669. <sup>2</sup> the, *ibid.*

And they are still bad angels ; mine are none ;  
For form gives being, and their form is gone :  
Pity these angels yet : their dignities  
Pass Virtues, Powers, and Principalities.

But thou art resolute ; thy will be done ;  
Yet with such anguish, as her only son  
The mother in the hungry grave doth lay,  
Unto the fire these martyrs I betray.  
Good souls, (for you give life to everything,)  
Good angels, (for good messages you bring,)  
Destined you might have been to such an one  
As would have loved and worshipped you alone,  
One that would suffer hunger, nakedness,  
Yea, death, ere he would make your number less ;  
But I am guilty of your sad decay :  
May your few fellows longer with me stay !

But oh, thou wretched finder, whom I hate  
So that I almost pity thy estate,  
Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all,<sup>1</sup>  
May my most heavy curse upon thee fall !  
Here fettered, manacled, and hanged in chains  
First may'st thou be, then chained to hellish pains ;  
Or be with foreign gold bribed to betray  
Thy country, and fail both of it and thy pay ;<sup>2</sup>  
May the next thing thou stoop'st to reach, contain  
Poison whose nimble fume rot thy moist brain,  
Or libels, or some interdicted thing,  
Which, negligently kept, thy ruin bring ;

<sup>1</sup> heaviest amongst metals all, 1669. <sup>2</sup> and pay, *ibid.*

Lust-bred diseases rot thee ; and dwell with thee  
 Itching desire and no ability ;  
 May all the evils that gold ever wrought,  
 All mischief that all devils ever thought,  
 Want after plenty, poor and gouty age,  
 The plagues<sup>1</sup> of travellers, love, marriage<sup>2</sup>—  
 Afflict thee ; and at thy life's last moment  
 May thy swollen sins themselves to thee present !

But I forgive : repent thee, honest<sup>3</sup> man :  
 Gold is restorative, restore it, than :  
 But if from it thou be'st loath to depart<sup>4</sup>—  
 Because 't is cordial, would 't were at thy heart.

## ELEGY XII.

1635.

COME, Fates ; I fear you not. All whom I owe  
 Are paid but you. Then rest me ere I go.  
 But Chance from you all sovereignty hath got,  
 Love woundeth none but those whom Death dares not :  
 Else<sup>5</sup> if you were, and just in equity,  
 I should have vanquished her as you did me ;  
 Else lovers should not brave death's pains and live ;  
 But 't is a rule, Death comes not to relieve.  
 Or pale and wan Death's terrors, are they laid  
 So deep in lovers they make Death afraid ?

<sup>1</sup> plague, 1669. <sup>2</sup> love and marriage, *ibid.* <sup>3</sup> repent thou honest, *ibid.*  
<sup>4</sup> But if that from it thou be'est loath to part, *ibid.* <sup>5</sup> True, *ibid.*

Or (the least comfort) have I company ?  
Or can the Fates love Death as well as me ?  
Yes, Fates do silk unto her distaff pay  
For ransom, which tax they on us do lay.  
Love gives her youth, which is the reason why  
Youths, for her sake, some wither and some die.  
Poor Death can nothing give ; yet for her sake,  
Still in her turn, he doth a lover take.  
And if Death should prove false, she fears him not ;  
Our Muses to redeem her she hath got.  
That fatal night we last kissed, I thus prayed,  
(Or rather thus despaired, I should have said,)  
Kisses, and yet despair ! The forbid tree  
Did promise and deceive no more than she.  
Like lambs that see their teats, and must eat hay,  
A food, whose taste hath made me pine away.  
Dives, when thou saw'st bliss and crav'dst to touch  
A drop of water, thy great pains were such.  
Here grief wants a fresh wit, for mine being spent,  
And my sighs weary, groans are all my rent ;  
Unable longer to endure the pain,  
They break like thunder, and do bring down rain.  
Thus, till dry tears solder mine eyes, I weep ;  
And then I dream how you securely sleep,  
And in your dreams do laugh at me. I hate,  
And pray Love all may. He pities my state,  
But says I therein no revenge shall find ;  
The sun would shine, though all the world were blind.  
Yet, to try my hate, Love showed me your tear,  
And I had died, had not your smile been there.

Your frown undoes me ; your smile is my wealth ;  
And, as you please to look, I have my health.  
Methought Love, pitying me, when he saw this,  
Gave me your hands, the backs and palms, to kiss.  
That cured me not, but to bear pain gave strength ;  
And what is lost in force, is took in length.  
I called on Love again, who feared you so,  
That his compassion still proved greater woe :  
For then I dreamed I was in bed with you,  
But durst not feel, for fear 't should not be true.  
This merits not our<sup>1</sup> anger, had it been ;  
The Queen of Chastity was naked seen :  
And in bed, not to feel, the pain I took,  
Was more than for Actaeon not to look.  
And that breast which lay ope, I did not know  
But for the clearness, from a lump of snow.

## ELEGY XIII.

1635.

## HIS PARTING FROM HER.

SINCE she must go, and I must mourn, come night,  
Environ me with darkness, whilst I write :  
Shadow that hell unto me, which alone  
I am to suffer, when my soul<sup>2</sup> is gone.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> your (?). <sup>2</sup> love, 1669. <sup>3</sup> The lines from here to that beginning,  
"Have we for this," on page 106, occur only in the edition of 1669.

Alas ! the darkest magic cannot do it,  
And that great hell to boot are shadows to it.  
Should Cynthia quit thee, Venus, and each star,  
It would not form one thought dark as mine are ;  
I could lend them obscureness now, and say,  
Out of myself, there should be no more day ;  
Such is already my self-want of sight,  
Did not the fire within me force a light.  
O Love, that fire and darkness should be mixt,  
Or to thy triumphs such strange torments fixt !  
Is 't because thou thyself art blind, that we,  
Thy martyrs, must no more each other see ?  
Or tak'st thou pride to break us on thy wheel,  
And view old Chaos in the pains we feel ?  
Or have we left undone some mutual rite,  
That thus with parting thou seek'st us to spite ?  
No, no. The fault is mine, impute it to me,  
Or rather to conspiring Destiny ;  
Which (since I loved) for me before decreed  
That I should suffer when I loved indeed,  
And therefore, sooner now than I can say  
I saw the golden fruit, 't is rapt away ;  
Or as I had watched one drop in the vast stream,  
And I left wealthy only in a dream.  
Yet, Love, thou 'rt blinder than thyself in this,  
To vex my dove-like friend for my amiss,  
And, where one sad truth may expiate  
Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> my fortune ruin her fate (?).

So blinded Justice doth, when favorites fall,  
Strike them, their house, their friends, their favorites all.  
Was 't not enough that thou didst dart thy fires  
Into our bloods, inflaming our desires,  
And mad'st us sigh and blow, and pant, and burn,  
And then thyself into our flames didst turn ?  
Was 't not enough, that thou didst hazard us  
To paths in love so dark and dangerous,  
And those so ambushed round with household spies,  
And, over all, thy husband's lowering eyes  
Inflamed with the ugly sweat of jealousy ?  
Yet went we not still on in constancy ?  
Have we for this kept guards, like spy o'er<sup>1</sup> spy ?  
Had correspondence, whilst the foe stood by ?  
Stolen (more to sweeten them) our many blisses  
Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses ?  
Shadowed with negligence our most<sup>2</sup> respects ?  
Varied our language through all dialects  
Of becks, winks, looks, and often under boards  
Spoke dialogues with our feet far from<sup>3</sup> words ?  
Have we proved all the secrets of our art,  
Yea, thy pale-inwards and thy panting heart,  
And after all this passed purgatory  
Must sad divorce make us the vulgar story ?<sup>4</sup>  
First let our eyes be riveted quite through  
Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to ;  
Let our arms clasp like ivy, and our fear  
Freeze us together, that we may stick here ;

<sup>1</sup> on, 1669. <sup>2</sup> best, *ibid.* <sup>3</sup> from our, *ibid.* <sup>4</sup> The lines from here to  
"Fortune do thy worst," on page 106, occur only in the edition of 1669.

Till Fortune, that would ruin us with the deed,  
 Strain his eyes open, and yet make them bleed.  
 For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto  
 I have accused, should such a mischief do.  
 O Fortune, thou 'rt not worth my least exclaim,  
 And plague enough thou hast in thy own name :  
 Fortune do thy worst,<sup>1</sup> my friend and I have arms,  
 Though not against thy strokes, against thy harms.  
 Bend <sup>2</sup> us, in sunder thou canst not divide  
 Our bodies so, but that our souls are tied,  
 And we can love by letters still, and gifts,  
 And thoughts and dreams ; Love never wanteth shifts.  
 I will not look upon the quickening sun,  
 But straight her beauty to my sense shall run ;  
 The air shall note her soft, the fire most pure ;  
 Waters suggest her clear, and the earth sure ;  
 Time shall not lose our passages ; the Spring,  
 How fresh our love was in the beginning ;  
 The Summer, how it ripened in <sup>3</sup> the year ;  
 And Autumn, what our golden harvests were ;  
 The Winter I 'll not think on, to spite thee,  
 But count it a lost season, so shall she.<sup>4</sup>

And, dearest friend, since we must part, drown night  
 With hope of day ; burdens well borne are light.  
 The cold and darkness longer hang somewhere,  
 Yet Phoebus equally lights all the sphere.  
 And what we cannot in like portion pay,  
 The world enjoys in mass, and so we may.

<sup>1</sup> Do thy great worst, 1669. <sup>2</sup> Rend, *ibid.* <sup>3</sup> how it inripenéd, 1639,  
 '49, '54, '69. <sup>4</sup> The verses from here to that beginning, "And this  
 to the comfort," on page 107, occur only in the edition of 1669.

Be then ever yourself, and let no woe  
Win on your health, your youth, your beauty: so  
Declare yourself base Fortune's enemy,  
No less be your contempt than her inconstancy:  
That I may grow enamoured on your mind,  
When my own thoughts I here neglected find.  
And this to th' comfort of my dear I vow,  
My deeds shall still be what my deeds are now;  
The poles shall move to teach me ere I start,  
And when I change my love, I 'll change my heart;  
Nay, if I wax but cold in my desire,  
Think heaven hath motion lost, and the world fire.  
Much more I could; but many words have made  
That oft suspected which men would<sup>1</sup> persuade:  
Take therefore all in this; I love so true,  
As I will never look for less in you.

## ELEGY XIV.

1635.

JULIA.

HARK, news, O Envy, thou shalt hear descried  
My Julia; who as yet was ne'er envied.  
To vomit gall in slander, swell her veins  
With calumny that hell itself disdains,

<sup>1</sup> most, 1669.

Is her continual practice ; does her best  
To tear opinion even out of the breast  
Of dearest friends, and (which is worse than vile)  
Sticks jealousy in wedlock ; her own child  
Scapes not the showers of envy. To repeat  
The monstrous fashions, how, were alive to eat  
Dear reputation. Would to God she were  
But half so loath to act vice, as to hear  
My mild reproof. Lived Mantuan now again,  
(That female mastix) to limn with his pen  
This she Chimaera, that hath eyes of fire  
Burning with anger (anger feeds desire),  
Tongued like the night-crow, whose ill-boding cries  
Give out for nothing but new injuries ;  
Her breath like to the juice in Tenarus,  
That blasts the springs, though ne'er so prosperous ;  
Her hands, I know not how, used more to spill  
The food of others, than herself to fill ;  
But oh ! her mind, that Orcus, which includes  
Legions of mischief, countless multitudes  
Of formless curses, projects unmade up,  
Abuses yet unfashioned, thoughts corrupt,  
Misshapen cavils, palpable untruths,—  
Inevitable errors, self-accusing loaths,—  
These, like those atoms swarming in the sun,  
Throng in her bosom for creation.  
I blush to give her half her due ; yet say,  
No poison 's half so bad as Julia.

## ELEGY XV.

1635.

## A TALE OF A CITIZEN AND HIS WIFE.

I SING no harm, good sooth, to any wight,  
To lord, or fool,<sup>1</sup> cuckold, beggar or knight,  
To peace-teaching lawyer, proctor, or brave  
Reformed or reduced captain, knave,  
Officer, juggler,<sup>2</sup> or justice of peace,  
Juror or judge ; I touch no fat sow's grease ;  
I am no libeller, nor will be any,  
But (like a true man) say there are too many :  
I fear not *ore tenus*, for my tale  
Nor count nor counsellor will look red or pale.<sup>3</sup>

A citizen and his wife the other day,  
Both riding on one horse, upon the way  
I overtook ; the wench a pretty peat,  
And (by her eye) well fitting for thefeat ;  
I saw the lecherous citizen turn back  
His head, and on his wife's lip steal a smack,  
Whence apprehending that the man was kind,  
Riding before to kiss his wife behind,  
To get acquaintance with him I began  
To sort discourse fit for so fine a man ;  
I asked the number of the plaguing bill,<sup>4</sup>  
Asked if the custom-farmers held out still,

<sup>1</sup> to fool, 1669. <sup>2</sup> judge, *ibid.* <sup>3</sup> will red or pale, *ibid.* <sup>4</sup> plaguy bill, *ibid.*

Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward  
 The traffic of the island<sup>1</sup> seas had marred ;  
 Whether the Britain Bourse did fill apace,  
 And likely were to give th' Exchange disgrace ;  
 Of new-built Aldgate, and the Moorfield crosses ;  
 Of store of bankrupts and poor merchants' losses,  
 I urged him to speak ; but he (as mute  
 As an old courtier worn to his last suit)  
 Replies with only yeas and nays ; at last  
 (To fit his element) my theme I cast  
 On tradesmen's gains ; that set his tongue agoing,  
 "Alas, good Sir" (quoth he) "there is no doing  
 In court nor city now" : she smiled and I,  
 And (in my conscience) both gave him the lie  
 In one met thought. But he went on apace,  
 And at the present time<sup>2</sup> with such a face  
 He railed, as frayed me ; for he gave no praise  
 To any but my Lord of Essex' days :  
 Called that<sup>3</sup> the age of action : "True" (quoth I<sup>4</sup>).  
 "There's now as great an itch of bravery,  
 And heat of taking up, but cold lay-down ;  
 For, put to push of pay, away they run :  
 Our only city trades of hope now are  
 Bawds, tavern-keepers, whores and scriveners ;<sup>5</sup>  
 The much of privileged kinsmen, and store<sup>6</sup>  
 Of fresh protections make the rest all poor ;  
 In the first state of their creatiön  
 Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one

<sup>1</sup> midland, 1669. <sup>2</sup> times, *ibid.* <sup>3</sup> those, *ibid.* <sup>4</sup> he, *ibid.*

<sup>5</sup> whore and scrivener, *ibid.* <sup>6</sup> kinsmen, and the store, *ibid.*

A righteous paymaster." Thus ran he on  
In a continued rage: so void of reason  
Seemed his harsh talk, I sweat for fear of treason.  
And (troth) how could I less? when in the prayer  
For the protection of the wise Lord Mayor  
And his wise brethren's Worships, when one prayeth,  
He swore that none could say Amen with faith.  
To get him <sup>1</sup> from what I glowed to hear,  
(In happy time) an Angel did appear,  
The bright sign of a loved and well-tried inn,  
Where many citizens with their wives had been  
Well-used and often; here I prayed him stay,  
To take some due refreshment by the way;  
Look, how he looked that hid the gold,<sup>2</sup> his hope,  
And at <sup>3</sup> return found nothing but a rope;  
So he at <sup>4</sup> me; refused and made away;  
Though willing she pleaded a weary stay:<sup>5</sup>  
I found my miss, struck hands, and prayed him tell  
(To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell;  
He barely named the street, promised the wine,  
But his kind wife gave me the very sign.

<sup>1</sup> off him, 1669. <sup>2</sup> his gold, *ibid.* <sup>3</sup> at 's, *ibid.* <sup>4</sup> on, *ibid.* <sup>5</sup> day, *ibid.*

## ELEGY XVI.

## THE EXPOSTULATION.

To make the doubt clear, that no woman 's true,  
Was it my fate to prove it strong in you ?  
Thought I but one had breathēd purest air,  
And must she needs be false because she 's fair ?  
Is it your beauty's mark, or of your youth,  
Or your perfection, not to study truth ?  
Or think you heaven is deaf, or hath no eyes,  
Or those it hath smile at your perjuries ?  
Are vows so cheap with women, or the matter  
Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water,  
And blown away with wind ? Or doth their breath,  
Both hot and cold, at once make life and death ?  
Who could have thought so many accents sweet  
Formed into words, so many sighs should meet  
As from our hearts, so many oaths, and tears  
Sprinkled among (all sweeter<sup>1</sup> by our fears  
And the divine impression of stolen kisses,  
That sealed the rest), should now prove empty blisses ?  
Did you draw bonds to forfeit ? sign to break ?  
Or must we read you quite from what you speak,  
And find the truth out the wrong way ? or must  
He first desire you false, would wish you just ?  
Oh, I profane: though most of women be  
This kind of beast, my thought<sup>2</sup> shall except thee,

<sup>1</sup> sweetened. <sup>2</sup> thoughts.

My dearest love, though froward jealousy  
With circumstance might urge thy inconstancy ;  
Sooner I 'll think the sun will cease to cheer  
The teeming earth, and that forget to bear,  
Sooner that rivers will run back, or Thames  
With ribs of ice in June would<sup>1</sup> bind his streams,  
Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures,  
Would change her course, before you alter yours.  
But oh ! that treacherous breast, to whom weak you  
Did trust our counsels, and we both may rue  
Having his falsehood found too late, 't was he  
That made me cast you guilty, and you me,  
Whilst he (black wretch) betrayed each simple word  
We spake, unto the cunning of a third ;  
Cursed may he be, that so our love hath slain,  
And wander on the earth, wretched as Cain,  
Wretched as he, and not deserve least pity ;  
In plaguing him let misery be witty,  
Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,  
Till he be noisome as his infamy.  
May he without remorse deny God thrice,  
And not be trusted more on his soul's price ;  
And after all self-torment when he dies,  
May wolves tear out his heart, vultures his eyes,  
Swine eat his bowels, and his falser tongue,  
That uttered all, be to some raven flung,  
And let his carrion corse be a longer feast  
To the King's dogs, than any other beast !  
Now have I<sup>2</sup> cursed, let us our love revive ;  
In me the flame was never more alive ;

<sup>1</sup> will. <sup>2</sup> I have, 1669.

I could begin again to court and praise,  
And in that pleasure lengthen the short days  
Of my life's lease, like painters, that do take  
Delight, not in made work,<sup>1</sup> but whiles they make ;  
I could renew those times when first I saw  
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law  
To like what you liked, and at masks and plays  
Commend the self-same actors the same ways,  
Ask how you did, and often, with intent  
Of being officious, be impertinent ;  
All which were such soft pastimes, as in these  
Love was as subtly catched as a disease ;  
But, being got, it is a treasure sweet,  
Which to defend is harder than to get,  
And ought not be profaned on either part,  
For though 't is got by chance, 't is kept by art.

## ELEGY XVII.

1669.

WHOMEVER loves, if he do not propose  
The right true end of love, he 's one that goes  
To sea for nothing but to make him sick :  
Love is a bear-whelp born ; if we o'er-lick  
Our love, and force it new strong shapes to take,  
We err, and of a lump a monster make.

<sup>1</sup> works, 1649, '54, '69.

Were not a calf a monster, that were grown  
Faced like a man, though better than his own ?  
Perfection is in unity : prefer  
One woman first, and then one thing in her.  
I, when I value gold, may think upon  
The ductileness, the application,  
The wholesomeness, the ingenuity,  
From rust, from soil, from fire ever free :  
But if I love it, 't is because 't is made  
By our new nature, use, the soul of trade.

All these in women we might think upon  
(If women had them) and yet love but one.  
Can men more injure women than to say  
They love them for that by which they 're not they ?  
Makes virtue woman ? must I cool my blood  
Till I both be, and find one, wise and good ?  
May barren angels love so. But if we  
Make love to woman, virtue is not she,  
As beauties, no, nor wealth ; he that strays thus  
From her to hers, is more adulterous  
Than if he took her maid. Search every sphere  
And firmament, our Cupid is not there ;  
He 's an infernal god, and underground  
With Pluto dwells, where gold and fire abound ;  
Men to such gods their sacrificing coals  
Did not on altars lay, but pits and holes.  
Although we see celestial bodies move  
Above the earth, the earth we till and love ;  
So we her airs contemplate, words, and heart,  
And virtues, but we love the centric part.

Nor is the soul more worthy or more fit  
For love, than this as infinite as it.  
But in attaining this desired place  
How much they err, that set out at the face !  
The hair a forest is of ambushes,  
Of springs, snares, fetters, and manacles ;  
The brow becalms us, when 't is smooth and plain,  
And when 't is wrinkled, shipwrecks us again ;  
Smooth, 't is a paradise, where we would have  
Immortal stay ; but wrinkled, 't is a grave.  
The nose (like to the sweet meridian) runs  
Not 'twixt an east and west, but 'twixt two suns ;  
It leaves a cheek, a rosy hemisphere,  
On either side, and then directs us where  
Upon the islands fortunate we fall,  
Not faint Canaries, but ambrosiāl.  
Unto her swelling lips when we are come,  
We anchor there, and think ourselves at home,  
For they seem all ; there sirens' songs, and there  
Wise Delphic oracles, do fill the ear ;  
Then in a creek, where chosen pearls do swell,  
The remora, her cleaving tongue, doth dwell.  
These and the glorious promontory, her chin,  
Being passed, the straits of Hellespont, between  
The Sestos and Abydos of her breasts,  
(Not of two lovers, but two loves, the nests)  
Succeeds a boundless sea, but yet thine eye  
Some island moles may scattered there descry,  
And sailing towards her India, in that way  
Shall at her fair Atlantic navel stay ;

---

Though there the current be the pilot made,  
Yet ere thou be where thou should'st be embayed,  
Thou shalt upon another forest set,  
Where many shipwreck and no further get.  
When thou art there, consider what this chase  
Misspent, by thy beginning at the face.

Rather set out below ; practise my art ;  
Some symmetry the foot hath with that part,  
Which thou dost seek, and is thy map for that,  
Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at ;  
Least subject to disguise and change it is ;  
Men say the Devil never can change his.  
It is the emblem, that hath figurēd  
Firmness ; 't is the first part that comes to bed.  
Civility we see refined ; the kiss,  
Which at the face began, transplanted is,  
Since to the hand, since to the Imperial knee,  
Now at the Papal foot delights to be :  
If kings think that the nearer way, and do  
Rise from the foot, lovers may do so too.  
For as free spheres move faster far than can  
Birds whom the air resists, so may that man  
Which goes this empty and ethereal way,  
Than if at beauty's enemies he stay.  
Rich Nature hath in women wisely made  
Two purses, and their mouths aversely laid ;  
They then, which to the lower tribute owe,  
That way which that exchequer looks must go ;  
He which doth not, his error is as great,  
As who by clyster gives the stomach meat.

## TO HIS MISTRESS GOING TO BED.

1669.

COME, Madam, come, all rest my powers defy,  
Until I labour, I in labour lie.  
The foe oftentimes, having the foe in sight,  
Is tired with standing, though he never fight.  
Off with that girdle, like heaven's zone glittering,  
But a far fairer world encompassing.  
Unpin that spangled breastplate, which you wear  
That th' eyes of busy fools may be stopped there;  
Unlace yourself, for that harmonious chime  
Tells me from you, that now it is bedtime.  
Off with that happy busk, which I envy,  
That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.  
Your gown going off such beauteous state reveals,  
As when through flowery meads th' hill's shadows  
steals.  
Off with that wiry coronet, and show  
The hairy diadem which on your head doth grow;  
Now off with those shoes, and then softly tread  
In this Love's hallowed temple, this soft bed.  
In such white robes heaven's angels used to be  
Revealed to men: thou, angel, bring'st with thee  
A heaven like Mahomet's paradise; and though  
Ill spirits walk in white, we easily know  
By this these angels from an evil sprite,  
Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.

License my roving hands and let them go  
Before, behind, between, above, below,  
O my America ! my Newfoundland !  
My kingdom 's safest, when with one man manned.  
My mine of precious stones, my empery,  
How am I blest in thus discovering thee !  
To enter in these bonds is to be free ;  
Then where my hand is set, my seal shall be.  
Full nakedness, all joys are due to thee !  
As souls unbodied, bodies unclothed must be  
To taste whole joys. Gems which you women use  
Are, like Atlanta's ball, cast in men's views,  
That when a fool's eye lighteth on a gem,  
His earthly soul may court that, not them ;  
Like pictures, or like books' gay coverings made,  
For laymen are all women thus arrayed ;  
Themselves are only mystic books, which we  
(Whom their imputed grace will dignify)  
Must see revealed. Then since that I may know,  
As liberally as to thy midwife show  
Thyself ; cast all, yea, this white linen hence ;  
There is no penance due to innocence.  
To teach thee, I am naked first ; why, than,  
What need'st thou have more covering than a man ?

## ELEGY ON HIS MISTRESS.

1635.

By our first strange and fatal interview,  
By all desires, which thereof did ensue,  
By our long starving<sup>1</sup> hopes, by that remorse,  
Which my words' masculine persuasive force  
Begot in thee, and by the memory  
Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatened me,  
I calmly beg ; but by thy father's wrath,  
By all pains which want and divorcement hath,  
I conjure thee ; and all the oaths which I  
And thou have sworn to seal joint constancy,  
Here I unswear, and overswear them thus ;  
Thou shalt not love by ways<sup>2</sup> so dangerous.  
Temper, O fair love, love's impetuous rage,  
Be my true mistress still, not<sup>3</sup> my feigned page ;  
I 'll go, and, by thy kind leave, leave behind  
Thee, only worthy to nurse in my mind  
Thirst to come back ; oh, if thou die before,  
My soul from other lands to thee shall soar.  
Thy (else almighty) beauty cannot move  
Rage from the seas, nor thy love teach them love,  
Nor tame wild Boreas' harshness ; thou hast read  
How roughly he in pieces shiverèd  
Fair<sup>4</sup> Orithea, whom he swore he loved.  
Fall ill or good, 't is madness to have proved

<sup>1</sup> striving, 1669. <sup>2</sup> means, *ibid.* <sup>3</sup> mistress, not my feignèd page, *ibid.* <sup>4</sup> The fair, *ibid.*

Dangers unurged : feed on this flattery,  
That absent lovers one in th' other be.  
Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change  
Thy body's habit, nor mind ; be not strange  
To thyself only ; all will spy in thy face  
A blushing, womanly, discovering grace.  
Richly clothed apes are called apes ; and as soon  
Eclipsed, as bright, we call the moon the moon.  
Men of France, changeable chameleons,  
Spitals of diseases, shops of fashions,  
Love's fuellers, and the rightest company  
Of players which upon the world's stage be,  
Will quickly know thee ; and no less, alas !<sup>1</sup>  
Th' indifferent Italian, as we pass  
His warm land, well content to think thee page,  
Will hunt thee with such lust and hideous rage  
As Lot's fair guests were vexed. But none of these,  
Nor spungy hydroptic Dutch, shall thee displease,  
If thou stay here. Oh stay here ; for, for thee  
England is only a worthy gallery,  
To walk in expectation, till from thence  
Our greatest King call thee to his presence.  
When I am gone, dream me some happiness,  
Nor let thy looks our long-hid love confess ;  
Nor praise, nor dispraise me ; nor bless, nor curse  
Openly love's force ; nor in bed fright thy nurse  
With midnight's startings, crying out, " Oh ! oh !  
Nurse, oh ! my love is slain ; I saw him go

<sup>1</sup> Will too too quickly know thee ; and alas, 1669.

O'er the white Alps alone ; I saw him, I,  
 Assailed, fight, taken, stabbed, bleed, fall, and die."  
 Augur me better chance, except dread Jove  
 Think it enough for me to have had thy love.

## ELEGY.

1650.

THE heavens rejoice in motion ; why should I  
 Abjure my so much loved variety,  
 And not with many youth and love<sup>1</sup> divide ?  
 Pleasure is none, if not diversified.  
 The sun, that sitting in the chair of light  
 Sheds flame into what else soever doth seem bright,  
 Is not contented at one Sign to inn,  
 But ends his year and with a new begins.  
 All things do willingly in change delight,  
 The fruitful mother of our appetite ;  
 Rivers the clearer and more pleasing are  
 Where their fair-spreading streams run wide and clear ;  
 And a dead lake, that no strange bark doth greet,  
 Corrupts itself and what doth live in it.  
 Let no man tell me such a one is fair,  
 And worthy all alone my love to share ;  
 Nature in her hath done the liberal part  
 Of a kind mistress, and employed her art

<sup>1</sup> lov'd, 1650, '69.

To make her lovable, and I aver  
Him not humane that would turn back from her ;  
I love her well ; and would, if need were, die  
To do her service. But follows it that I  
Must serve her only, when I may have choice ?  
The law is hard and shall not have my voice.  
The last I saw in all extremes is fair,  
And holds me in the sunbeams of her hair,  
Her nymphlike features such agreements have,  
That I could venture with her to the grave ;  
Another's brown, I like her not the worse,  
Her tongue is soft, and takes me with discourse ;  
Others, for that they well descended were,  
Do in my love obtain as large a share,  
And though they be not fair, 't is much with me  
To win their love only for their degree,  
And though I fail of my required ends,  
The attempt is glorious, and itself commands.  
How happy were our sires in ancient time,  
Who held plurality of loves no crime !  
With them it was accounted charity  
To stir up race of all indifferently ;  
Kindreds were not exempted from the bands,  
Which with the Persian<sup>1</sup> still in usage stands.  
Women were then no sooner asked than won,  
And what they did was honest and well done.  
But since this little honour hath been used,  
Our weak credulity hath been abused ;  
The golden laws of nature are repealed,  
Which our first fathers in such reverence held ;

<sup>1</sup> Persians, 1669.

Our liberty reversed, and charters gone,  
And we made servants to Opiniön,  
A monster in no certain shape attired,  
And whose original is much desired,  
Formless at first, but growing on its fashions,  
And doth prescribe manners and laws to nations.  
Here Love received immedicable harms,  
And was despoilèd of his daring arms,  
A greater want than is his daring eyes ;  
He lost those awful wings with which he flies,  
His sinewy bow, and those immortal darts  
Wherewith he is wont to bruise resisting hearta.  
Only some few, strong in themselves and free,  
Retain the seeds of ancient liberty ;  
Following that part of Love, although deprest,  
And make a throne for him within their breast ;  
In spite of modern censures him avowing  
Their sovereign, all service him allowing.  
Amongst which troop, although I am the least,  
Yet equal in perfection with the best,  
I glory in subjection of his hand,  
Nor ever did decline his least command ;  
For in whatever form the message came,  
My heart did open and receive the same.  
But Time will in his course a point descry  
When I this lovèd service must deny ;  
For our allegiance temporary is ;  
With firmer age returns our liberties.  
What time in years and judgment we reposèd  
Shall not so easily be to change disposed,

Nor to the art of several eyes obeying,  
But beauty with true worth securely weighing ;  
Which being found assembled in some one,  
We 'll leave her ever, and love her alone.

## UPON MR. THOMAS CORYAT'S CRUDITIES.

1649.

OH to what height will love of greatness drive  
Thy learnèd spirit, *Sequi-superlative* ?  
Venice' vast lake thou had'st<sup>1</sup> seen, and would seek than  
Some vaster thing, and found'st a courtesan ;  
That inland sea having discovered well,  
A cellar gulf, where one might sail to hell  
From Heidelberg, thou long'dst<sup>2</sup> to see ; and thou  
This book, greater than all, producest now.  
Infinite work ! which doth so far extend,  
That none can study it to any end.  
'T is no one thing, it is not fruit, nor root,  
Nor poorly limited with head or foot.  
If man be therefore man because he can  
Reason and laugh, thy book doth half make man ;  
One half being made, thy modesty was such  
That thou on th' other half would'st never touch.  
When wilt thou be at full, great lunatic ?  
Not till thou exceed the world ? Canst thou be like  
A prosperous nose-born wen, which sometimes grows

<sup>1</sup> hast, 1660. <sup>2</sup> long'st.

To be far greater than the mother nose ?  
Go then, and as to thee, when thou didst go,  
Munster did towns, and Gesner authors show,  
Mount now to Gallo-Belgicus ; appear  
As deep a statesman as a gazeteer.<sup>1</sup>  
Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back,  
Talk of Will Conqueror and Prester Jack.  
Go, bashful man ! lest here thou blush to look  
Upon the progress of thy glorious book,  
To which both Indies sacrifices send ;  
The West sent gold, which thou didst freely spend,  
Meaning to see 't no more, upon the press ;  
The East sends hither her deliciousness,  
And thy leaves must embrace what comes from thence,<sup>2</sup>  
The myrrh, the pepper, and the frankincense.  
This magnifies thy leaves ; but if they stoop  
To neighbor wares, when merchants do unhoop  
Voluminous barrels, if thy leaves do then  
Convey these wares in parcels unto men,  
If for vast tons of currants, and of figs,  
Of medicinal and aromatic twigs,  
Thy leaves a better method do provide,  
Divide to pounds, and ounces subdivide ;  
If they stoop lower yet, and vent our wares,  
Home-manufactures, to thick popular fairs,  
If omnipregnant there, upon warm stalls  
They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls,  
Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend,

<sup>1</sup> garretier. <sup>2</sup> hence, 1669.

That they all kind of matter comprehend.  
Thus thou, by means which th' ancients never took,  
A pandect mak'st and universal book.  
The bravest heroes for public good  
Scattered in divers lands their limbs and blood ;  
Worst malefactors, to whom men are prize,  
Do public good, cut in anatomies ;  
So will thy book in pieces ; for a lord,  
Which casts at Portescue's, and all the board,  
Provide whole books ; each leaf enough will be  
For friends to pass time, and keep company.  
Can all carouse up thee ? no, thou must fit  
Measures, and fill out for the half-pint wit.  
Some shall wrap pills, and save a friend's life so ;  
Some shall stop muskets, and so kill a foe.  
Thou shalt not ease the critics of next age  
So much at<sup>1</sup> once their hunger to assuage ;  
Nor shall wit-pirates hope to find thee lie  
All in one bottom, in one library.  
Some leaves may paste strings there in other books,  
And so one may, which on another looks,  
Pilfer, alas ! a little wit from you,  
But hardly much ; and yet I think this true,  
As Sibyl's was, your book is mystical,  
For every piece is as much worth as all.  
Therefore mine impotency I confess,  
The healths, which my brain bears, must be far less ;  
Thy giant wit o'erthrows me, I am gone ;  
And, rather than read all, I would read none.

<sup>1</sup> as, 1669.



**EPITHALAMIONS, OR MARRIAGE SONGS.**



EPITHALAMIONS,  
OR MARRIAGE SONGS.

AN EPITHALAMION, OR MARRIAGE SONG,  
ON THE LADY ELIZABETH AND COUNT  
PALATINE BEING MARRIED ON  
ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

I.

HAIL, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is !  
All the air is thy diocis,  
And all the chirping choristers  
And other birds are thy parishioners ;  
Thou marriest every year  
The lyric lark, and the grave whispering dove,  
The sparrow, that neglects his life for love,  
The household bird with the red stomacher ;  
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon  
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon ;  
The husband cock looks out and straight is sped,  
And meets his wife which brings her feather-bed :  
This day more cheerfully than ever shine,  
This day, which might inflame thyself, old Valentine !

## II.

Till now thou warm'dst with multiplying loves  
 Two larks, two sparrows, or two doves ;  
 All that is nothing unto this,  
 For thou this day couplest two phoenixes ;  
 Thou mak'st a taper see  
 What the sun never saw ; and what the ark  
 (Which was of fowls<sup>1</sup> and beasts the cage and park)  
 Did not contain, one bed contains, through thee,  
 Two phoenixes, whose join'd breasts  
 Are unto one another mutual nests  
 Where motion kindles such fires as shall give  
 Young phoenixes, and yet the old shall live,  
 Whose love and courage never shall decline,  
 But make the whole year through thy day, O  
 Valentine.

## III.

Up then, fair phoenix bride, frustrate the sun ;  
 Thyself from thine affection  
 Tak'st warmth enough, and from thine eye  
 All lesser birds will take their jollity.  
 Up, up, fair bride, and call  
 Thy stars from out their several boxes, take  
 Thy rubies, pearls, and diamonds forth, and make  
 Thyself a constellation of them all,  
 And by their blazing signify  
 That a great princess falls, but doth not die ;  
 Be thou a new star that to us portends  
 Ends of much wonder, and be thou those ends.

<sup>1</sup> fowl, 1669.

Since thou dost this day in new glory shine,  
May all men date records from this thy<sup>1</sup> Valentine.

## IV.

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame  
Meeting another grows the same,  
So meet thy Frederick, and so  
To an unseparable union go ;  
Since separation  
Falls not on such things as are infinite,  
Nor things, which are but one, can disunite,  
You are twice inseparable, great, and one.  
Go then to where the bishop stays  
To make you one, his way, which divers ways  
Must be effected ; and when all is past,  
And that you are one, by hearts and hands made fast,  
You two have one way left, yourselves to entwine,  
Besides this bishop's knot, O Bishop<sup>2</sup> Valentine.

## V.

But oh ! what ails the sun, that here he stays  
Longer to-day than other days ?  
Stays he new light from these to get ?  
And finding here such store,<sup>3</sup> is loath to set ?  
And why do you two walk  
So slowly paced in this procession ?  
Is all your care but to be looked upon,  
And be to others spectacle and talk ?

<sup>1</sup> day, 1669. <sup>2</sup> of Bishop, *Ibid.* <sup>3</sup> stars.

The feast with gluttonous delays  
 Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise ;  
 The masquers come too late,<sup>1</sup> and I think will stay,  
 Like fairies, till the cock crow them away.  
 Alas ! did not antiquity assign  
 A night, as well as day, to thee, O Valentine ?<sup>2</sup>

## VI.

They did, and night is come : and yet we see  
 Formalities retarding thee.  
 What mean these ladies, which (as though  
 They were to take a clock in pieces) go  
 So nicely about the bride ?  
 A bride, before a good-night could be said,  
 Should vanish from her clothes into her bed,  
 As souls from bodies steal and are not spied.  
 But now she is laid : what though she be ?  
 Yet there are more delays ; for where is he ?  
 He comes, and passes<sup>3</sup> through sphere after sphere ;  
 First her sheets, then her arms, then anywhere.  
 Let not this day, then, but this night be thine,  
 Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine.

## VII.

Here lies a she sun, and a he moon here ;<sup>4</sup>  
 She gives the best light to his sphere,

<sup>1</sup> come late. <sup>2</sup> old Valentine ? 1669. <sup>3</sup> passeth, 1649, '54, '69.

<sup>4</sup> there, 1649, '54, '69.

Or each is both, and all, and so  
They unto one another nothing owe ;  
And yet they do, but are  
So just and rich in that coin which they pay,  
That neither would, nor needs, forbear nor stay ;  
Neither desires to be spared, nor to spare :  
They quickly pay their debt, and then  
Take no acquittance,<sup>1</sup> but pay again ;  
They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall  
No such occasion <sup>2</sup> to be liberal.  
More truth, more courage in these two do shine,  
Than all thy turtles have and sparrows, Valentine.

## VIII.

And by this act of these two phœnixes  
Nature again restorëd is ;  
For since these two are two no more,  
There 's but one phœnix still, as was before.  
Rest now at last, and we  
(As Satyrs watch the sun's uprise) will stay  
Waiting when your eyes opened let out day,  
Only desired because your face we see ;  
Others near you shall whispering speak,  
And wagers lay at which side day will break,  
And win by observing then whose hand it is  
That opens first a curtain, hers or his ;  
This will be tried to-morrow after nine,  
Till which hour we thy day enlarge, O Valentine.

<sup>1</sup> acquittances. <sup>2</sup> No occasion, 1669.

## ECLOGUE.

DECEMBER 26, 1613.

*Allophanes finding Idios in the Country in Christmas time, reprobates his absence from Court, at the Marriage of the Earl of Somerset; Idios gives an account of his purpose therein, and of his absence thence.<sup>1</sup>*

*Allophanes.*

UNSEASONABLE man, statue of ice,  
What could to country's solitude entice  
Thee, in this year's cold and decrepit time ?  
Nature's instinct draws to the warmer clime  
Even small<sup>2</sup> birds, who by that courage dare  
In numerous fleets sail through their sea, the air.  
What delicacy can in fields appear,  
Whilst Flora herself doth a frieze jerkin wear ?  
Whilst winds do all the trees and hedges strip  
Of leaves, to furnish rods enough to whip  
Thy madness from thee, and all springs by frost  
Have<sup>3</sup> taken cold and their sweet murmurs lost ?  
If thou thy faults or fortunes would'st lament  
With just solemnity, do it in Lent :  
At Court the spring already advancēd is,  
The sun stays longer up ; and yet not his

<sup>1</sup> actions there. <sup>2</sup> smaller. <sup>3</sup> Having.

The glory is ; far other, other fires :  
First, zeal to prince and state, then love's desires  
Burn in one breast, and like heaven's two great lights,  
The first doth govern days, the other nights ;  
And then that early light, which did appear  
Before the sun and moon created were,  
The prince's favour, is diffused o'er all,  
From which all fortunes, names, and natures fall ;  
Then from those wombs of stars, the bride's bright eyes,  
At every glance a constellation flies  
And sows the Court with stars, and doth prevent  
In light and power the all-eyed firmament.  
First her eyes kindle<sup>1</sup> other ladies' eyes,  
Then from their beams their jewels' lustres rise,  
And from their jewels torches do take fire,  
And all is warmth and light and good desire.  
Most other Courts, alas ! are like to hell,  
Where in dark places<sup>2</sup> fire without light doth dwell,  
Or but like stoves, for lust and envy get  
Continual but artificial heat ;  
Here zeal and love, grown one, all clouds digest<sup>3</sup>  
And make our Court an everlasting East.  
And canst thou be from thence ?

*Idios.*

No, I am there :

As heaven, to men disposed, is every where,  
So are those Courts whose princes animate,  
Not only all their house, but all their state.

<sup>1</sup> kindles, 1633. <sup>2</sup> plots. <sup>3</sup> digest, 1649, '54, '69.

Let no man think, because he is full, he hath all ;  
 Kings (as their pattern, God) are liberal  
 Not only in fulness, but capacity,  
 Enlarging narrow men to feel and see  
 And comprehend the blessings they bestow ;  
 So reclused hermits oftentimes do know  
 More of heaven's glory than a worldling can.  
 As man is of the world, the heart of man  
 Is an epitome of God's great book  
 Of creatures, and man need no farther look ;  
 So is the country of Courts, where sweet peace doth,  
 As their one<sup>1</sup> common soul, give life to both.  
 I am not then from Court.<sup>2</sup>

*Allophanes.*

Dreamer, thou art ;  
 Think'st thou, fantastic, that thou hast a part  
 In the Indian fleet, because thou hast  
 A little spice or amber in thy taste ?  
 Because thou art not frozen, art thou warm ?  
 Seest thou all good, because thou seest no harm ?  
 The earth doth in her inner bowels hold  
 Stuff well disposed, and which would fain be gold,  
 But never shall, except it chance to lie  
 So upward that heaven gild it with his eye ;  
 As, for divine things, faith comes from above,  
 So, for best civil use, all tinctures move  
 From higher powers ; from God, religion springs ;  
 Wisdom and honour, from the use of kings ;

<sup>1</sup> own. <sup>2</sup> And am I then from court ?

Then unbeguile thyself, and know with me,  
That angels, though on earth employed they be,  
Are still in heaven ; so is he still at home  
That doth abroad to honest actions come.  
Chide thyself then, O fool, which yesterday  
Might'st have read more than all thy books bewray :  
Hast thou a history which doth present  
A Court where all affections do assent  
Unto the king's, and that, that kings are just,  
And where it is no levity to trust,  
Where there is no ambition but to obey,  
Where men need whisper nothing, and yet may,  
Where the king's favours are so placed, that all  
Find that the king therein is liberal  
To them, in him, because his favours bend  
To virtue, to the which they all pretend ?  
Thou hast no such ; yet here was this, and more,  
An earnest lover, wise then, and before.  
Our little Cupid hath sued livery,  
And is no more in his minority ;  
He is admitted now into that breast  
Where the king's counsels and his secrets rest.  
What hast thou lost, O ignorant man !

*Idios.*

I knew

All this, and only therefore I withdrew.  
To know and feel all this, and not to have  
Words to express it, makes a man a grave  
Of his own thoughts ; I would not therefore stay  
At a great feast, having no grace to say.

And yet I scaped not here ; for being come  
 Full of the common joy, I uttered some.  
 Read then this nuptial song, which was not made  
 Either the Court or man's hearts to invade ;  
 But since I am dead and buried, I could frame  
 No epitaph which might advance my fame  
 So much as this poor song which testifies  
 I did unto that day some sacrifice.

---

## I. THE TIME OF THE MARRIAGE.

Thou art reprieved, old year, thou shalt not die ;  
 Though thou upon thy death-bed lie  
 And should'st within five days expire,  
 Yet thou art rescued by <sup>1</sup> a mightier fire  
 Than thy old soul, the sun,  
 When he doth in his largest circle run.  
 The passage of the West or East would thaw,  
 And open wide their easy liquid jaw  
 To all our ships, could a Promethean art  
 Either unto the northern pole impart  
 The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving heart.

## II. EQUALITY OF PERSONS.

But undiscerning Muse, which heart, which eyes,  
 In this new couple dost thou prize,  
 When his eye as inflaming is  
 As hers, and her heart loves as well as his ?

<sup>1</sup> from.

Be tried by beauty, and than  
 The bridegroom is a maid, and not a man ;  
 If by that manly courage they be tried,  
 Which scorns unjust opinion, then the bride  
 Becomes a man. Should chance or<sup>1</sup> envy's art  
 Divide these two whom nature scarce did part,  
 Since both have th' inflaming eye, and both the  
 loving heart ?

## III. RAISING OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

Though it be some divorce to think of you  
 Single, so much one are you two,  
 Let me here contemplate thee  
 First, cheerful bridegroom, and first let me see  
 How thou prevent'st the sun  
 And his red foaming horses dost outrun ;  
 How, having laid down in thy sovereign's breast  
 All businesses, from thence to reinvest  
 Them when these triumphs cease, thou forward art  
 To show to her who doth the like impart,  
 The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving heart

## IV. RAISING OF THE BRIDE.

But now to thee, fair bride, it is some wrong,  
 To think thou wert in bed so long :  
 Since soon thou liest down first, 't is fit  
 Thou in first rising should'st<sup>2</sup> allow for it.

<sup>1</sup> our, 1669. <sup>2</sup> should, *old*.

Powder thy radiant hair,  
 Which if without such ashes thou wouldest wear,  
 Thou which, to all which come to look upon,  
 Are<sup>1</sup> meant for Phœbus, wouldest be Phœton;  
 For our ease give thine eyes th' unusual pest  
 Of joy, a tear; so quenched, thou mayst impart  
 To us that come, thy inflaming eyes, to him, thy  
 loving heart.

## V. HER APPARELLING.

Thus thou descend'st to our infirmity,  
 Who can the sun in water see;  
 So doest thou, when in silk and gold  
 Thou cloud'st thyself; since we, which do behold,  
 Are dust and worms, 't is just  
 Our objects be the fruits of worms and dust.  
 Let every jewel be a glorious star,  
 Yet stars are not so pure as their spheres are,  
 And though thou stoop to appear to us in part,  
 Still in that picture thou entirely art,  
 Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his  
 loving heart.

## VI. GOING TO THE CHAPEL.

Now from your Easts you issue forth, and we,  
 As men which through a cypress see  
 The rising sun do think it two,  
 So, as you go to church, do think of you:

<sup>1</sup> Wert.

But that veil being gone,  
By the church-rites you are from thenceforth one.  
The Church Triumphant made this match before,  
And now the Militant doth strive no more.  
Then, reverend priest, who God's recorder art,  
Do from his dictates to these two impart  
All blessings which are seen, or thought, by angel's  
eye or heart.

## VII. THE BENEDICTION.

Blest pair of swans, oh ! may you interbring  
Daily new joys, and never sing :  
Live till all grounds of wishes fail,  
Till honour, yea till wisdom grow so stale,  
That, new great heights to try,  
It must serve your ambition, to die ;  
Raise heirs, and may here to the world's end live  
Heirs from this king to take thanks, you, to give.  
Nature and grace do all, and nothing art ;  
May never age or error overthwart  
With any West these radiant eyes, with any North  
this heart.

## VIII. FEASTS AND REVELS.

But you are over-blest. Plenty this day  
Injures ; it causeth time to stay ;  
The tables groan as though this feast  
Would, as the flood, destroy all fowl and beast.

And were the doctrine new  
 That the earth moved, this day would make it true ;  
 For every part to dance and revel goes,  
 They tread the air, and fall not where they rose.  
 Though six hours since the sun to bed did part  
 The masks and banquets will not yet impart  
 A sunset to these weary eyes, a centre to this heart.

## IX. THE BRIDE'S GOING TO BED.

What mean'st thou, bride, this company to keep ?  
 To sit up till thou fain would'st<sup>1</sup> sleep ?  
 Thou may'st not, when thou art laid, do so.  
 Thyself must to him a new banquet grow,  
 And you must entertain,  
 And do all this day's dances o'er again.  
 Know, that if sun and moon together do  
 Rise in one point, they do not set so too ;  
 Therefore thou may'st, fair bride, to bed depart ;  
 Thou art not gone being gone ; where'er thou art,  
 Thou leav'st in him thy watchful eyes, in him thy  
 loving heart.

## X. THE BRIDEGROOM'S COMING.

As he that sees a star fall, runs apace  
 And finds a jelly in the place,  
 So doth the bridegroom haste as much,  
 Being told this star is fall'n, and finds her such.

<sup>1</sup> would, 1669.

And as friends may look strange  
By a new fashion, or apparel's change,  
Their souls, though long acquainted they had been,  
These clothes, their bodies, never yet had seen.  
Therefore at first she modestly might start,  
But must forthwith surrender every part  
As freely, as each to each before gave either eye<sup>1</sup> or heart.

## XL. THE GOOD-NIGHT.

Now, as in Tullia's tomb one lamp burnt<sup>2</sup> clear,  
Unchanged for fifteen hundred year,  
May these love-lamps we here enshrine,  
In warmth, light, lasting, equal the divine.  
Fire ever doth aspire,  
And makes all like itself, turns all to fire,  
But ends in ashes, which these cannot do,  
For none of these is fuel, but fire too.  
This is joy's bonfire, then, where love's strong arts  
Make of so noble individual parts  
One fire of four inflaming eyes and of two loving hearts.

---

*Idios.*

As I have brought this song, that I may do  
A perfect sacrifice, I 'll burn it too.

<sup>1</sup> hand, 1649, '54, '69. <sup>2</sup> burn, 1669.

*Allophane.*

No, Sir, this paper I have justly got,  
For in burnt incense the perfume is not  
His only that presents it, but of all ;  
Whatever celebrates this festival  
Is common, since the joy thereof is so.  
Nor may yourself be priest : but let me go  
Back to the Court, and I will lay it upon  
Such altars as prize your devotion.

## EPITHALAMION MADE AT LINCOLN'S INN.

THE sunbeams in the east are spread,  
Leave, leave, fair bride, your solitary bed ;  
No more shall you return to it alone ;  
It nurseth sadness ; and your body's print,  
Like to a grave, the yielding down doth dint.

You and your other you meet there anon ;  
Put forth, put forth, that warm balm-breathing thigh,  
Which when next time you in these sheets will smother,  
There it must meet another,  
Which never was, but must be oft more nigh ;  
Come glad from thence, go gladder than you came,  
*To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.*

Daughters of London, you which be  
Our golden mines and furnished treasury ;  
You which are Angels, yet still bring with you  
Thousands of angels on your marriage-days,  
Help with your presence, and devise to praise

These rites which also unto you grow due.  
Conceitedly dress her, and be assigned  
By you fit place for every flower and jewel,  
Make her for love fit fuel,  
As gay as Flora, and as rich as Ind ;  
So may she fair and rich, in nothing lame,  
*To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.*

And you, frolique patriciāns,  
 Some of these<sup>1</sup> senators, wealth's deep oceāns,  
 Ye painted courtiers, barrels of others' wits,  
 Ye countrymen, who, but your beasts, love none,  
 Ye of those fellowships, whereof he's one,  
 Of study and play made strange hermaphrodits,  
 Here shine ; this bridegroom to the Temple bring.  
 Lo, in yon path, which store of strawed flowers graceth,  
 The sober virgin paceth ;  
 Except my sight fail, 't is no other thing.  
 Weep not, nor blush, here is no grief nor shame ;  
*To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name.*

Thy two-leaved gates, fair temple, unfold,  
 And these two in thy sacred bosom hold  
 Till, mystically joined, but one they be ;  
 Then may thy lean and hunger-starvēd womb  
 Long time expect their bodies and their tomb,  
 Long after their own parents fatten thee.  
 All elder claims, and all cold barrenness,  
 All yielding to new loves, be far forever,  
 Which might these two dissever ;  
 Always all th' other may each one possess ;  
 For the best bride, best worthy of praise and fame,  
*To-day puts on perfection, and a woman's name.*

Winter days bring much delight,  
 Not for themselves, but for they soon bring night ;

<sup>1</sup> Sons of those.

Other sweets wait thee than these diverse meats,  
 Other disports than dancing jollities,  
 Other love-tricks than glancing with the eyes,  
 But that the sun still in our half-sphere sweats ;  
 He flies in winter, but he now stands still ;  
 Yet shadows turn ; noon-point he hath attained,  
 His steeds will be restrained,  
 But gallop lively down the western hill :  
 Thou shalt, when he hath come the world's half-frame,<sup>1</sup>  
*To-night put on perfection, and a woman's name.*

The amorous evening star is rose ;  
 Why then should not our amorous star inclose  
 Herself in her wished bed ? Release your strings,  
 Musiciäns, and dancers, take some truce  
 With these your pleasing labours, for great use  
 As much weariness as perfection brings.  
 You, and not only you, but all toiled beasts,  
 Rest duly ; at night all their toils are dispensed ;  
 But in their beds commenced  
 Are other labours and more dainty feasts.  
 She goes a maid, who, lest she turn the same,  
*To-night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.*

Thy virgin's girdle now untie,  
 And in thy nuptial bed (love's altar) lie  
 A pleasing sacrifice ; now dispossess  
 Thee of these chains and robes, which we<sup>2</sup> put on  
 To adorn the day, not thee, for thou alone,

<sup>1</sup> run the heaven's half-frame. <sup>2</sup> were.

Like virtue and truth, art<sup>1</sup> best in nakedness ;  
This bed is only to virginity  
A grave, but to a better state a cradle.  
Till now thou wast but able  
To be what now thou art ; then that by thee  
No more be said, *I may be*, but *I am*,  
*To-night put on perfection, and a woman's name.*

Even like a faithful man content  
That this life for a better should be spent,  
So she a mother's rich style doth prefer,  
And at the bridegroom's wished approach doth lie  
Like an appointed lamb, when tenderly  
The priest comes on his knees t' embowel her.  
Now sleep, or watch with more joy, and, O light  
Of heaven, to-morrow rise thou hot and early ;  
This sun will love so dearly  
Her rest, that long, long we shall want her sight.  
Wonders are wrought, for she, which had no maim,<sup>2</sup>  
*To-night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.*

<sup>1</sup> are, 1669. <sup>2</sup> name.

**SATIRES.**



## SATIRES.

### SATIRE I.

AWAY, thou fondling<sup>1</sup> motley humorist,  
Leave me, and in this standing wooden chest,  
Consorted with these few books, let me lie  
In prison, and here be coffined when I die.  
Here are God's conduits, grave divines ; and here  
Nature's<sup>2</sup> secretary, the philosopher ;  
And jolly<sup>3</sup> statesmen, which teach how to tie  
The sinews of a city's mystic body ;  
Here gathering chroniclers ; and by them stand  
Giddy fantastic poets of each land.  
Shall I leave all this constant company,  
And follow headlong wild uncertain thee ?  
First swear by thy best love<sup>4</sup> in earnest,  
(If thou, which lov'st all, canst love any best,)  
Thou wilt not leave me in the middle street,  
Though some more spruce companion thou dost meet ;  
Not though a captain do come in thy way,  
Bright parcel-gilt with forty dead men's pay ;  
Not though a brisk, perfumed, pert courtiér  
Deign with a nod thy courtesy to answer ;

<sup>1</sup> changeling. <sup>2</sup> Is nature's, 1660. <sup>3</sup> wily. <sup>4</sup> best love, here.

Nor, come a velvet justice with a long  
 Great train of blue-coats, twelve or fourteen strong,  
 Wilt thou grin or fawn on him, or prepare  
 A speech to court his beauteous son and heir.  
 For better or worse take me, or leave me ;  
 To take and leave me is adultery.  
 O monstrous, superstitious Puritan,  
 Of refined manners, yet ceremonial man,  
 That, when thou meet'st one, with inquiring eyes  
 Dost search, and like a needy broker prize  
 • The silk and gold he wears, and to that rate,  
 So high or low, dost raise thy formal hat ;  
 That wilt consort none, until<sup>1</sup> thou have known  
 What lands he hath in hope or of his own,  
 As though all thy companions should make thee  
 Jointrees, and marry thy dear company !  
 Why should'st thou (that dost not only approve,  
 But in rank itchy lust, desire and love  
 The nakedness and barrenness to enjoy  
 Of thy plump muddy whore, or<sup>2</sup> prostitute boy)  
 Hate Virtue, though she be naked and bare ?  
 At birth and death our bodies naked are,  
 And till our souls be unapparelléd  
 Of bodies they from bliss are banishéd :  
 Man's first blest state was naked ; when by sin  
 He lost that, yet he was<sup>3</sup> clothed but in beast's skin,  
 And in this coarse attire which I now wear,  
 With God and with the Muses I confer.  
 But since thou, like a contrite penitent,  
 Charitably warned of thy sins, dost repent

<sup>1</sup> till, 1669. <sup>2</sup> "or" is omitted, 1685, '89, '49, '54. <sup>3</sup> that, he was.

These vanities and giddinesses, lo,  
 I shut my chamber door ; and come, let 's go.  
 But sooner may a cheap whore, who hath been  
 Worn<sup>1</sup> by as many several men in sin,  
 As are black feathers or musk-colour<sup>2</sup> hose,  
 Name her child's right true father 'mongst all those ;  
 Sooner may one guess, who shall bear away  
 The infant of London, heir to an India ;<sup>3</sup>  
 And sooner may a gulling weather-spy,  
 By drawing forth heaven's scenes,<sup>4</sup> tell certainly  
 What-fashioned hats or ruffs or suits, next year  
 Our subtile-witted antic youths<sup>5</sup> will wear ;  
 Than thou, when thou depart'st from me, can show  
 Whither, why, when, or with whom thou would'st go.  
 But how shall I be pardoned my offence,  
 That thus have sinned against my conscience ?

Now we are in the street ; he first of all,  
 Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall,  
 And so, imprisoned and hemmed in by me,  
 Sells for a little state high<sup>6</sup> liberty.  
 Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet  
 Every fine silken painted fool we meet,  
 He then<sup>7</sup> to him with amorous smiles allures,  
 And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures,  
 As 'prentices or school-boys which do know  
 Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not go ;  
 And, as fiddlers stop<sup>8</sup> lowest at highest sound,  
 So to the most brave stooped<sup>9</sup> he nigh'st the ground ;

<sup>1</sup> Worn out, 1649, '54, '69. <sup>2</sup> musk-coloured, 1639, '49, '54, '69. <sup>3</sup> The infantry of London, hence to India, 1669. <sup>4</sup> scheme. <sup>5</sup> giddy-headed, antic youth, 1669. <sup>6</sup> his. <sup>7</sup> them. <sup>8</sup> stoop. (?J. R. L.) <sup>9</sup> stoops.

But to a grave man he doth move no more  
 Than the wise politic horse would heretofore,  
 Or thou, O elephant, or ape, wilt do,  
 When any names the king of Spain to you.<sup>1</sup>  
 Now leaps he upright, jogs me, and cries, “Do you see  
 Yonder well-favoured youth?” “Which?” “Oh! ‘t is he  
 That dances so divinely.” “Oh,” said I,  
 “Stand still; must you dance here for company?”  
 He drooped; we went, till one (which did excel  
 Th’ Indians in drinking his tobacco well)  
 Met us: they talked; I whispered, “Let us go;  
 ‘T may be you smell him not, truly I do.”  
 He hears not me, but on the other side  
 A many-coloured peacock having spied,  
 Leaves him and me; I for my lost sheep stay;  
 He follows, overtakes, goes on the way,  
 Saying, “Him, whom I last left, ‘s all<sup>2</sup> repute  
 For his device in handsomeing a suit,  
 To judge of lace, pink, panes, print, cut, and pleat,  
 Of all the court to have the best conceit.”  
 “Our dull comedians want him, let him go;  
 But oh! God strengthen thee, why stoop’st<sup>3</sup> thou so?  
 Why he hath travelled long?”<sup>4</sup> “No, but to me,  
 Which understand<sup>5</sup> none, he doth seem to be  
 Perfect French and Italian.” I replied  
 “So is the pox.” He answered not, but spied  
 More men of sort, of parts and qualities;  
 At last his love he in a window<sup>6</sup> spies,

<sup>1</sup> This couplet is not in the edition of 1633. <sup>2</sup> left, all repute. <sup>3</sup> stop’st, 1635, ‘89, ‘49, ‘54.  
<sup>4</sup> hath he travelled long? <sup>5</sup> understood, 1669. <sup>6</sup> in window, *ibid.*

And, like light dew exhaled, he flings from me,  
 Violently ravished to his liberty.<sup>1</sup>  
 Many were there ;<sup>2</sup> he could command no more ;  
 He quarrelled, fought, bled, and, turned out of door,  
 Directly came to me, hanging the head,  
 And constantly awhile must keep his bed.

## SATIRE II.

SIR, though (I thank God for it) I do hate  
 Perfectly all this town, yet there 's one state  
 In all ill things so excellently best, — *such per-*  
 That hate toward them breeds pity towards the rest.  
 Though poetry indeed be such a sin,  
 As I think, that brings dearth and Spaniards in,  
 Though, like the pestilence and old-fashioned love,  
Riddlingly it catch men, and doth remove  
 Never, till it be starved out, yet their state  
 Is poor, disarmed, like Papists, not worth hate.  
 One (like a wretch, which at bar judged as dead,  
 Yet prompts him which stands next and cannot read,  
 And saves his life) gives idiot actors means,  
 (Starving himself) to live by his laboured scenes ;  
 As in some organ<sup>3</sup> puppets dance above,  
 And bellows pant below which them do move.  
 One would move love by rhythms ; but witchcraft's  
 charms  
 Bring not now their old fears nor their old harms ;

<sup>1</sup> lechery. <sup>2</sup> there were, 1649, '54, '69. <sup>3</sup> organs, 1669.

Rams and alings now are silly battery,  
Pistolets are the best artillery ;  
And they who write to lords, rewards to get,  
Are they not like singers at doors for meat ?  
And they who write, because all write, have still  
That excuse for writing and for writing ill.  
But he is worst, who, beggarly, doth chaw  
Others' wit's fruits, and in his ravenous maw,  
Rankly digested, doth those things outspew  
As his own things ; and they are his own, 't is true ;  
For if one eat my meat, though it be known  
The meat was mine, th' excrement is his own.  
But these do me no harm, nor they which use  
To outdo dildoes,<sup>1</sup> and out-usure Jews,  
To outdrink the sea, to outswear the litany,<sup>2</sup>  
Who with sins of all kinds<sup>3</sup> as familiar be  
As confessors, and for whose sinful sake  
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make ;  
Whose strange sins canonists could hardly tell  
In which commandment's large receipt they dwell.  
But these punish themselves. The insolence  
Of Coscus only breeds my just offence,  
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,  
And, plodding on, must make a calf an ox)  
Hath made a lawyer, which was alas !<sup>4</sup> of late  
But scarce a poet,—jollier of this state

<sup>1</sup> This word is represented by a dash in the edition of 1683. <sup>2</sup> The last word of this verse is omitted in the editions of 1683, '35, '39. Those of 1649, '54 give "the gallant, he," and 1669 gives "the litany."

<sup>3</sup> sins all kinds. <sup>4</sup> which (alas).

Than are new beneficed ministers, he throws  
 Like nets or lime-twigs, wheresoever he goes,  
 His title of barrister on every wench,  
 And woos in language of the pleas and bench.  
 "A motion, Lady": "Speak, Coscus." "I have been  
 In love ever since *tricesimo* of the queen.  
 Continual claims I have made, injunctions got  
 To stay my rival's suit, that he should not  
 Proceed." "Spare me!" "In Hilary term I went;  
 You said, if I return<sup>1</sup> next 'size in Lent,  
 I should be in remitter of your grace;  
 In th' interim my letters should take place  
 Of affidavits." Words, words, which would tear  
 The tender labyrinth of a soft maid's ear<sup>2</sup>  
 More, more than ten Sclavonians scolding,<sup>3</sup> more  
 Than when winds in our ruined abbeys roar.  
 When sick with poetry and possessed with muse  
 Thou wast, and mad,— I hoped; but men which choose  
 Law-practice for mere gain, bold soul repute<sup>4</sup>  
 Worse than imbrotheled strumpets prostitute.  
 Now, like an owl-like watchman, he must walk  
 His hand still at a bill; now he must talk  
 Idly, like prisoners which whole months will swear  
 That only suretyship hath brought them there,  
 And to every suitor lie in every thing,  
 Like a king's favorite, or like a king;<sup>5</sup>  
 Like a wedge in a block, wring to the bar,  
 Bearing like asses, and more shameless far

<sup>1</sup> returned. <sup>2</sup> maid's soft ear, 1669. <sup>3</sup> scoldings, *ibid.* <sup>4</sup> hold soul's  
 repute. (? J. R. L.) <sup>5</sup> Dashes fill the place of this couplet in the  
 edition of 1688.

Than carted whores; lie to the grave judge; for  
 Bastardy abounds not in kings' titles, nor  
 Simony and sodomy in churchmen's lives.<sup>1</sup>  
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives.  
 Shortly (as the sea) he will compass all the land,  
 From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand,  
 And spying heirs melting with luxury,  
 Satan will not joy at their sins as he.  
 For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen stuff,  
 And, barrelling the droppings and the snuff  
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,  
 Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding-gear<sup>2</sup>)  
 Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time  
 Wringing each acre, as men<sup>3</sup> pulling prime.  
 In parchment then, large as his<sup>4</sup> fields, he draws  
 Assurances big as glossed civil laws,  
 So huge, that men (in our time's forwardness)  
 Are fathers of the Church for writing less.  
 These he writes not, nor for these written pays,  
 Therefore spares no length, as in those first days  
 When Luther was professed, he did desire  
 Short paternosters, saying as a friar  
 Each day his beads, but, having left those laws,  
 Adds to Christ's prayer the power and glory clause.  
 But when he sells or changes land, he impairs  
 His writings, and (unwatched) leaves out *ses heires*,  
 As<sup>5</sup> slyly as any commenter goes by  
 Hard words or sense, or in divinity

<sup>1</sup> Dashes fill the place of this couplet, in the edition of 1688.

<sup>2</sup> cheer, 1689. <sup>3</sup> maids, *ibid.* <sup>4</sup> the, *ibid.* <sup>5</sup> And, *ibid.*

As controverters in vouched texts leave out  
 Shrewd words which might against them clear the doubt.  
 Where are those spread woods which clothed heretofore  
 Those bought lands ? not built, nor burnt within door.  
 Where 's th' old landlord's troops and alms, great halls ?<sup>1</sup>  
 Carthusian fasts and fulsome bacchanals  
 Equally I hate. Means bless.<sup>2</sup> In rich men's homes  
 I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs ;  
 None starve, none surfeit, so. But, oh ! we allow  
 Good works as good, but out of fashion now,  
 Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws  
 Within the vast reach of th' huge statute<sup>3</sup> laws.

## SATIRE III.

KIND pity chokes<sup>4</sup> my spleen ; brave scorn forbids  
 Those tears to issue which swell my eye-lids.  
 I must not laugh nor weep sins, and<sup>5</sup> be wise ;  
 Can railing then cure these worn maladies ?  
 Is not our mistress, fair Religiön,  
 As worthy of all our soul's devotioն,  
 As virtue was in<sup>6</sup> the first blinded age ?  
 Are not heaven's joys as valiant to assuage  
 Lusts, as earth's honour was to them ? Alas,  
 As we do them in means, shall they surpass  
 Us in the end ? and shall thy father's spirit  
 Meet blind philosophers in heaven, whose merit

<sup>1</sup> Where the old landlord's troops and alms ? In halls, Carthusian fasts, etc.

<sup>2</sup> Mean's blest. <sup>3</sup> statute's jaws, 1660. <sup>4</sup> checks, 1635, '39, '49, '54. <sup>5</sup> cheeks, 1669.  
<sup>5</sup> but, *ibid.* <sup>6</sup> to.

Of strict life may be imputed faith, and hear  
 Thee, whom he taught so easy ways and near  
 To follow, damned ? Oh, if thou dar'st, fear this ;  
 This fear great courage and high valour is.  
 Dar'st thou aid mutinous Dutch ? and dar'st thou lay  
 Thee in ships, wooden sepulchres, a prey  
 To leader's rage, to storms, to shot, to dearth ?  
 Dar'st thou dive seas and dungeons of the earth ?  
 Hast thou courageous fire to thaw the ice  
 Of frozen North discoveries ? and, thrice  
 Colder than salamanders, like divine  
 Children in th' oven, fires of Spain and the line,  
 Whose countries limbecs to our bodies be,  
 Canst thou for gain bear ? and must every he  
 Which cries not *Goddess !* to thy mistress, draw,  
 Or eat thy poisonous words ? Courage of straw !  
 O desperate coward, wilt thou seem bold, and  
 To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand  
 Sentinel in his<sup>1</sup> world's garrison) thus yield,  
 And for forbidden<sup>2</sup> wars leave th' appointed field ?  
 Know thy foe : the foul devil he 's, whom thou<sup>3</sup>  
 Strivest to please, for hate, not love, would allow  
 Thee fain his whole realm to be quit ; and as  
 The world's all parts wither away and pass,  
 So the world's self, thy other loved foe, is  
 In her decrepit wane, and thou, loving this,  
 Dost love a withered and worn strumpet ; last,  
 Flesh (itself death)<sup>4</sup> and joys which flesh can taste,  
 Thou lovest ; and thy fair goodly soul, which doth

<sup>1</sup> this, 1669. <sup>2</sup> forbid. <sup>3</sup> know thy foes : the foul devil, he, whom thou.  
<sup>4</sup> (itself's death.)

Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loath.  
Seek true religion: Oh where ? Mirreus,  
Thinking her unhoused here<sup>1</sup> and fled from us,  
Seeks her at Rome ; there, because he doth know  
That she was there a thousand years ago;  
He<sup>2</sup> loves the rags so as we here obey  
The state-cloth where the prince sate yesterday.  
Crants<sup>3</sup> to such brave loves will not be enthralled,  
But loves her only who at Geneva is called  
Religiōn, plain, simple, sullen, young,  
Contemptuous, yet unhandsome, as among  
Lecherous humours, there is one that judges  
No wenches wholesome but coarse country drudges.  
Graius stays still at home here, and because  
Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws  
Still new, like fashions, bids him think that she  
Which dwells with us is only perfect, he  
Embraceth her whom his godfathers will  
Tender to him, being tender, as wards still  
Take such wives as their guardians offer or  
Pay values. Careless Phrygius doth abhor  
All, because all cannot be good ; as one,  
Knowing some women whores, dares marry none.  
Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that so  
As women do in divers countries go  
In divers habits, yet are still one kind,  
So doth, so is, Religion ; and this blind-  
ness too much light breeds. But unmovēd thou  
Of force must one, and forced, but one, allow,

<sup>1</sup> her, 1633. <sup>2</sup> And, 1635, '39, '49, '54. <sup>3</sup> Grants, 1669.

And the right. Ask thy father which is she ;  
Let him ask his. Though Truth and Falsehood be  
Near twins, yet Truth a little elder is ;  
Be busy to seek her ; believe me this,  
He 's not of none, nor worst, that seeks the best ;  
To adore or scorn an image, or protest,  
May all be bad. Doubt wisely ; in strange way  
To stand inquiring right, is not to stray ;  
To sleep or run wrong, is. On a huge hill,  
Cragged and steep, Truth stands ; and he that will  
Reach her, about must and about must go,<sup>1</sup>  
And what the hill's suddenness resists, win so.  
Yet strive so, that before age, death's twilight,  
Thy soul rest, for none can work in that <sup>2</sup> night.  
To will implies delay, therefore now do  
Hard deeds, the body's pains ; hard knowledge too  
The mind's endeavours reach ; and mysteries  
Are like the sun, dazzling, yet plain to all eyes.  
Keep the truth which thou hast found ; men do not stand  
In so ill case that God hath with his hand  
Signed kings' blank-charters to kill whom they hate,  
Nor are they vicars, but hangmen to fate.  
Fool and wretch, wilt thou let thy soul be tied  
To man's laws by which she shall not be tried <sup>3</sup>  
At the last day ? Will it then <sup>4</sup> boot thee  
To say a Philip or a Gregory,  
A Harry or a Martin taught thee <sup>5</sup> this ?  
Is not this excuse for mere contraries

<sup>1</sup> and about it go, 1669. <sup>2</sup> the, 1635, '39, '49, '54.

<sup>3</sup> she shall be tried, 1635, '39, '49, '54. <sup>4</sup> Or will it then. <sup>5</sup> me, 1669.

Equally strong ? Cannot both sides say so ?  
 That thou mayst rightly obey Power, her bounds know ;  
 Those past, her nature and name is<sup>1</sup> changed ; to be  
 Then humble to her is idolatry.  
 As streams are, Power is ; those blest flowers that dwell  
 At the rough stream's calm head, thrive and do well ;  
 But, having left their roots and themselves given  
 To the stream's tyrannous rage, alas ! are driven  
 Through mills and rocks<sup>2</sup> and woods, and at last,  
 almost  
 Consumed in going, in the sea are lost :  
 So perish souls which more choose men's unjust  
 Power from God claimed, than God himself to trust.

## SATIRE IV.

WELL ; I may now receive and die ; my sin  
 Indeed is great, but<sup>3</sup> I have been in  
 A purgatory such, as feared hell is  
 A recreation and scant map of this.  
 My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath been  
 Poisoned with love to see or to be seen ;  
 I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,  
 Yet went to Court ; but as Glaze,<sup>4</sup> which did go  
 To mass in jest, catched, was fain to disburse  
 The hundred marks which is the statute's curse,

<sup>1</sup> are, 1660. <sup>2</sup> mills; rocks. <sup>3</sup> but yet. <sup>4</sup> Glare.

Before he scaped, so it pleased my destiny  
(Guilty of my sin of<sup>1</sup> going) to think me  
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-  
ful, as proud, as lustful,<sup>2</sup> and as much in debt,  
As vain, as witless, and as false as they  
Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.  
Therefore I suffered this : towards me did run  
A thing more strange than on Nile's slime the sun  
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came :  
A thing which would have posed Adam to name ;  
Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies,  
Than Afric's monsters, Guiana's rarities ;  
Stranger than strangers ; one who for a Dane  
In the Danes' massacre had sure been slain,  
If he had lived then, and without help dies,  
When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise ;  
One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by ;  
One to whom the examining justice sure would cry,  
"Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are."  
His clothes were strange, though coarse, and black,  
    though bare ;  
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been  
Velvet, but 't was now (so much ground was seen)  
Become tufftaffaty ; and our children shall  
See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.  
This<sup>3</sup> thing hath travelled, and faith, speaks all tongues,  
And only knoweth what to all states belongs.  
Made of th' accénts and best phrase of all these,  
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,

<sup>1</sup> in, 1635, '39, '49, '54. <sup>2</sup> proud, lustful. <sup>3</sup> The.

Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste ;  
 But pedant's motley tongue, soldier's bombast,  
 Mountebank's drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,  
 Are strong enough preparatives to draw  
 Me to bear<sup>1</sup> this, yet I must be content  
 With his tongue, in his tongue called compliment,  
 In which he can win widows, and pay scores,  
 Make men speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,  
 Out-flatter favorites, or outlie either  
 Jovius or Surius, or both together.  
 He names me and comes to me; I whisper "God !  
 How have I sinned, that thy wrath's furious rod,  
 This fellow, chooseth me?" He saith, "Sir,  
 I love your judgment; whom do you prefer  
 For the best linguist?" and I sillily  
 Said that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.  
 " Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir!" Beza, then,  
 Some Jesuits, and two reverend men  
 Of our two academies I named; there<sup>2</sup>  
 He stopped me, and said: "Nay, your apostles were  
 Good pretty linguists; and so Panurge<sup>3</sup> was;  
 Yet a poor gentleman all these may pass  
 By travel<sup>4</sup>; then,<sup>4</sup> as if he would have sold  
 His tongue, he praiséd it, and such words<sup>5</sup> told  
 That I was fain to say, " If you had lived, Sir,  
 Time enough to have been interpreter  
 To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tower had stood."  
 He adds, " If of court-life you knew the good,

<sup>1</sup> hear, 1660. <sup>2</sup> here. <sup>3</sup> so Panurgus, 1660. <sup>4</sup> But travel then, *ibid.*  
<sup>5</sup> wonders.

You would leave loneliness.<sup>1</sup> I said, "Not alone  
 My loneliness<sup>2</sup> is; but Spartans' fashön,  
 To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last.<sup>3</sup>  
 Now; Arctine's pictures have made few chaste;  
 No more can princes' Courts, though there be few  
 Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue."

He, like to a high-stretched lute-string, squeaked, "O Sir,  
 'T is sweet to talk of kings." "At Westminster,"  
 Said I, "the man that keeps the abbey tombs,  
 And for his price doth, with whoever comes,  
 Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,  
 From king to king and all their kin can walk;  
 Your ears shall hear nought but kings, your eyes meet  
 Kings only; the way to it is King<sup>4</sup> street."

He smacked and cried, "He 's base, mechanic, coarse;  
 So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.  
 Are not your Frenchmen neat?" "Fine as you see,  
 I have but one Frenchman, look, he follows me.<sup>5</sup>  
 Certes they are neatly clothed." "I, of this mind am,  
 Your only wearing is your grogaram."

"Not so, Sir; I have more." Under this pitch  
 He would not fly; I chafed him, but, as itch  
 Scratched into smart, and as blunt iron ground  
 Into an edge, hurts worse, so I (fool) found,  
 Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,  
 He to another key his style doth address,<sup>6</sup>  
 And asks, "What news?" I tell him of new plays;  
 He takes my hand, and, as a still which stays

<sup>1</sup> loneliness. <sup>2</sup> loneliness. <sup>3</sup> taste, 1635, '39, '49, '54. <sup>4</sup> King's.

<sup>5</sup> Mine? as you see, I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me. <sup>6</sup> dress.

A sembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,  
As loath to enrich me, so tells many a lie,  
More than ten Hollinsheads or Halls or Stows,  
Of trivial household trash he knows ; he knows  
When the queen frowned or smiled, and he knows  
what

A subtle statesman may gather of that ;  
He knows who loves whom, and who by poison  
Hastes to an office's reversiōn ;  
He knows who hath sold his land and now doth beg  
A license old iron, boots, shoes, and egg-  
shells to transport ; shortly boys shall not play  
At span-counter or blow-point, but shall pay  
Toll to some courtier ; and, wiser than all us,  
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus  
He with home-meats tries<sup>1</sup> me. I belch, spew, spit,  
Look pale and sickly like a patient, yet  
He thrusts on more ; and, as if he<sup>2</sup> undertook  
To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,  
Speaks of all states and deeds that hath<sup>3</sup> been since  
The Spaniards came to the loss of Amiens.  
Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,  
Ready to travail, so I sigh and sweat  
To hear this macaron talk in vain ; for yet,  
Either my humour or his own to fit,  
He like a privileged spy, whom nothing can  
Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.  
He names a price for every office paid ;  
He saith our wars thrive ill because delayed ;

<sup>1</sup> cloys. <sup>2</sup> as he had. <sup>3</sup> have.

That offices are entailed, and that there are<sup>1</sup>  
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as far  
 As the last day ; and that great officers  
 Do with the pirates share and Dunkirkers ;  
 Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes ;  
 Who loves whores, who boys, and who goats.)  
 I, more amazed than Circe's prisoners when  
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then  
 Becoming traitor, and methought I saw  
 One of our giant statutes<sup>2</sup> ope his jaw  
 To suck me in for hearing him ; I found  
 That as burnt venom<sup>3</sup> lechers do grow sound  
 By giving others their sores, I might grow  
 Guilty, and he free<sup>4</sup> : therefore I did show  
 All signs of loathing ; but, since I am in,  
 I must pay mine and my forefathers' sin  
 To the last farthing. Therefore to my power  
 Toughly and stubbornly I bear this cross ; but the hour  
 Of mercy now was come. He tries to bring  
 Me to pay a fine to scape his torturing,  
 And says, "Sir, can you spare me ?" I said,  
 "Willingly" ;  
 "Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown ?" Thankfully I  
 Gave it as ransom ; but as fiddlers still,  
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will  
 Thrust one more jig upon you, so did he  
 With his long complimental thanks vex me.

<sup>1</sup> and there are, 1635, '39, '49, '54   <sup>2</sup> statues, 1639.   <sup>3</sup> venomous, 1669.

<sup>4</sup> The preceding couplet and the first four words of this verse are represented by dashes in the edition of 1633.

But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,  
 And the prerogative of my crown. Scant  
 His thanks were ended, when I (which did see  
 All the Court filled with more strange things than he)<sup>1</sup>  
 Ran from thence with such or more haste than one  
 Who fears more actions, doth haste from prisón.  
 At home in wholesome solitariness  
 My precious<sup>2</sup> soul began the wretchedness  
 Of suiters at Court to mourn, and a trance  
 Like his who dreamt he saw hell, did advance  
 Itself on<sup>3</sup> me : such men as he saw there,  
 I saw at Court, and worse, and more. Low fear  
 Becomes the guilty, not the accuser ; then  
 Shall I, none's slave,<sup>4</sup> of high-born or raised men  
 Fear frowns, and my mistréss, Truth, betray thee  
 To huffing,<sup>5</sup> braggart, puffed nobility ?  
 (2) No, no ; thou, which since yesterday hast been  
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,  
 O sun, in all thy journey, vanity  
 Such as swells the bladder of our Court ? I  
 Think he which made your waxen garden and  
 Transported it from Italy to stand  
 With us at London, flouts our presence,<sup>6</sup> for  
 Just such gay painted things, which no sap nor  
 Taste have in them, ours are ; and natural  
 Some of the stocks are, their fruits bastard all.  
 'T is ten o'clock and past ; all whom the Mews,  
 Ballonë, Tennis, Diet, or the stews

<sup>1</sup> with such strange things as he, 1669. <sup>2</sup> piteous. <sup>3</sup> o'er.

<sup>4</sup> none slave, 1669. <sup>5</sup> To th' huffing, *ibid.* <sup>6</sup> courtiers.

Had all the morning hold, now the second  
 Time made ready, that day in flocks are<sup>1</sup> found  
 In the presence, and I (God pardon me).  
 As fresh and sweet their apparel be, as be  
 The fields they sold to buy them. "For a king  
 Those hose are," cry the flatterers,<sup>2</sup> and bring  
 Them next week to the theatre to sell.  
 Wants reach all states. Meseems they do as well  
 At stage as Court; all are players; whoe'er looks  
 (For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,  
 Shall find their wardrobe's inventory. Now  
 The ladies come. As pirates which do know  
 That these came weak ships fraught with cutlasses,  
 The men board them; and praise (as they think) well  
 Their beauties; they the men's wits; both are bought.  
 Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought  
 This cause: these men men's wits for speeches buy,  
 And women buy all reds which scarlets dye.  
 He called her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net;  
 She fears her drugs ill laid, her hair loose set.  
 Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine  
 From hat to shoe himself at door refine,  
 As if the presence were a Moschite, and lift  
 His skirts and hose and call his clothes to shrift,  
 Making them confess not only mortal  
 Great stains and holes in them, but venial  
 Feathers and dust wherewith they fornicate,<sup>3</sup>  
 And then by Dürer's rules survey the state

<sup>1</sup> were, 1685, '89, '49, '54. <sup>2</sup> cry his, <sup>3</sup>Id. cries the flatterer, 1669.

<sup>3</sup> fornicate. (J. R. L.)

Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries  
 Of his neck to his leg and waist to thighs.  
 So in immaculate clothes and symmetry  
 Perfect as circles, with such nicety  
 As a young preacher at his first time goes  
 To preach, he enters ; and a lady which owes  
 Him not so much as good-will he arrests,  
 And unto her protests, protests, protests,  
 So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown  
 Ten cardinals into the inquisitiön ;  
And whispered<sup>1</sup> by Jesi so often, that a  
 Pursuivant would have ravished him away,  
 For saying of Our Lady's psalter. But 't is fit  
That they each other plague ; they merit it.  
 But here comes Glorius that will plague them both,  
 Who, in the other éxtreme, only doth  
 Call a rough carelessness good fashiön ;  
 Whose cloak his spurs tear ; whom he spits on  
 He cares not ;<sup>2</sup> his ill words do no harm  
 To him ; he rusheth<sup>3</sup> in, as if *Arm ! arm !*  
 He meant to cry ; and though his face be as ill  
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, yet still<sup>4</sup>  
 He strives to look worse, he keeps all in awe,  
 Jests like a licensed fool, commands like law.  
 Tired now I leave this place, and, but pleased so  
 As men from jails to execution go,  
 Go through the great chamber (why is it hung  
 With the seven deadly sins ?) Being among

<sup>1</sup> whispers. <sup>2</sup> or whom he spits on He cares not, he.

<sup>3</sup> rushes, 1639, '49, '54, '69. <sup>4</sup> whip Christ, still.

Those Ascaparts, men big enough to throw  
 Charing-Cross for a bar, men that do know  
 No token of worth but queen's man and fine  
 Living, barrels of beef, flagons<sup>1</sup> of wine,  
 I shook like a spied spy. Preachers, which are  
 Seas of wits and arts, you can, then dare  
 Drown the sins of this place, for, for me<sup>2</sup>  
 Which am but a scarce<sup>3</sup> brook, it enough shall be  
 To wash the stains away: though<sup>4</sup> I yet  
 (With Maccabee's modesty) the known merit  
 Of my work lessen, yet some wise man<sup>5</sup> shall,  
 I hope, esteem my writs canonical.

## SATIRE V.

THOU shalt<sup>6</sup> not laugh in this leaf, Muse, nor they,  
 Whom any pity warms. He which did lay  
 Rules to make courtiers (he, being understood,  
 May make good courtiers, but who courtiers good?)  
 Frees from the sting of jests all who in extreme  
 Are wretched or wicked: of these two a theme  
 Charity and liberty give me. What is he  
 Who officers' rage and suiters' misery  
 Can write and jest?<sup>7</sup> If all things be in all,  
 As I think (since all which were, are, and shall

<sup>1</sup> beef and flagons, 1669. <sup>2</sup> Seas of [all] wits and arts, you can, then dare  
 Drown the sins of this place, for [as] for me. (? J. R. L.) <sup>3</sup> scant.

<sup>4</sup> although. <sup>5</sup> men, 1649, '54, '69. <sup>6</sup> Thou shall, 1669. <sup>7</sup> in jest, *ibid.*

Be, be made of the same elements),  
Each thing each thing employs<sup>1</sup> or represents.  
Then man is a world in which officers  
Are the vast ravishing seas, and suiters  
Springs, now full, now shallow, now dry, which to  
That which drowns them run : these self reasons do  
Prove the world a man in which officers  
Are the devouring stomach, and suiters  
The excrements which they void. All men are dust ;  
How much worse are suiters, who to men's lust  
Are made preys ! O worse than dust or worm's meat !  
For they do eat you now, whose selves worms  
shall eat.

They are the mills which grind you ; yet you are  
The wind which drives them ; and a wasteful war  
Is fought against you, and you fight it ; they  
Adulterate law, and you prepare their<sup>2</sup> way,  
Like wittols ; th' issue your own ruin is.  
Greatest and fairest Empress, know you this ?  
Alas ! no more than Thames' calm head doth know  
Whose meads her arms drown, or whose corn o'erflow.  
You, Sir, whose righteousness she loves (whom I,  
By having leave to serve, am most richly  
For service paid), authórized now begin  
To know and weed out this enormous sin.  
O age of rusty iron ! Some better wit  
Call it some worse name, if aught equal it.  
The iron age *that was*,<sup>3</sup> when justice was sold ; now  
Injustice is sold dearer far ; allow

<sup>1</sup> implies. <sup>2</sup> the. <sup>3</sup> iron age was, 1669.

All demands, fees<sup>1</sup> and duties ; gamesters, anon  
 The money which you sweat and swear for is gone  
 Into other hands : so controverted lands  
 Scape, like Angelica, the strivers' hands.  
 If law be in the judge's heart, and he  
 Have no heart to resist letter or fee,  
 Where wilt thou appeal ? Power of the courts below  
 Flow from the first main head, and these can throw  
 Thee, if they suck thee in, to misery,  
 To fetters, halters. But if the injury  
 Steel thee to dare complain, alas ! thou goest  
 Against the stream when upwards,<sup>2</sup> when thou art most  
 Heavy and most faint ; and in these labours they,  
 'Gainst whom thou shouldst complain, will in the<sup>3</sup> way  
 Become great seas o'er which, when thou shalt be  
 Forced to make golden bridges, thou shalt see  
 That all thy gold was drowned in them before.  
 All things follow their like ; only who have may have  
 more.

Judges are gods, he who made and said them so,<sup>4</sup>  
 Meant not that men<sup>5</sup> should be forced to them to go  
 By means of angels. When supplicatiōns  
 We send to God, to Domination,  
 Powers, Cherubins, and all heaven's court,<sup>6</sup> if we  
 Should pay fees, as here, daily bread would be  
 ngs ; so 't is. Would it not anger  
 rard, yea, a martyr,  
 now Injustice is sold dearer) did allow All claimed fees,  
 Injustice is sold dearer far, allow All claimed fees, 1669.  
 1669. 3 thy. 4 and he who made them so, 1669.  
 sea, 1669. 6 courts.

To see a pursuivant come in and call  
 All his clothes, copes ; books, primers ; and all  
 His plate, chalices ; and mistake them away,  
 And lack<sup>1</sup> a fee for coming ? Oh, ne'er may  
 Fair Law's white reverend name be strumpeted  
 To warrant thefts : she is establishēd  
 Recorder to Destiny on earth, and she  
 Speaks Fate's words, and tells who must be  
 Rich, who poor, who in chairs, who in jails :  
 She is all fair, but yet hath foul long nails  
 With which she scratcheth suiters ; in bodies  
 Of men, so in law, nails are extremities ;  
 So officers stretch to more than law can do,  
 As our nails reach what no else part comes to.  
 Why barest thou to yon officer ? Fool, hath he  
 Got those goods for which<sup>2</sup> men bared to thee ?  
 Fool, twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrong, and now  
 hungerly

Begg'st right, but that dole comes not till these die.  
 Thou hadst much, and law's Urim and Thummim try  
 Thou would'st for more ; and for all hast paper  
 Enough to clothe all the great Carrick's pepper.  
 Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese  
 Than Haman<sup>3</sup> when<sup>4</sup> he sold his antiquities.  
 O wretch ! that thy fortunes should moralize  
 Aesop's fables, and make tales prophesies.  
 Thou art the swimming dog whom shadows cozenēd,<sup>5</sup>  
 And<sup>6</sup> div'st, near drowning, for what vanishēd.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ask, 1669. <sup>2</sup> which erst. <sup>3</sup> Hammon. <sup>4</sup> if, 1635, 89, '49, '54.

<sup>5</sup> cozeneth, 1669. <sup>6</sup> Which. <sup>7</sup> vanisheth, 1669.

## SATIRE VI.

1635.

MEN write that love and reason disagree,  
But I ne'er saw it expressed as 't is in thee.  
Well, I may lead thee, God must make thee see ;  
But, thine eyes blind too, there 's no hope for thee.  
Thou say'st she 's wise and witty, fair and free ;  
All these are reasons why she should scorn thee.  
Thou dost protest thy love, and would'st it show  
By matching her as she would match her foe ;  
And wouldst persuade her to a worse offence  
Than that, whereof thou didst accuse her wench.  
Reason there 's none for thee ; but thou mayst vex  
Her with example. Say, for fear her sex  
Shun her, she needs must change ; I do not see  
How reason e'er can bring that *must* to thee.  
Thou art a match a justice to rejoice,  
Fit to be his, and not his daughter's choice.  
Dried with his threats, she 'd scarcely stay with thee,  
And would'st thou have this to choose thee, being free ?  
Go, then, and punish some soon-gotten stuff ;  
For her dead husband this hath mourned enough  
In hating thee. Thou mayst one like this meet ;  
For spite take her, prove kind, make thy breath sweet ;  
Let her see she hath cause, and to bring to thee  
Honest children, let her dishonest be.

If she be a widow, I 'll warrant her  
She 'll thee before her first husband prefer,  
And will wish thou hadst had her maidenhead,  
(She 'll love thee so), for then thou hadst been dead.  
But thou such strong love and weak reasons hast,  
Thou must thrive there, or ever live disgraced.  
Yet pause awhile, and thou mayst live to see  
A time to come wherein she may beg thee.  
If thou 'lt not pause nor change, she 'll beg thee now,  
Do what she can, love for nothing she 'll allow.  
Besides, here were too much gain and merchandise,  
And when thou art rewarded, desert dies.  
Now thou hast odds of him she loves, he may doubt  
Her constancy, but none can put thee out.  
Again, be thy love true, she 'll prove divine,  
And in the end the good on 't will be thine :  
For though thou must ne'er think of other love,  
And so wilt advance her as high above  
Virtue, as cause above effect can be,  
'T is virtue to be chaste, which she 'll make thee.



**EPIGRAMS.**



## EPIGRAMS.

### HERO AND LEANDER.

BOTH robbed of air, we both lie in one ground,  
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drowned.

### PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

Two by themselves each other love and fear,  
Slain, cruel friends, by parting, have joined here.

### NIOBE.

By children's births and death I am become  
So dry, that I am now mine own sad tomb.

### A BURNT SHIP.

Out of a fired ship, which, by no way  
But drowning, could be rescued from the flame,  
Some men leaped forth, and ever, as they came  
Near the foe's ships, did by their shot decay;  
So all were lost, which in the ship were found,  
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt ship  
drowned.

## FALL OF A WALL.

Under an undermined and shot-bruised wall  
 A too bold captain perished by the fall,  
 Whose brave misfortune happiest men envied,  
 That had a town<sup>1</sup> for tomb his bones to hide.

## A LAME BEGGAR.

I am unable, yonder beggar cries,  
 To stand or move ; if he say true, he lies.

## A SELF-ACCUSER.

Your Mistress, that you follow whores, still taxeth you ;  
 'T is strange that she should thus confess it,  
 though it be true.

## A LICENTIOUS PERSON.

Thy sins and hairs may no man equal call ;  
 For as thy sins increase, thy hairs do fall.

## ANTIQUARY.

If in his study he hath so much care  
 To hang all old strange things, let his wife beware.

## DISINHERITED.

Thy father all from thee by his last will  
 Gave to the poor ; thou hast good title still.

<sup>1</sup> tower, 1639. '49, '54, '69.

## PHRYNE.

Thy flattering picture, Phryne, is like<sup>1</sup> thee  
Only in this, that you both painted be.

## AN OBSCURE WRITER.

Philo with twelve years study hath been grieved  
To be understood ; when will he be believed ?

## [A DILEMMA.]

Klockius so deeply hath sworn ne'er more to come  
In bawdy-house, that he dares not go home.

## RADERUS.

Why this man gelded Martiäl I muse,<sup>2</sup>  
Except himself alone his tricks would use,  
As Katherine, for the Court's sake, put down stews.

## MERCURIUS GALLO-BELGICUS.

Like Aesop's fellow-slaves, O Mercury,  
Which could do all things, thy faith is ; and I  
Like Aesop's self, which nothing ; I confess,  
I should have had more faith, if thou hadst less ;  
Thy credit lost thy credit. 'T is sin to do,  
In this case, as thou would'st be done unto,  
To believe all. Change thy name ; thou art like  
Mercury in stealing, but liest like a Greek.

<sup>1</sup> like to, 1649, '54, '69. <sup>2</sup> amuse, 1669.

## A WONDER.

Compassion in the world again is bred :  
Ralphius is sick, the broker keeps his bed.

## VOTA AMICO FACTA.

TRANSLATED OUT OF GAZEUS, *fol. 160.*

1650.

God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine,  
Thou who dost, best friend, in best things outshine ;  
May thy soul, ever cheerful, ne'er know cares ;  
Nor thy life, ever lively, know gray hairs ;  
Nor thy hand, ever open, know base holds ;  
Nor thy purse, ever plump, know plaits or folds ;  
Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a false thing ;  
Nor thy word, ever mild, know quarrelling ;  
Nor thy works, ever equal, know disguise ;  
Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies ;  
Nor thy prayers know low objects, still divine ;  
God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine.

**THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.**



# THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

INFINITATI SACRUM,

16 AUGUSTI, 1601.

METEEMPSYCHOSIS.

POEMA SATYRICOON.

---

## EPISTLE.

OTHERS at the porches and entries of their buildings set their arms ; I my picture ; if any colours can deliver a mind so plain and flat and through-light as mine. Naturally at a new author I doubt and stick, and do not say quickly, Good. I censure much and tax ; and this liberty costs me more than others by how much my own things are worse than others'. Yet I would not be so rebellious against myself as not to do it, since I love it ; nor so unjust to others, to do it *sine talione*. As long as I give them as good hold upon me, they must pardon my bitings. I forbid no reprehender but him that, like the Trent Council, forbids not books, but authors, damning whatever such a name hath or shall write. None writes so ill, that he gives not something exemplary to follow, or fly. Now when I begin this book,

I have no purpose to come into any man's debt ; how my stock will hold out, I know not ; perchance waste, perchance increase in use. If I do borrow anything of antiquity, besides that I make account that I pay it to posterity with as much and as good, you shall still find me to acknowledge it, and to thank not him only that hath digged out treasure for me, but that hath lighted me a candle to the place. All which I will bid you remember (for I will have no such readers as I can teach) is, that the Pythagorean doctrine doth not only carry one soul from man to man, nor man to beast, but indifferently to plants also : and therefore you must not grudge to find the same soul in an emperor, in a post-horse, and in a mucheron,<sup>1</sup> since no unreadiness in the soul, but an indisposition in the organs works this. And therefore, though this soul could not move when it was a melon, yet it may remember and now<sup>2</sup> tell me at what lascivious banquet it was served. And though it could not speak when it was a spider, yet it can remember and now tell me who used it for poison to attain dignity. However the bodies have dulled her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her own, which makes me so seriously deliver you by her relation all her passages from her first making, when she was that apple which Eve ate, to this time when she is he<sup>3</sup> whose life you shall find in the end of this book.

<sup>1</sup> maceron. <sup>2</sup> and can now. <sup>3</sup> she.

## THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

### FIRST SONG.

#### I.

I SING the progress of a deathless Soul,  
Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not control,  
Placed in most shapes ; all times, before the law  
Yoked us, and when, and since, in this I sing ;  
And the great world to his aged evëning,  
From infant morn through manly noon I draw ;  
What the gold <sup>1</sup> Chaldee, or silver Persian saw,  
Greek brass, or Roman iron, is in this one ;  
A work t' outwear Seth's pillars, brick and stone,  
And (holy writs <sup>2</sup> excepted) made to yield to none.

#### II.

Thee, eye of Heaven, this great Soul envies not ;  
By thy male force is all we have, begot.  
In the first east thou now begins <sup>3</sup> to shine,  
Suck'st early balm and island spices there,  
And wilt anon in thy loose-reined career  
At Tagus, Po, Seine, Thames, and Danow dine,  
And see at night thy western land of mine ;

<sup>1</sup> cold, 1685, '89, '49, '54. <sup>2</sup> writ. <sup>3</sup> begin'st.

Yet hast thou not more nations seen than she  
That before thee one day began to be,

And, thy frail light being quenched, shall long  
long outlive thee.

## III.

Nor, holy Janus, in whose sovereign boat  
The church and all the monarchies did float,  
That swimming college and free hospital  
Of all mankind, that cage and vivary  
Of fowls and beasts, in whose womb Destiny  
Us and our latest nephews did install,  
(From thence are all derived that fill this All,)  
Didst thou in that great stewardship embark  
So divers shapes into that floating park,

As have been moved and informed by this heavenly  
spark.

## IV.

Great Destiny, the commissary of God,  
That hast marked out a path and period  
For every thing, who, where we off-spring took,  
Our ways and ends seest at one instant, thou  
Knot of all causes, thou, whose changeless brow  
Ne'er smiles nor frowns, oh ! vouchsafe thou to look,  
And show my story in thy eternal book,  
That (if my prayer be fit) I may understand  
So much myself, as to know with what hand,  
How scant, or liberal, this my life's race is spanned.

## V.

To my six lustres, almost now outwore,  
 Except thy book owe me so many more,  
 Except my legend be free from the lets  
 Of steep ambition, sleepy poverty,  
 Spirit-quenching sickness, dull captivity,  
 Distracting business, and from beauty's nets,  
 And all that calls from this and to other's whets,  
 Oh! let me not launch out, but let me save  
 Th' expense of brain and spirit, that my grave  
 His right and due, a whole unwasted man, may have.

## VI.

But if my days be long and good enough,  
 In vain this sea shall enlarge or enrough  
 Itself, for I will through the wave and foam,  
 And shall, in sad love<sup>1</sup> ways a lively sprite,  
 Make my dark heavy poem light and light;  
 For, though through many straits and lands I roam,  
 I launch at paradise, and I sail towards home:  
 The course I there began, shall here be stayed,  
 Sails hoiséd there, struck here, and anchors laid  
 In Thames, which were at Tigris and Euphrates  
 weighed.

## VII.

For the great Soul, which here amongst us now  
 Doth dwell, and moves that hand and tongue and brow,

<sup>1</sup> hold in sad lone.

Which, as the moon the sea, moves us, to hear  
 Whose story with long patience you will long,  
 (For 't is the crown, and last strain of my song,)  
 This Soul, to whom Luther and Mahomet were  
 Prisons of flesh, this Soul, which oft did tear  
 And mend the wracks of th' Empire and late Rome,  
 And lived when ev'ry great change did come,  
 Had first in paradise a low but fatal room.

## VIII.

Yet no low room, nor than the greatest less,  
 If, as devout and sharp men fitly guess,  
 That cross, our joy and grief, (where nails did tie  
 That All, which always was all, everywhere,  
 Which could not sin, and yet all sins did bear,  
 Which could not die, yet could not choose but die,)  
 Stood in the self-same room in Calvary,  
 Where first grew the forbidden learnéd tree ;  
 For on that tree hung in security  
 This Soul, made by the Maker's will from pulling free.

## IX.

Prince of the orchard, fair as dawning morn,  
 Fenced with the law, and ripe as soon as born,  
 That apple grew, which this Soul did enlive,  
 Till the then climbing serpent, that now creeps  
 For that offence for which all mankind weeps,

Took it, and t' her, whom the first man did wive  
(Whom, and her race, only forbiddings drive)  
He gave it, she t' her husband ; both did eat ;  
So perished the eaters and the meat ;  
And we (for treason taints the blood) thence die  
and sweat.

## X.

Man all at once was there by woman slain,  
And one by one we are here slain o'er again  
By them. The mother poisoned the well-head,  
The daughters here corrupt us [rivulets ;]  
No smallness scapes, no greatness breaks their nets ;  
She thrusts<sup>1</sup> us out, and by them we are led  
Astray from turning to whence we are fled.  
Were prisoners judges, 't would seem rigorous ;  
She sinned, we here,<sup>2</sup> part of our pain is thus  
To love them, whose fault to this painful love  
yoked us.

## XI.

So fast in us doth this corruption grow,  
That now we dare ask why we should be so ;  
Would God (disputes the curious rebel) make  
A law, and would not have it kept ? Or can  
His creature's will cross his ? Of every man,  
For one, will God (and be just) vengeance take ?

<sup>1</sup> thrust. <sup>2</sup> bear.

Who sinned ? 't was not forbidden to the snake,  
 Nor her, who was not then made ; nor is 't writ  
 That Adam cropt or knew the apple ; yet  
 The worm and she and he and we endure for it.

## XII.

But snatch me, heavenly spirit, from this vain  
 Reckoning their vanities ;<sup>1</sup> less is their gain  
 Than hazard, still to meditate on ill,  
 Though with good mind ; their reason 's like those toys  
 Of glassy bubbles, which the gamesome boys  
 Stretch to so nice a thinness through a quill,  
 That they themselves break, do<sup>2</sup> themselves spill.  
 Arguing is heretics' game ; and exercise  
 As wrestlers perfects them ; not liberties  
 Of speech, but silence ; hands, not tongues, end  
 heresies.

## XIII.

Just in that instant, when the serpent's gripe  
 Broke the slight veins and tender conduit-pipe  
 Through which this Soul from the tree's root did draw  
 Life and growth to this apple, fled away  
 This loose Soul, old one and another day,  
 As lightning, which one scarce dares<sup>3</sup> say he saw,  
 'T is so soon gone, (and better proof the law  
 Of sense, than faith requires) ; swiftly she flew  
 To a dark and foggy plot ; her, her fates threw  
 There through th' earth's pores,<sup>4</sup> and in a plant  
 housed her anew.

<sup>1</sup> vanity. <sup>2</sup> and do. <sup>3</sup> dare, 1669. <sup>4</sup> earth-pores, 1685, '39, '49, '54.

## XIV.

The plant, thus abled, to itself did force  
 A place, where no place was ; by nature's course  
 As air from water, water fleets away  
 From thicker bodies ; by this root thronged so  
 His spungy confines gave him place to grow :  
 Just as in our streets, when the people stay  
 To see the princess,<sup>1</sup> and so filled the way<sup>2</sup>  
 That weasels scarce could pass, when she comes near  
 They throng, and cleave up, and a passage clear,  
 As if for that time their round bodies flattened were.

## XV.

His right arm he thrust out towards the east,  
 Westward his left ; th' ends did themselves digest  
 Into ten lesser strings ; these fingers were :  
 And as a slumberer stretching on his bed,  
 This way he this, and that way scatterèd  
 His other leg, which feet with toes upbear ;  
 Grew on his middle parts,<sup>3</sup> the first day, hair,  
 To show, that in love's business he should still  
 A dealer be, and be used well or ill :  
 His apples kindle,<sup>4</sup> his leaves force of conception kill.

## XVI.

A mouth, but dumb, he hath ; blind eyes, deaf ears ;  
 And to his shoulders dangle subtile hairs ;  
 A young Colossus there he stands upright ;

<sup>1</sup> prince. <sup>2</sup> and so fill up the way. <sup>3</sup> part. <sup>4</sup> kinde, 1638.  
 13\*

And, as that ground by him were conquerèd,  
A leafy garland wears he on his head  
Enchased with little fruits, so red and bright,  
That for them you would call your love's lips white ;  
So of a lone unhaunted place possest,  
Did this Soul's second inn, built by the guest,  
    This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest.

## XVII.

No lustful woman came this plant to grieve,  
But 't was because there was none yet but Eve ;  
And she (with other purpose) killed it quite ;  
Her sin had now brought in infirmities,  
And so her cradled child the moist red eyes  
Had never shut, nor slept, since it saw light ;  
Poppy she knew, she knew the mandrake's might,  
And tore up both, and so cooled her child's blood ;  
Unvirtuous weeds might long un vexed' have stood,  
    But he 's short-lived, that with his death can do  
        most good.

## XVIII.

To an unfettered soul's quick nimble haste  
Are falling stars, and heart's thoughts, but slow-paced :  
Thinner than burnt air flies this Soul, and she,  
Whom four new coming and four parting suns  
Had found and left the mandrake's tenant, runs  
Thoughtless of change, when her firm destiny

Confined and énjailed her, that seemed so free,  
Into a small blue shell, the which a poor  
Warm bird o'erspread, and sat still evermore,  
Till her unclothed<sup>1</sup> child kicked, and picked itself  
a door.

## XIX.

Out crept a sparrow, this Soul's moving inn,  
On whose raw arms stiff feathers now begin,  
As childrens' teeth through gums, to break with pain ;  
His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones threads ;  
All downy a new<sup>2</sup> mantle overspreads ;  
A mouth he opes which would as much contain  
As his late house, and the first hour speaks plain  
And chirps aloud for meat. Meat fit for men  
His father steals for him, and so feeds then  
One, that within a month, will beat him from his hen.

## XX.

In this world's youth wise nature did make hast ;  
Things ripened sooner and did longer last ;  
Already this hot cock in bush and tree,  
In field and tent, o'erflutters his next hen ;  
He asks her not, who did so taste, nor when,  
Nor if his sister or his niece she be,  
Nor doth she pule for his inconstancy,

<sup>1</sup> inclosed. <sup>2</sup> All a new downy.

If in her sight he change, nor doth refuse  
The next that calls ; both liberty do use ;  
Where store is of both kinds, both kinds may  
freely choose.

## XXI.

Men, till they took laws which made freedom less,  
Their daughters and their sisters did ingress ;  
Till now, unlawful, therefore ill, 't was not ;  
So jolly that it can move this Soul is  
The body, so free of his kindnesses,  
That self-preserving it hath now forgot,  
And slackeneth so the soul's and body's knot,  
Which temperance straitens ; freely on his she-friends  
He blood and spirit, pith and marrow spends,  
Ill steward of himself, himself in three years ends.

## XXII.

Else might he long have lived ; man did not know,  
Of gummy blood which doth in holly grow,  
How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive  
With feigned calls, his nets, or enwrapping snare,  
The free inhabitants of the pliant air.  
Man to beget, and woman to conceive,  
Asked not of roots, nor of cock-sparrows leave :  
Yet chooseth he, though none of these he fears,  
Pleasantly three, than straitened, twenty years  
To live, and, to increase [his race] himself outwears.

## XXIII.

This coal with over-blowing quenched and dead,  
The Soul from her too active organs fled  
T' a brook ; a female fish's sandy roe  
With the male's jelly newly leavened was,  
For they [had] intertouched as they did pass,  
And one of those small bodies, fitted so,  
This Soul informed, and abled<sup>1</sup> it to row  
Itself with finny oars which she did fit ;  
Her scales seemed yet of parchment, and as yet  
Perchance a fish, but by no name, you could call it.

## XXIV.

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim,  
A swan so white that you may unto him  
Compare all whiteness, but himself to none,  
Glided along, and, as he glided, watched,  
And with his archëd neck this poor fish catched :  
It moved with state, as if to look upon  
Low things it scorned, and yet, before that one  
Could think he sought it, he had swallowed clear  
This and much such ; and, unblamed, devoured there  
All, but who too swift, too great, or well armëd were.

## XXV.

Now swum a prison in a prison put,  
And now this Soul in double walls was shut

<sup>1</sup> able, 1669.

Till, melted with the swan's digestive fire,  
She left her house the fish, and vapoured forth;  
Fate, not affording bodies of more worth  
For her as yet, bids her again retire  
To another fish, to any new desire  
Made a new prey, for he, that can to none  
Resistance make, nor complaint, sure is gone ;<sup>1</sup>  
Weakness invites, but silence feasts, oppression.

## XXVI.

Pace with the native stream this fish doth keep,  
And journeys with her towards the glassy deep,  
But oft retarded ; once with a hidden net,  
Though with great windows, (for when need first taught  
These tricks to catch food, then they were not wrought,  
As now, with curious greediness, to let  
None scape, but few, and fit for use, to get,)  
As in this trap a ravenous pike was ta'en,  
Who, though himself distressed, would fain have slain  
This wretch, so hardly are ill habits left again.

## XXVII.

Here by her smallness she two deaths o'erpast ;  
Once innocence scaped, and left the oppressor fast ;  
The net through-swum, she keeps the liquid path,  
And, whether she leap up sometimes to breathe

<sup>1</sup> is sure gone, 1649, '54, '69.

And suck in air, or find it underneath,  
Or working-parts like mills, or limbecks hath,  
To make the water thin and air-like, Faith  
Cares not, but safe the place she 's come unto,  
Where fresh with salt waves meet, and what to do  
She knows not, but between both makes a board or two.

## XXVIII.

So far from hiding her guests water is,  
That she shows them in bigger quantities  
Than they are. Thus doubtful<sup>1</sup> of her way,  
For game, and not for hunger, a sea-pie  
Spied through this traitorous spectacle from high  
The silly fish, where it disputing lay,  
And t' end her doubts and her, bears her away ;  
Exalted she is but to the exalter's good,  
As are by great ones, men which lowly stood,  
It 's raised to be the raiser's instrument and food.

## XXIX.

Is any kind subject to rape like fish ?  
Ill unto man they neither do, nor wish :  
Fishers they kill not, nor with noise awake ;  
They do not hunt, nor strive to make a prey  
Of beasts, nor their young sons to bear away ;  
Fowls they pursue not, nor do undertake  
To spoil the nests industrious birds do make ;

<sup>1</sup> thus her doubtful.

Yet them all these unkind kinds feed upon ;  
To kill them is an occupatiōn,  
And laws make fasts and lents for their destruction.

## xxx.

A sudden stiff land-wind in that self hour  
To seaward forced this bird that did devour  
The fish ; he cares not, for with ease he flies,  
Fat gluttony's best orator ; at last  
So long he hath flown, and hath flown so fast,  
That leagues o'erpassed at sea, now tired he lies,  
And with his prey, that till then languished, dies ;  
The souls, no longer foes, two ways did err.  
The fish I follow, and keep no calender  
Of the other : he lives yet in some great officer.

## xxxi.

Into an embryon fish our Soul is thrown,  
And in due time thrown out again and grown  
To such vastnēss as, if unmanacled  
From Greece Morea were, and that, by some  
Earthquake unrooted, loose Morea swum,  
Or seas from Afric's body had severēd  
And torn the hopeful promontory's head,  
This fish would seem these, and, when all hopes fail,  
A great ship overset, or without sail  
Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like  
this whale.

## XXXII.

At every stroke his brazen fins do take,  
More circles in the broken sea they make  
Than cannons' voices when the air they tear ;  
His ribs are pillars, and his high-arched roof  
Of bark that blunts best steel, is thunder-proof ;  
Swim in him swallowed dolphins without fear,  
And feel no sides, as if his vast womb were  
Some inland sea, and ever, as he went,  
He spouted rivers up as if he meant  
To join our seas with seas above the firmament.

## XXXIII.

He hunts not fish, but, as an officer  
Stays in his court, at his own net, and there  
All suitors of all sorts themselves enthral,  
So on his back lies this whale wantoning,  
And in his gulf-like throat sucks everything  
That passeth near. Fish chaseth fish, and all,  
Flyer and follower, in this whirlpool fall ;  
Oh might not states of more equality  
Consist ? and is it of necessity  
That thousand guiltless smalls, to make one great,  
must die ?

## XXXIV.

Now drinks he up seas, and he eats up flocks,  
He justles islands, and he shakes firm rocks ;

Now in a roomful house this Soul doth float,  
 And, like a prince, she sends her faculties  
 To all her limbs, distant as provinces.  
 The sun hath twenty times both Crab and Goat  
 Parched, since first launched forth this<sup>1</sup> living boat ;  
 'T is greatest now, and to destruction  
 Nearest ; there's no pause at perfectiōn ;  
 Greatness a period hath, but hath no station.

## xxxv.

Two little fishes whom he never harmed,  
 Nor fed on their kind, two, not throughly armed  
 With hope that they could kill him, nor could do  
 Good to themselves by his death (they did not eat  
 His flesh, nor suck those oils which thence outstreak)  
 Conspired against him ; and it might undo  
 The plot of all, that the plotters were two,  
 But that they fishes were and could not speak.  
 How shall a tyran wise strong projects break,  
 If wretches can on them the common anger wreak ?

## xxxvi.

The flail-finned thresher and steel-beaked sword-fish  
 Only attempt to do what all do wish :  
 The thresher backs him, and to beat begins ;  
 The sluggard whale yields to oppressiōn,  
 And, t' hide himself from shame and danger down

<sup>1</sup> his.

Begins to sink ; the sword-fish upward spins  
 And gores him with his beak ; his staff-like fins  
 So well<sup>1</sup> the one, his sword the other plies,  
 That, now a scoff and prey, this tyran dies,  
 And (his own dole) feeds with himself all companies.

## XXXVII.

Who will revenge his death ? or who will call  
 Those to account, that thought and wrought his fall ?  
 The heirs of slain kings we see are often so  
 Transported with the joy of what they get,  
 That they revenge and obsequies forget ;  
 Nor will against such men the people go,  
 Because he 's now dead to whom they should show  
 Love in that act, some kings by vice being grown  
 So needy of subjects' love, that of their own  
 They think they lose, if love be to the dead prince  
 shown.

## XXXVIII.

This Soul, now free from prison and passion,  
 Hath yet a little indignation  
 That so small hammers should so soon down-beat  
 So great a castle, and having for her house  
 Got the strait cloister of a wretched mouse,  
 (As basest men that have not what to eat,  
 Nor enjoy ought, do far more hate the great,  
 Than they who good reposed estates possess)

<sup>1</sup> were, 1688.

This Soul, late taught that great things might by less  
Be slain, to gallant mischief doth herself address.

## XXXIX.

Nature's great master-piece, an elephant,  
The only harmless great thing, the giant  
Of beasts, who thought no more had gone to make  
one wise,<sup>1</sup>  
But to be just and thankful, loath to offend,  
(Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend,  
Himself he up-props, on himself relies,  
And, foe to none, suspects no enemies,)  
Still sleeping stood; vexed not his fantasy  
Black dreams, like an unbent bow carelessly  
His sinewy proboscis did remissly lie.

## XL.

In which, as in a gallery, this mouse  
Walked, and surveyed the rooms of this vast house;  
And to the brain, the soul's bed-chamber, went  
And gnawed the life-cords there; like a whole town  
Clean undermined, the slain beast tumbled down;  
With him the murderer dies, whom envy sent  
To kill, not scape, (for only he that meant  
To die, did ever kill a man of better room;)  
And thus he made his foe his prey and tomb:  
Who cares not to turn back, may any-whither come.

<sup>1</sup> none had, to make him wise.

## XL.I.

Next housed this Soul a wolf's yet unborn whelp,  
 Till the best midwife, Nature, gave it help  
 To issue ; it could kill, as soon as go.  
 Abel, as white and mild as his sheep were,  
 (Who, in that trade, of church and kingdoms there  
 Was the first type,) was still infested so  
 With this wolf, that it bred his loss and woe ;  
 And yet his bitch, his sentinel, attends  
 The flock so near, so well warns and defends,  
 That the wolf, hopeless else, to corrupt her intends.

## XL.II.

He took a course which since successfully  
 Great men have often taken, to espy  
 The counsels, or to break the plots, of foes ;  
 To Abel's tent he stealth in the dark,  
 On whose skirts the bitch slept ; ere she could bark,  
 Attached her with strait gripes, yet he called those  
 Embracements of love ; to love's work he goes,  
 Where deeds move more than words ; nor doth she show,  
 Nor much resist, nor needs he straiten so  
 His prey, for were she loose, she would nor<sup>1</sup> bark nor go.

## XL.III.

He hath engaged her ; his she wholly bides :  
 Who not her own, none other's secrets hides.

<sup>1</sup> not, 1649, '54, '69.

If to the flock he come, and Abel there,  
 She feigns hoarse barkings, but she biteth not ;  
 Her faith is quite, but not her love, forgot.  
 At last a trap, of which some everywhere  
 Abel had placed, ends all his loss and fear  
 By the wolf's death ; and now just time it was  
 That a quick soul should give life to that mass  
 Of blood in Abel's bitch, and thither this did pass.

## XLIV.

Some have their wives, their sisters some begot ;  
 But in the lives of emperors you shall not  
 Read of a lust the which may equal this :  
 This wolf begot himself, and finished  
 What he began alive, when he was dead.  
 Son to himself, and father too, he is  
 A riddling lust for which schoolmen would miss  
 A proper name. The whelp of both these lay  
 In Abel's tent, and with soft Moaba,  
 His sister, being young, it used to sport and play.

## XLV.

He soon for her too harsh and churlish grew,  
 And Abel (the dam dead) would use this new  
 For the field ; being of two kinds made,<sup>1</sup>  
 He, as his dam, from sheep drove wolves away,

<sup>1</sup> thus made.

And, as his sire, he made them his own prey.  
Five years he lived and cozened with his trade,  
Then, hopeless that his faults were hid, betrayed  
Himself by flight and, by all follow'd,  
From dogs a wolf, from wolves a dog, he fled,  
And, like a spy to both sides false, he perish'd.

## XLVI.

It quickened next a toyful ape, and so  
Gamesome it was that it might freely go  
From tent to tent and with the children play ;  
His organs now so like theirs he doth find,  
That why he cannot laugh and speak his mind  
He wonders. Much with all, most he doth stay  
With Adam's fifth daughtér, Siphatecia,  
Doth gaze on her and, where she passeth, pass,  
Gathers her fruits and tumbles on the grass,  
And, wisest of that kind, the first true lover was.

## XLVII.

He was the first that more desired to have  
One than another ; first that e'er did crave  
Love by mute signs and had no power to speak ;  
First that could make love-faces, or could do  
The vaulter's sombersalts, or used to woo  
With hoiting gambols his own bones to break,  
To make his mistress merry, or to wreak

Her anger on himself. Sins against kind  
 They easily do, that can let feed their mind  
 With outward beauty ; beauty they in boys and  
 beasts do find.

## XLVIII.

By this misled, too low things men have proved,  
 And too high ; beasts and angels have been loved :  
 This ape, though else through-vain, in this was wise ;  
 He reached at things too high, but open way  
 There was and he knew not she would say nay.  
 His toys prevail not ; likelier means he tries ;  
 He gazeth on her face with tear-shot eyes,  
 And up-lifts subtly with his russet paw  
 Her kid-skin apron without fear or <sup>1</sup> awe  
 Of nature ; nature hath no gaol, though she  
 hath law.

## XLIX.

First she was silly and knew not what he meant :  
 That virtue, by his touches chafed and spent,  
 Succeeds an itchy warmth that melts her quite ;  
 She knew not first, now <sup>2</sup> cares not what he doth,  
 And willing half and more, more than half wroth,<sup>3</sup>  
 She neither pulls nor pushes, but outright  
 Now cries, and now repents ; when Tethelemite,<sup>4</sup>  
 Her brother, entered, and a great stone threw

<sup>1</sup> of, 1669. <sup>2</sup> nor. <sup>3</sup> tooth, 1683. <sup>4</sup> Thelemite.

After the ape who, thus prevented, flew.  
 This house thus battered down, the Soul pos-  
 sessed a new.

## L.

And whether by this change she lose or win,  
 She comes out next, where the ape would have gone in.  
 Adam and Eve had mingled bloods, and now,  
 Like chymique's equal fires, her temperate womb  
 Had stewed and formed it, and part did become  
 A spongy liver, that did richly allow,  
 Like a free conduit on a high hill's brow,  
 Life-keeping moisture unto every part ;  
 Part hardened itself to a thicker heart,  
 Whose busy furnaces life's spirits do impart.

## LI.

Another part became the well of sense,  
 The tender well-armed feeling brain, from whence  
 Those sinewy strings <sup>1</sup> which do our bodies tie  
 Are ravelled out, and, fast there by one end,  
 Did this Soul limbe, these limbs a soul attend ;  
 And now they joined, keeping some quality  
 Of every past shape ; she knew treachery,  
 Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enow  
 To be a woman : Themēch she is now,  
 Sister and wife to Cain, Cain, that first did plough.

<sup>1</sup> sinew strings, 1669.

## LIL.

Whoe'er thou beest, that read'st this sullen writ  
Which just so much courts thee as thou dost it,  
Let me arrest thy thoughts ; wonder with me  
Why ploughing, building, ruling, and the rest,  
Or most of those arts whence our lives are blest,  
By cursèd Cain's race invented be,  
And blest Seth vexed us with astronomy.  
There 's nothing simply good nor ill alone ;  
Of every quality comparison  
The only measure is, and judge, opiniön.

**NOTES.**



三

\* 11

## NOTES.

THE following notes consist mainly of what Donne well calls "those unconcerning things, matters of fact." I have made little attempt to throw light on the obscurities of Donne's verse, or to direct attention to its beauties. The attentive reader who is also a lover of poetry does not require a commentator to explain what his own wit may solve, or to point out what he may already have observed. The notes for the most part serve only to elucidate remote allusions, and to give brief accounts of the occasions on which some of the poems were written, as well as of the personages to whom some of them were addressed. By showing the relation of his poems to the course of his life, their value becomes apparent as material for the biography of Donne's perplexed and intricate soul.

---

### Page 5.

#### *Song.*

This song is sometimes ascribed to Francis Beaumont and printed in his works.

### Page 7.

#### *The Undertaking.*

"It were but madness now t' impart  
The skill of specular stone," etc.

That is, it were mere folly to instruct in an art of which the material is no longer to be found.

Under the term "specular stone" various sorts of translucent stone, such as alabaster and mica, seem to have been included. The *lapis specularis* was used in the time of Augustus for the filling of windows, and Harrison, in his excellent description of England, printed in

*Holinshed's Chronicles*, 1577, says, "I find obscure mention of the specular stone also to have been found and applied to this use [i. e., to use like glass for windows] in England, but in such doubtful sort as I dare not affirm it for certain." Book ii, ch. 10.

## Page 9.

*The Sun-rising.*

"Whether both the Indias of spice and mine."

"The use of the word *mine* specifically for mines of gold, silver, or precious stones, is, I believe, peculiar to Donne," says Coleridge in his *Lectures*, citing also the following verse:

"And see at night thy western land of *mine*."

*Progress of the Soul*, st. ii.

## Page 11.

*Love's Usury.*

"Or city's *quelque-choses*."

So, in *The Malcontent*, in which Marston and Webster each had a hand, and which was published in 1604, one of the characters says, "While she lisps and gives him some court *quelquechose*." But the French word had already suffered a strange transformation into English. "I delight," says Sir Andrew (*Twelfth Night*, i, 3, 121), "in masques and revels." And Sir Toby replies, "Art thou good at these *kickshawses*, knight?"

In a letter to Sir Henry Goodere, Donne writes: "These, Sir, are the salads and onions of Micham, sent to you with as wholesome affection as your other friends send Melons and *Quelque-choses* from Court and London." *Letters . . . by John Donne, sometime Deane of St. Pauls, London. Published by John Donne Dr. of the Civill Law.* London, 1651, p. 64.

## Page 13.

*Canonization.*

"Add one more to the plaguy bill" —

That is, to the list of deaths from the plague in the weekly Bill of Mortality. The issue of these bills was begun in 1592, a year of great pestilence. "This end of the town grows very bad of the plague. The Mortality Bill is come to 267." Pepys's *Diary*, June 29, 1665.

## Page 24.

*A Valediction, etc.*

“The diamonds of either rock.”

This phrase may mean the diamonds brought from the rock either of the Eastern Indies or of Brazil.

## Page 29.

*Valediction to his Book.*

— “Her who from Pindar could allure” —

Corinna, who, according to *Attian, Variae Historiae*, xiii, 25, contending with Pindar at Thebes, five times won the victory. Pausanias (ix, 22) says, “Corinna, the only poet of Tanagra, has a monument in the town in a conspicuous place; and a painting of her is in the gymnasium, her head bound with a fillet because of her victory over Pindar at Thebes; and I think she conquered him because of her dialect, for she did not sing in Doric like Pindar, but in a dialect which the Molians would easily understand, and also because she was one of the most beautiful women of her time, if we may judge from her likeness.” Her beauty justifies Donne’s “allure.”

## Page 29.

— “And her through whose help Lucan is not lame.”

This allusion seems to be to the wife of Lucan, Argentaria Polla, whose charms are celebrated by Statius in his *Genethliacon Lucani, Sylvarum*, ii, 7, where Calliope, addressing Lucan, says,

“Nec solum dabo carminis nitorem,  
Sed taedis genialibus dicabo  
Doctam, atque ingenio tuo decoram :  
Qualem blanda Venus, daretque Juno,  
Forma, simplicitate, comitate,  
Censu, sanguine, gratia, decore.”

## Page 29.

“And her whose book (they say) Homer did find and name.”

This verse affords a difficult riddle of which only a questionable solution can be offered. It is possible that Donne, with his “hydro-

immoderate desire of humane learning," had read the *Myriobiblon* or *Bibliotheca* of Photius, of which the first edition was published at Augsburg in 1601. In the abstract which Photius gives of the lost work of Ptolemy Hephaestion of Alexandria, *περὶ τῆς καυνῆς ἴστοριας* (cod. 190), the statement is found that Musaeus had a daughter,—Helena,—who wrote on the war of Troy, and that from her work Homer was said to have taken the subject of his poem. But it is also stated that Phantasia of Memphis, the daughter of Nicarchus, composed a work on the Trojan war and on the story of Ulysses, and that Homer, on his visit to Egypt, having received this work at Memphis from a sacred scribe named Phanis, based his own poems upon it. In the choice offered between Helena and Phantasia, we may perhaps be justified in preferring Phantasia, because of her name.

#### Page 42.

*A Nocturnal upon S. Lucy's Day, being the shortest Day.* —————

St. Lucy's day was the 13th December, old style.

#### *The Bait.*

#### Page 45.

A variation on "that smooth song," as Walton calls it, " which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago." *The Complete Angler*, part i, ch. 4.

#### Page 49.

*A Valediction forbidding Mourning.*

Walton cites these verses in his *Life of Donne*, and says, "I beg leave to tell that I have heard some critics, learned both in languages and poetry, say that none of the Greek or Latin poets did ever equal them." "This poem," said Mr. Lowell in his unpublished Lecture on Poetic Diction, "is a truly sacred one, and fuller of the soul of poetry than a whole Alexandrian Library of common love-verses."

The depth and intensity of Donne's feeling for his wife are manifest in all of those poems which may be safely taken as addressed to her,—such, for example, as *The Anniversary*, *The Fever*, and *The*

*Token.* It would be well could we believe that others of his love poems were less the utterance of his personal sentiment than exercises of his dramaturgic fancy employing itself on experiences and emotions not his own.

Page 56.

*Love's Diet.*

“Thus I redeemed my buzzard love.”

“It is common to a proverb, to call one who cannot be taught, or who continues obstinately ignorant, a *buzzard*.” Goldsmith.

Pages 63, 64.

*The Relic.*

“Our hands ne'er touched the seals  
Which nature, injured by late law, sets free.”

The idea that law established bounds for the liberty in love which nature allowed is more than once repeated by Donne. Cf. *Confined Love*, page 35, *Elegy*, page 123, and *The Progress of the Soul*, stanza xxi, page 200.

*A Jet Ring Sent.*

Page 66.

It is perhaps needless to point out that “thou” in the first and third stanzas of this charming little poem refers to the ring; in the second stanza, to her to whom the ring was sent.

*Song.*

Page 71.

There is some evidence that these verses were written not by Donne, but by Lord Pembroke. See *Poems by Wotton, Raleigh and others*. Edited by the Rev. John Hannah, 1845, intr., p. lxii.

*Elegy I. Jealousy.*

Page 79.

“If swoln with poison he lay in his last bed,  
His body with a sere-bark coverëd.”

The “sere-bark” corresponds to what the Ghost in *Hamlet* tells of the effect of the poison administered to him:

"And a most instant tetter bark'd about,  
Most lazarus-like, with vile and loathsome crust,  
All my smooth body."

The "sere-cloth" of the edition of 1669 seems a change of reading due to lack of intelligence.

Page 80.

*Elegy II. The Anagram.*

"Marry, and love thy Flavia."

In Drummond of Hawthornden's *Character of Several Authors*, reprinted in the appendix to the Shakespeare Society's edition of *Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations*, after speaking of Donne as "second to none among the Anacreontick lyrics," and saying also, "I think, if he would, he might easily be the best epigrammatist we have found in English," Drummond adds, "Compare Song *Marry and love* with Tasso's stanzas against Beauty; one shall hardly know who hath the best," p. 50. Mr. Laing, the editor of the Shakespeare Society's volume, does not cite the stanzas of Tasso referred to. They are to be found in the *Opere di Tasso*, Pisa, 1822, vol. iv, p. 151, and are entitled *Sopra la bellezza*. They begin, "Questa, che tanto il cieco volgo apprezza." The resemblance between the *Stanze* and the *Elegy* is in some points so close that Drummond's observation of it is not surprising. The last stanza but one runs as follows:

"Sia brutta la mia donna, ed abbia il naso  
Grande, che le facci ombra sino al mento;  
Sia la sua bocca si capace vaso,  
Che stan vi possa ogni gran cosa drento;  
Sian rari i denti, gli occhi posti a caso,  
D'ebano i denti, e gli occhi sian d'argento,  
E ciò ch'appare, e ciò che si nasconde,  
A questi degne parti corrisponda."

The palm for wit may safely be given to Donne in this disgusting competition, in which he who "hath the best" has also the worst.

## Page 82.

"When Belgia's cities the round countries drown."

Donne refers to the familiar fact that in the wars with Spain the dykes in Holland protecting the cities were sometimes cut by the citizens in order to flood the camp of the beleaguered enemy.

Strada in his *History of the Low-Country Wars*, book viii, gives a striking account of the breaking down of the banks around Leyden, in 1575, by which the country was flooded for many miles, and the Spaniards were forced to raise the siege.

## Page 84.

*Elegy IV. The Perfume.*

"All thy supposed escapes are laid on me."

"Escapes" is here used in its obsolete significance of "escapades," or "transgressions," as in *Othello* i, 3, 197: "For thy escape would teach me tyranny."

## Page 91.

*Elegy VII.*

"Inlaid thee."

This use of "inlay" with the meaning of "sequester" is hardly to be found elsewhere.

## Page 91.

*Elegy VIII. The Comparison.*

"Or like the scum, which, by need's lawless law  
Enforced, Sanserra's starv'd men did draw  
From parboiled shoes and boots."

The siege of Sancerre in Aquitaine, in 1573, was one of the most tragic episodes of the wars of religion in France. It lasted for many months, and the people were reduced to the worst extremities of famine. More than five hundred died of starvation. "On se disputa," says Henri Martin, in his *Histoire de France*, ix, 364, "les débris les plus immondes de toute substance animale ou végétale ; on créa, pour ainsi dire, des aliments monstrueux, impossibles."

## Page 92.

“Her head” in the third verse on this page means “my mistress’s head,” while “thy head,” four verses lower, stands for “thy mistress’s head”; so five lines lower, “her fair breast” means “my mistress’s fair breast.” In the rest of the poem “her” and “thy” have the like reference, except in the seventh verse from the foot of page 92, where “her” should read “thy,” and in the fifth verse on page 93, where “thy” refers to the person addressed, and in the last verse but one, where “her” refers to that person’s mistress.

The verses are so foul that this puzzling confusion in the pronouns might perhaps better be left without note.

## Page 93.

*Elegy IX. The Autumnal.*

Walton, in his *Life of George Herbert*, says that this Elegy was written on Lady Danvers, the mother of Herbert, after an acquaintance had begun between them at Oxford, where she was living in charge of her son Edward, then at the university.

“This amity betwixt her and Mr. Donne was begun in a happy time for him, he being then near to the fortieth year of his age . . . a time when his necessities needed a daily supply for the support of his wife, seven children, and a family, and in this time she proved one of his most bountiful benefactors, and he as grateful an acknowledger of it.”

Walton gives a letter from Donne to her, dated July 11, 1607, sending to her some “holy hymns and sonnets,” together with the following sonnet addressed to her :

*To the Lady Magdalen Herbert,<sup>1</sup>  
Of St. Mary Magdalen.*

Her of your name, whose fair inheritance  
Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo,  
An active faith so highly did advance,  
That she once knew more than the church did know,—  
The Resurrection. So much good there is  
Delivered of her, that some Fathers be

<sup>1</sup> Lady Danvers by her second marriage.

Loth to believe one woman could do this,  
 But think these Magdalens were two or three.  
 Increase their number, Lady, and their fame ;  
 To their devotion add your innocence ;  
 Take so much of the example as of the name,—  
 The latter half ; and in some recompense  
 That they did harbour Christ himself a guest,  
 Harbour these hymns to His dear name addressed.

“These hymns,” adds Walton, in an exquisite sentence, “are now lost to us, but doubtless they were such as they two now sing in heaven.” He ends his account of their friendship with the words: “About that very day twenty years that this letter was dated and sent her, I saw and heard this Mr. John Donne (who was then Dean of St. Paul’s) weep and preach her funeral sermon in the parish church of Chelsea, near London, where she now rests in her quiet grave, and where we must now leave her.” This funeral sermon, one of the best of Donne’s discourses, was printed at the time of its delivery, and reprinted in 1840 by Pickering, in a volume with Donne’s *Devotions* and other pieces.

This elegy appears in strange company with the poem which immediately precedes, and some of those which closely follow it. The robes of Donne’s sacred muse get sadly smirched by contact with his verses of the stewa.

#### Page 94.

“Xerxes’ strange Lydian love, the platane tree.”

Herodotus (vii, 81) tells the tale of Xerxes finding on his way through Lydia a plane-tree so beautiful that he adorned it with decorations of gold, and left it in charge of one of his Immortals. *Aelian*, *Variae Historiae*, ii, 14, narrates the story with more detail; and it was his account which Donne probably had in mind, for *Aelian* says that the guardian was given to the tree ὥσπερ ἐρωμένη φύλακα Longfellow, in his *Evangeline*, describing the splendor of the autumnal woods, makes a felicitous allusion to the story:

“Each glittering tree of the forest  
 Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and  
 jewels.”

## Page 97.

*Elegy XI. Upon the Loss of his Mistress's Chain.*

Drummond of Hawthornden, in his report of Ben Jonson's conversations, p. 8, says, "He esteemeth John Donne the first poet in the world in some things: his verses of the *Lost Chain* he hath by heart; and that passage of the *Calme* [see vol. ii. p. 6], that dust & feathers do not stir, all was so quiet. Affirmeth Donne to have written all his best pieces ere he was 25 years old."

## Page 98.

## "Spanish stamps" —

Coins bearing the stamp of Spain.

## Page 98.

## "Unfiled pistolets."

These silver coins were often rudely struck and left unrounded and without milling. "Le pistolet étant une petite arme, le demi-écu d'or fut dit, par plaisanterie, *pistolet* comme étant diminutif de l'écu [ou pistole]." Littré, *Dict.*, s. v.

## Page 98.

## "And mangled seventeen-headed Belgia."

"The whole region of Belgica [the Low Countries] is divided into seventeen provinces." Strada, *History of the Low-Country Wars*. Englished by Stapylton. Book i. London, 1679.

## Page 99.

"Will vanish if thou, Love, let them alone,  
For thou wilt love me less when they are gone;  
And be content," etc.

I think these verses should be punctuated as here, and not as in the text, and that "let them alone" is an error for "let them atone," — that is, "if thou sentence them to make atonement for my sin," thus carrying out the suggestion of the verses at foot of page 97.

"And be content"—the sequence of thought would be clearer had Donne written "Then be content."

## Page 101.

*Elegy XII.*

The "her" of verse 6 does not refer to "Death," but to the woman who is the subject of the elegy.

To this elegy, as here printed, Dr. Grosart, in his edition of Donne's Poems, 1872, has added twenty verses derived from a manuscript in the British Museum. They are obscure, and tainted with coarseness; they may well have been rejected by Donne himself.

## Page 108.

*Elegy XIV. Julia.*

... "and (which is worse than vile)  
Sticks jealousy in wedlock ; her own child  
Scapes not."

Donne unquestionably wrote "which is worse than vild," though all the editions have "vile." Vild, though falling into disuse, had not become obsolete in his day, and is required here for the rhyme.

## Page 108.

"Lived Mantuan now again,  
(That female mastix)."

The "Mantuan" is Baptista Mantuanus, a Carmelite, whose poems, written mainly in the early part of the sixteenth century, were long popular. Johnson, in his *Life of Ambrose Philips*, in his *Lives of the Poets*, says, "Mantuan was read, at least in some of the inferior schools of this kingdom, to the beginning of the present century." The fourth eclogue of Mantuan is *De natura mulierum*, and its tone may be learned from a single verse :

"Femineum servile genus, crudele, superbum."

"That female mastix"—that scourge (*μάστιξ*) of woman.

## Page 109.

*Elegy XV. A Tale of a Citizen and his Wife.*

"I touch no fat sow's grease"—

No man need fear my invading his rights, though the old proverb says, "Little knows the fat sow what the lean one means."

## Page 109.

"I fear not *ore tenus*, for my tale  
 Nor count nor counsellor will look red or pale."

Possibly the last of these verses should read "Nor *court* nor counsellor," etc.

*Ore tenus* was a term more familiar of old than at present. It properly signified a form of oral pleading, but was used also for mere oral testimony. Thus, in Webster's *The Devil's Law Case*, the deposition of a waiting-woman being required, and the question being asked, "Where is she?" the reply is, "Here, my lord, *ore tenus*." Under the old system of pleading *ore tenus*, an alleged libel would have to be read aloud at the opening of a suit for damages for its publication. Donne may then mean here, "I fear not a suit for libel."

## Page 109.

"A pretty peat."

"Peat," an obsolete form of pet. So in the *Taming of the Shrew*, i, 1, 78, Katharina sneers at Bianca :

"A pretty peat! it is best  
 Put finger in the eye, an she knew why."

## Page 109.

"I asked the number of the plaguing bill."

See *ante*, note on page 13.

## Page 109.

"Asked if the custom-farmers held out still."

The disputes between the Crown and the farmers of the customs ran high during many years of the reign of James. In 1612 Bacon made a report, which was signed by the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere and the Lord Privy Seal Northampton, to the effect that, owing to the fraud of the farmers, the King might call in their lease. See Spedding's *Life of Bacon*, iv, 337.

## Page 110.

“Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward  
The traffic of the island seas had marred.”

“Plot” is used here not in the sense of “conspiracy,” but in that of “plan,” or “scheme,” as Bassanio (*Merchant of Venice*, i, 1, 183) speaks of  
“all my plots and purposes  
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.”

In 1609 a new charter was granted to the London Company for the settlement of Virginia, and “means were taken to make the speculation popular.” “Besides many noblemen, knights, gentlemen, merchants, and wealthy tradesmen, most of the incorporated trades of London were induced to take shares in the stock.” Hildreth, *History of the United States*, i, 108.

Ward was a noted pirate in those days. In the last chapter of Captain John Smith’s *True Travels, Adventures and Observations*, London, 1629, treating of “the bad life qualities and conditions of Pyrats, and how they taught the Turks and Moors to become men of war,” the gallant captain speaks of Ward as “a poor English sailor” who first made his mart in Barbary when the Moors knew scarce how to sail a ship. “Ward lived like a Bashaw in Barbary,” and was among “the first that taught the Moors to be men of war,”—that is, pirates.

William Lithgow, the adventurous Scotchman whose account of his *Nineteen Years’ Travels* was published in 1632, reports that “here in Tunneis I met with our English Captayne, general Waird, once a great Pyrat and Commaunder at Seas, who, in despight of his denied acceptance in England, had turned Turke, and built there a faire Palace, beautified with rich Marble and Alabaster stones: with whom I found domesticke some fifteen circumcised Eughish runagates, whose Lives and Countenances were both alike, even as desperate as disdainful. Yet old Waird their Maister was placable, and ioyned me safely with a passing Land conduct to Algiers, yea, and diverse times in my ten dayes staying there I dyned and supped with him,” p. 358. See also, for another mention of Ward, p. 380.

Ward’s deeds as a sea-rover touched the imagination as well as roused the fears of contemporary Englishmen. There is a popular

ballad, of considerable interest, entitled, "The Famous Sea-Fight between Captain Ward and the Rainbow." It is printed in part ix of Professor Child's invaluable collection of English and Scotch Popular Ballads. Professor Child dates Ward's piratical career as running from 1604 to 1609.

## Page 110.

## "The Britain Bourse."

This was the name of the so-called New Exchange, on the south side of the Strand, opened with great ceremony in 1609, in presence of King James and the Queen, "when it pleased his most excellent Majesty, because the work wanted a name, to entitle it 'Britain's Bourse.'" "It was long," says Peter Cunningham in his *Handbook of London*, "before it attained any great degree of favor or trade." It was taken down in 1737.

## Page 110.

## "Of new-built Aldgate."

Aldgate, one of the four principal gates in the City Wall, "began to be taken down," says Stow in his *Survey of London*, "in 1606, and was very worthily and famously finished in 1609." Ben Jonson refers to this rebuilding in *The Silent Woman*, i, 1.

## Page 110.

## "The Moorfield crosses."

"Morefield to the year 1606 was but a noisome place. . . . But now it is converted into very pleasant walks, gravelled, planted on all sides, and divided into quarters, and rail'd in to keep the grass from being trodden down."—Stow. "Crosses" in Donne's verse may mean "cross paths."

## Page 110.

. . . "he gave no praise  
To any but my Lord of Essex' days."

Essex was beheaded in 1601; he was a popular favorite, and his memory long remained dear to the citizens of London.

This clever but licentious poem must have been written as late as 1609 or 1610, when Donne was near forty years old, and was already thinking of taking orders in the church. "Our nature is meteoric," he says in one of his letters; "we partake both of earth and heaven."

It was in 1610, during a fit of illness, that he wrote his *Litanies*, a poem full of religious fervor and force of imagination. (See *Letters*, p. 32.) In the same letter in which he tells of the writing of the *Litanies* he refers to a poem in lighter vein, the name of which is lost through a mutilation in the letter, and says, "Even at this time, when (I humbly thank God) I ask and have his comfort of sadder meditations, I do not condemn in myself that I have given my wit such evaporationes as those, if they be free from profaneness, or obscene provocations." Donne's nature was indeed meteoric, not only in its composition, but in its subjection to the good or bad weather of his conditions.

Page 112.

*Elegy XVI. The Expostulation.*

In Ben Jonson's *Underwoods*, first printed in 1641, three years after his death, this *Elegy* appears as if it belonged to him. But the *Underwoods* were a collection of poems found among Jonson's papers, and "marks of carelessness and ignorance" on the part of the editor "are visible," says Gifford, "on every page." There is no reason for questioning Donne's authorship; the style is his, and not Jonson's. With Jonson's admiration of Donne's poetry, it would not be surprising had he made a copy of the *Elegy* which was found among his papers. As printed in the *Underwoods* the text affords some various readings of no great importance.

Page 116.

*Elegy XVII.*

"Of springs, snares, fettters, and manacles.

Dr. Grosart, in his edition of Donne's Poems, 1872, gives this verse better,— by reading from a manuscript,— "Of *springes*, snares, fettters and manacles," and below, instead of the "sweet meridian," reads, no doubt correctly, "the first meridian."

## Page 116.

"Upon the islands fortunate we fall,  
Not faint Canaries, but ambrosial."

The Canaries were supposed to be the "Fortunate Islands" of the ancients.

## Page 116.

"The remora, her cleaving tongue."

The remora was fabled to stop the course of vessels by attaching itself — "cleaving" — to them.

Spenser, in the finest stanza of his *Visions of the World's Vanities* (a poem which Donne had read), describing a goodly ship "through the main sea making her merry flight," says :

"All suddenly there clove unto her keel  
A little fish that men call remora  
Which stopt her course and held her by the heel,  
That wind nor tide could move her thence away."

In the excellent *Observations made in Travelling through France, Italy, etc.*, in the years 1720, 1721, and 1722, by Edward Wright, Esq. (which were published in 1730), in his notes on Leyden, Mr. Wright says : "In the Anatomy School they shew what they call a *Remora*, and other natural curiosities of which they give a printed Catalogue. The *Remora*, if this be one, is a small round fish, with a Tail and Head somewhat like a Bird, the skin prettily mark'd in Hexagons. It is said to stop ships in their course,—from whence it has its name," p. 512.

## Page 125.

*Upon Mr. Thomas Coryat's Crudities.*

These verses were first printed among the multitude of satirically panegyric verses prefixed to Coryat's so-called *Crudities*. The abridged title of the book is *Crudities hastily gobbled up in five moneths travells in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia. . . . Newly digested in the hungry aire of Odcombe, in the County of Somerset, and now dispersed to the nourishment of the travelling members of this Kingdom.* Coryat was one of the odd products of an age productive of strongly marked



individualities. After being at Oxford for two or three years, he went to London to seek his fortune. The court was the resort of gentlemen of nimble wits and indefinite aims, and Coryat succeeded in finding admission to the household of the young Prince Henry. Here he seems to have played something like the part of court jester, and to have become the butt of the courtiers. He was not without sense, but he exposed himself to ridicule by his vanity and eccentricities. In 1608 he undertook his noted journey on foot for five months through France and Italy, and in 1611 he published the narrative of his travels, his *Crudities*, after it had been for a time circulated in manuscript among his acquaintances. The book was a remarkable one, for Coryat possessed eyes, lively intelligence and a cultivated curiosity, and gave a better account of things worth seeing in the lands which he had visited than any previously printed in English. His style is animated and clear, and though not free from affectations, it has now and then a rich swell and felicity of expression. But Coryat found himself still the laughing-stock of the hangers-on of the court, his book was turned to ridicule by the versifiers, and when Prince Henry accepted the dedication of it he gave "strict and express command" that these "free and merry jests," as Coryat good-humoredly calls them, should be printed in the place of the commendatory verses which it was then the fashion to prefix to all sorts of books. Coryat fairly enough bids the courteous reader "to suspend thy censure of me till thou hast read over my whole book." Drayton, as well as Donne, was among the contributors to the folly, scurrility, and wit in the mass of good, bad, and indifferent verse. The book is one of the curiosities of literature.

In 1612 Coryat set out on a journey through the East. It was an extraordinary performance. From Constantinople he went to Jerusalem, thence to Armenia and through Mesopotamia to Persia, and thence to India. He died at Surat in 1617.

#### Page 126.

"Munster did towns, and Gesner authors show."

Coryat in his "Epistle dedicatory," admits his obligations to Munster, being "sometimes beholding to him for some special matter."

Munster's *Cosmographia Universalis*, first published in 1541, and often republished in the course of the century, was a useful book, containing a great mass of information about the then known world. Its maps and woodcuts are still of interest.

It was Gesner's *Bibliotheca Universalis* (1545-49) which "showed authors" as Munster's *Cosmographia Universalis* "showed towns." "Conradus Gesner inter universales et perpetuos Catalogorum scriptores principatum obtinet," says Morhof in his *Polyhistor*—"the book," declared Dr. Johnson, "upon which all my fame was originally founded."

Page 126.

"Mount now to Gallo-Belgicus ; appear  
As deep a statesman as a garreteer."

Cf. *Satire IV*, page 169: "To say Gallo-Belgicus without book." Cf. also page 185.

There are frequent references in the literature of the first quarter of the seventeenth century to the *Gallo-Belgicus*, "who," says George Chalmers in his *Life of Rudiman*, London, 1794, page 104, "seems to have been the first contemporary author who, in modern times, detailed events as they arose." The first volume, an 8vo of 650 pages, was printed at Cologne in 1598. Its title was *Mercurii Gallo-Belgici; sive rerum in Gallia et Belgia potissimum, Hispania quoque, Italia, Anglia, Germania, Polonia, vicinisque locis ab anno 1588 ad Martium anni 1594 gestarum, Nuncii*. It seems to have had success at once, and early in the seventeenth century it was published half-yearly, and was "usefully ornamented with maps." It served a good purpose in the days before newspapers. It was still published in 1636, "but how long it continued," says Chalmers, "I know not." Its information, gathered often from hearsay, was often incorrect, and its style far from an elegant Latinity.

"And, if at any time you chance to meet  
Some Gallo-Belgic phrase . . .  
Let it pass,"

Says Virgil in Jonson's *Poetaster*, v, 1.

In 1616, in his notes on Bacon's *Heads of the Charge*, to be delivered in the trial of Somerset, King James wrote in regard to one of the heads, "No better than a gazette or passage of Gallo-Belgicus." Spedding, *Letters and Life of Bacon*, v, 289.

The *Gallo-Belgicus* was the parent of a vast number of other *Mercuries* published in England, France, and elsewhere for a hundred years or more.

The *Gazetta* was a Venetian invention of the same sort, a compilation of current news, and is said to have been first issued in 1586. It was not printed, but circulated in manuscript copies.

#### Page 127.

. . . "for a lord,  
Which casts at Portescue's."

I am unable to explain who or what was "Portescue."

In 1858 the late Sir John Simeon printed for the Philobiblon Society a little volume containing six elegies ascribed to Donne, but never before printed. To these Dr. Grosart, in his edition of Donne's Poems, added two, derived from a manuscript, to the seclusion of which it had been better to leave them. The elegies printed by Sir John Simeon are obviously early compositions of the poet, if, indeed, they all be authentically his,—of which I have some doubt,—and they contain little which a devout lover of Donne would regret to miss.

#### Page 131.

##### *An Epithalamion on the Lady Elizabeth and Count Palatine.*

The marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to Frederick, the young Count Palatine of the Rhine, was celebrated on the 14th of February, 1613, with unusual pomp and ceremony. The Princess was, after her brother, the next heir to the Crown. She was but sixteen years old. There were great festivals of all sorts, and lavish expenditure. Among other entertainments was a masque by Beaumont, performed

"with great applause and approbation." The splendors of the occasion were in striking contrast to the calamities and poverty which not long after overtook the young pair, as the result of the folly of the Elector Palatine in accepting the crown of Bohemia. The memory of Elizabeth will be preserved not only by this poem of Donne's, but still more freshly by Sir Henry Wotton's exquisite verses, written about 1620, *On his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia*, beginning,

"Ye meanner beauties of the night."

In 1613 Donne was forty years old.

### Page 136.

#### *Eclogue.*

One would gladly spare from Donne's works this *Eclogue* and the *Epithalamion* which it prefaces, in celebration of the notorious marriage, in 1613, of the Earl of Somerset with the divorced Lady Essex. The adulation of the King and of his favorite is pushed to extravagance of servility. Donne was for years in the miserable position of a suppliant for the favors of those in power. He had learned "what hell it is in suing long to bide." One of his letters, addressed to Somerset (while Viscount Rochester) the year before Somerset's marriage, affords further illustration of the depth of flattery to which he could descend. He says, "After I was grown to be your Lordship's by all the titles that I could think upon, it hath pleased your Lordship to make another title by buying me. You may have made many better bargains in your purchases, but never a better title than to me, nor anything which you may call yours more absolutely and entirely. . . . My thankfulness cannot reach to the benefits already received, and the favour of receiving my letters is a new benefit. . . . I should never wish any other station than such as might make me still, and only, Your Lordship's most humble and devoted servant." *Letters*, p. 290. This tone of servility was indeed, to use Bacon's distinction in his own case, a *vitium temporis* even more than a *vitium hominis*, yet it is painful to find a man of Donne's superiority thus degraded by it.

But Donne descended to a still lower depth of baseness, in offering

his services to help in establishing the nullity of Lady Essex's marriage.<sup>1</sup> See *Letters*, pp. 168 and 180.

In regard to the *Epithalamion* Donne says: "I deprehend in myself more than an alacrity, a vehemence to do service to that company." (*Letters*, p. 180.) Considering what that company was, these words are deplorable.

There is a significant postscript to a letter of Donne's to Sir R. D. (probably Sir Robert Drury), which hints at the hope with which this *Epithalamion* was written: "I cannot tell you so much as you tell me of anything from my Lord of Som. since the *Epithalamion*, for I heard nothing." *Letters*, p. 153.

#### Page 142.

##### *Stanza IV.*

"Thou which . . .  
Are meant for Phœbus, would st be Phaëton."

That is, "wouldst scorch those who looked on thee."

#### Page 143.

##### *Stanza VI.*

'The Church Triumphant made this match before,  
And now the Militant doth strive no more.'

The second of these verses refers to the proceedings in the special court of delegates appointed by the King to determine on the divorce between the Earl and Countess of Essex. Abbot, archbishop of Canterbury, and King, bishop of London, gave judgment against the divorce, but their votes were overruled by those of other bishops in favor of it. See *State Trials*, ii, 785-862.

At the marriage ceremony the divorced countess had the effrontery to appear with her hair hanging in curls to her waist, the special

<sup>1</sup> In the *Eighth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts*, 1881, App., part iii, in the list of the Earl of Ashburnham's manuscripts, is the following entry: "Dr. Donne's compendium of the whole course of proceeding in the nullity of the marriage of the Earl of Essex and the Lady Frances Howard, 1618." It would appear from this that his offer had been accepted.

distinction of a virgin bride. Donne refers to the public opinion in regard to the marriage in stanza ii :

" If by that manly courage they be tried,  
Which scorns unjust opinion, then the bride  
Becomes a man."

The whole *Epithalamion* is a disgrace to him, little palliated by his need, or by the fact that other men of great note united in doing honor to the occasion. The festivities which followed the marriage on the 26th of December lasted till Twelfth Night, and were concluded by a masque, called *The Masque of Flowers*, composed by Campion, and presented by Bacon as a complimentary offering, at a reported cost of two thousand pounds. Ben Jonson's verses "to the most noble and above his titles Robert Earl of Somerset," "sent to him on his Wedding-Day 1613," in which the profligate Carr is extolled as "virtuous Somerset," were found pasted in Somerset's copy of Jonson's *Works*, 1640, when it was purchased for the British Museum. (See *Notes and Queries*, 1st series, vol. v, p. 193.) Disgust at the occasion and object of Donne's poem ought not to blind the reader to its extraordinary spirit, to the vivacity of fancy displayed in it, and to the beauty of many of its verses.

Page 145.

*Stanza XI.*

" Now, as in Tullia's tomb one lamp burnt clear,  
Unchanged for fifteen hundred year."

The story was widely current and believed during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that during the papacy of Paul III.,—sometime, that is, between 1534 and 1549,—an ancient tomb on the Appian Way had been opened, in which were the fair body of a girl in perfect preservation, and a lamp still burning. Speedily on admission of the air the body fell to dust, and the lamp was extinguished. It was said that an inscription in the tomb bore the words *Tulliolae filiae meae*, and it was supposed that the body was that of Tullia, often affectionately called Tulliola, the daughter (not the sister, as Sir Thomas Browne says) of Cicero. All that is known of the discovery of the tomb may be found in the *De Lucernis Antiquorum*

*reconditis* of Licetus, 1653, and in the *De Lucernis sepulchralibus veterum* of Ottaviano Ferrari, 1670. Licetus was a believer in the perpetual fire of the lamp; but Ferrari sufficiently exposed the absurdity of the notion, and put a stop to the arguments of learned ignoramuses.

The matter is discussed with good sense by Sir Kenelm Digby in his treatise *Of Bodies*, 1645, ch. vii, § 9.

### Page 153.

#### *Satires.*

Collier, in his *Poetical Decameron*, i, 155, states that there is in the British Museum a manuscript copy of the first three satires of Donne (Harl. MS. 5110), entitled, *John Donne, his Satires, Anno Domini 1593*. If this date be correct, they were written when Donne was not more than twenty years old, and precede both Hall's and Lodge's satires. That they were written before Queen Elizabeth's death many allusions in them make certain. No printed copy of them is known before that of 1633. In Donne's *Letters*, p. 194, is one to Sir H. G. (Henry Goodere), dated Vigilia St. Tho. (Dec. 28), 1614, in which Donne says: "I am brought to a necessity of printing my Poems, and addressing them to my L. Chamberlain. This I mean to do forthwith; not for much public view, but at mine own cost, a few copies. . . . I must do this, as a valediction to the world, before I take orders." Whether this intention was carried out is uncertain, for no copy of the volume is known to exist. It may have included the satires. Among Ben Jonson's *Epigrams*, published in 1616, is one (xciv) addressed "To Lucy, Countess of Bedford, with Master Donne's Satires," from which it appears that she had asked to have them, but whether they were sent to her in manuscript or in print is not clear. There is plenty of sound feeling, good sense and wit in these satires, as well as of acute observation and picturesque delineation of life and character. The versification is often harsh, but, as Coleridge says, "Read them as Donne meant them to be read, and as sense and passion demand, and you will find in the lines a manly harmony." *Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare and other English Poets*, collected by Th. Ashe, London, 1883, p. 427.

## Page 153.

*Notes L.*

"Not though a captain do come in thy way,  
Bright parcel-gilt with forty dead men's pay."

**Pay drawn** for dead men whose names were still fraudulently borne  
on the muster-rolls of the company.

In Webster's *Appius and Virginia*, the Advocate says, speaking of  
the Captains:

"Yet I assure you  
Most of them know arithmetic so well  
That in a muster, to preserve dead pays,  
They 'll make twelve stand for twenty." Act v., sc. i.

## Page 155.

"The infant of London, heir to an India."

I cannot explain this verse, or the emendation of it in the edition  
of 1609, which seems to be rather an attempt to remove a corruption  
or an obscenity, than a true various reading.

## Page 155.

"Now we are in the street; he first of all,  
Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall."

Taking the wall side, which politeness assigns to the superior  
person. Nash, in his attack on Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Spenser,  
says he made "no bones of taking the wall of Sir Philip Sidney, in  
his black Venetian velvet."

## Page 156.

"But to a grave man he doth move no more  
Than the wise politic horse would heretofore,  
Or thou, O elephant, or ape, wilt do  
When any names the king of Spain to you."

The references are numerous in the literature of the time to Banks's  
horse, trained to all sorts of tricks, and first shown in London in  
1589. See Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, i, 2; Jonson, *Every*

*Man out of his Humour*, iv, 4; and *Epigram* 134 (133 in Gifford's ed.); Taylor, *Cast over the Water*, p. 159. Sir Kenelm Digby, *Of Bodies*, ch. 37, § 3, gives an account of some of his feats. The horse was named Morocco, and Hall in his *Satires*, book iv, sat. 2, couples the mention of him, as here, with that of an elephant, as if there had been one exhibited about the same time.

Page 156.

... “one (which did excel  
Th’ Indians in drinking his tobacco well)”

The phrase “drinking tobacco” for smoking was for a time much in use. For instance, Ben Jonson in *Every Man in his Humour*, iii, 2, makes Master Matthew, the town gull, say :

“By this air, the most divine tobacco that ever I drank.”

Page 157.

*Satire II.*

... “yet their state  
Is poor, disarmed, like Papists, not worth hate.”  
“Their” has no antecedent; it refers to “the poets” understood.

Page 159.

“ You said . . .  
I should be in remitter of your grace.”

Legal phraseology signifying “I should be replaced in possession of your grace.”

Page 160.

“ When Luther was professed, he did desire  
Short paternosters, saying as a friar  
Each day his beads, but, having left those laws,  
Adds to Christ’s prayer the power and glory clause.”

“ The power and glory clause” of the Lord’s Prayer is not to be found in the Vulgate, but was added by Luther in his translation of the New Testament.

Page 161.

Satire III.

"Are not heaven's joys as valiant to avenge  
Losses, as earth's honour was to them?"

"To them,"—i. e., to those who lived in the first blinded age.

Page 164.

"Will it then boot thee  
To say a Philip or a Gregory,  
A Harry or a Martin taught thee this?"

By Philip, Donne may have meant Melanchthon; by Gregory, Pope Gregory VII; by Harry, Henry VIII, the *Fidei Defensor*; and by Martin, Luther.

Page 165.

Satire IV.

"as Glase, which did go  
To mass in jest, catched, was fain to disburse  
The hundred marks which is the statute's curse."

In 1581, among the enactments against the Roman Catholics was that "hearing mass should be one hundred marks penalty, and one year's imprisonment." Fuller, *Church History of Britain*, book ix, sec. iv, § 7.

Page 166.

"One who for a Dane  
In the Danes' massacre had sure been slain."

The tradition of this atrocious massacre, which occurred on November 13, 1002, still survived in the popular memory. When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Kenilworth, the people of Coventry begged to be allowed "to renew their old storied show" of the slaughter of the Danes "to move some mirth to her Majesty." "The thing is grounded in story, and for pastime wont to be played in our city yearly." *Laneham's Letter*, 1575.

## Page 166.

"When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise."

The first chapter of *The Fortunes of Nigel* affords a good illustration of this verse.

## Page 166.

. . . "it had been

Velvet, but 't was now (so much ground was seen)  
Become tufftaffaty ; and our children shall  
See it plain rash."

Tufftaffaty was a taffeta, a fabric of silk or linen, woven with a pile like velvet in tufts or spots; when the nap was worn off it would be like "plain rash," an inferior smooth stuff.

## Page 167.

"Jovius or Surius."

The *Historia sui Temporis* of Jovius, or Paolo Giovio (1483-1552), the well-known Bishop of Nocera, was not distinguished for its veracity.

Laurentius Surius (1522-78) of Lubeck, a Carthusian monk, compiled many untrustworthy books.

## Page 167.

"Calepine's Dictionary."

This famous polyglot dictionary was much in use, and went through very many editions in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

## Page 168.

. . . "the way to it is King-street."

King Street originally ran from Charing Cross to the King's palace at Westminster. Ben Jonson, in his *Conversations with Drummond*, says Spenser "died for lack of bread in King Street."

## Page 169.

"To say Gallo-Belgicus without book."

See *ante*, note on page 126.

## Page 169.

"Speaks of all states and deeds that hath been since  
The Spaniards came, to the loss of Amiens."

"Since the Spaniards came" affords a vague indication of time. Perhaps it refers to their invasion of France in 1594, after Henry IV. had declared war with Philip II. The Spaniards took Amiens in March, 1595, and this may possibly indicate the date of this satire as the summer of that year, for Amiens was retaken by the French in September.

## Page 169.

"I sigh and sweat  
To hear this macaron talk in vain."

In Torriano's Italian dictionary, 1698, "macaroni" is defined "by met, a looby, one that can do nothing but loll and eat"; hence, a fooling, a conceited pretender: as, Yankee Doodle

"Stuck a feather in his cap  
And called it macaroni."

## Page 170.

. . . "great officers  
Do with the pirates share and Dunkirkers."

Dunkirk was long the nest of the freebooters who were the terror of honest commerce, preying indiscriminately on that of all nations. Their cruelties were excessive, and as a rule they neither gave nor took quarter.

## Page 171.

. . . "a trance  
Like his who dreamt he saw hell."

This reference to Dante is worth noting, for Dante was not so well known at this time in England as the later Italian poets.

## Page 171.

. . . "flouts our presence."

"Presence" is here used for the court—that is, the assembly of courtiers in the royal presence. The change to "courtiers" in the editions subsequent to that of 1633 is to afford an antecedent of the proper grammatical number to the "ours are," two verses below. On the next page, line 3, "présence" is in the sense of the court or the King's presence, and in the sixth line from the foot in the same sense. In this latter verse Moschite is an obsolete form of mosque, here used as equivalent to "a sacred place."

## Page 172.

. . . "whoe'er looks  
(For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,  
Shall find their wardrobe's inventory."

They dare not go because of the debts they owe to the haberdashers, silk-mercers, linen-drapers, and hosiers, whose shops lined Cheapside.

## Page 172.

"Dürer's rules"

are in his famous book *De Symmetria partium humanorum corporum*.

## Page 174.

"Those Ascaparts, men big enough to throw  
Charing-Cross for a bar."

Ascapart was the renowned giant vanquished by Sir Bevis of Hampton. Throwing the bar was an old sport and test of strength.

"Cladon, the lad

Who whilome had

The garland given for throwing best the barre."

Browne, *The Shepherd's Pipe*, eclogue vii.

## Page 174.

"Living, barrels of beef".

The Beef-eaters—the popular appellation of the yeomen of the guard in the royal household, as well as of the warders of the Tower. This guard was established at the accession of Henry VII. in 1485. See *History of Henry VII.* in Spalding's edition of Bacon's Works, vi, 25.

## Page 174.

"With Maccabees's modesty."

"And if I have done well, and as is fitting the story, it is that which I desired: but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto." 2 Maccabees, xv, 35.

## Page 174.

*Satire V.*

"He which did lay  
Rules to make courtiers . . .  
Free from the sting of jests all who in extreme  
Are wretched or wicked."

Castiglione, in his famous book *Il Cortigiano*, the courtier's manual in the sixteenth century, twice lays down the rule that neither the wretched nor the wicked are to be made the subject of jests,—for to jest at the one is cruelty, at the other is vanity. See Book ii, §§ 46, 83.

## Page 175.

"You, Sir, whose righteousness she loves (whom I,  
By having leave to serve, am most richly  
For service paid), authorized now begin  
To know and weed out this enormous sin."

These verses fix the date of this satire between 1596, when Donne entered the service of Sir Thomas Egerton (afterward Lord Chancellor Ellesmere), and 1600, when he lost his place as Egerton's secretary. It was in 1596 that Egerton was advanced to the post of Lord Keeper. His integrity was unquestioned, and under the Queen's authority,

express or implied, he may have undertaken to introduce reforms into the practice of the courts, to prevent delays as well as the sale of justice, and to check the extortions of officials. Jonson addressed him in an epigram as "Justest lord."

Page 176.

"Scape, like Angelica, the strivers' handa."

"The fairest of her sex, Angelica," as Milton (*Par. Reg.*, iii, 341) calls her, escapes, in the first canto of the *Orlando Furioso*, from the hands of Rinaldo and Ferrau, in the second from those of Rinaldo and Sacripante.

Page 176.

"By means of angelas."

The same pun is found in *Elegy XI.*

Page 177.

"Enough to clothe all the great carrick's pepper."

The carrick was a vessel with a capacious hold fitted for fighting as well as for burden.

"They are made like carracks, only strength and storage."

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Coxcomb*, i, 3.

Page 178.

*Satire VI.*

"Dried with his threats."

Dr. Grosart gives the reading from a manuscript, "Urged with his threats." But "urged" is as weak as "dried" is perplexing.

Page 185.

*Phryne.*

Drummond reports that Ben Jonson "had this [epigram] oft." *Conversations*, p. 38.

## Page 185.

*Raderus.*

Matthew Rader, a learned German Jesuit, published an expurgated edition of Martial in 1602, with what is said to be a verbose commentary.

## Page 185.

*Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus.*

See ante, note on page 136.

## Page 186.

*Gauvus.*

There were three learned brothers of this name who wrote much in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. I have not access to the works of any of them, and cannot say from what volume this epigram is translated.

## Page 189.

*The Progress of the Soul. Metempsychosis.*

Drummond reports Jonson as saying: "The conceit of Donne's Transformation or Metempsychosis was, that he sought the soul of that apple which Eve pulled, and thereafter made it the soul of a bitch, then of a she-wolf, and so of a woman: his general purpose was to have brought in all the bodies of the heretics from the soul of Cain, and at last left it in the body of Calvin. Of this he never wrote but one sheet, and now, since he was made Doctor, repenteth highly, and seeketh to destroy all his poems." *Conversations*, p. 9. It would be of interest to know whether Jonson derived his knowledge of Donne's "general purpose" from Donne himself. There is no indication in the introductory Epistle, or in the poem itself as we now have it, of such a purpose as Jonson ascribes to him. That Donne regretted the existence of some of his early poems is asserted by Walton in his life of him: "It is a truth that in his penitential years, viewing some of those pieces too loosely scattered in his youth, he wished they had been abortive, or so short-lived that his own eyes had witnessed their funerals."

Both the thought and the expression in the *Epistle* which precedes this poem have some likeness to passages in Montaigne, especially in his essay on *Books* and the beginning of his essay on the *Education of Children*.

Page 190.

"A mucheron," or, according to other editions, "a maceron."

Maceron is the French name for what Gerhard in his *Herbal* called Candy Alexander, or Thorough-bored parsley (*Swernium criticum*). But I cannot find that maceron was ever used in English. I am inclined to think that Donne wrote mushroom, or mushrom, as Gerhard spells it. This fits his thought, "You must not grudge to find the soul even in the lowest plant."

Page 191.

*Stanza I.*

"A work to outwear Seth's pillars, brick and stone."

Seth, the son of Adam, left children who imitated his virtues. "They were the discoverers of the wisdom which relates to the heavenly bodies and their order, and that their inventions might not be lost they made two pillars, the one of brick, the other of stone, and inscribed their discoveries on them both, that in case the pillar of brick should be destroyed by the flood, the pillar of stone might remain and exhibit those discoveries to mankind. . . . Now this remains in the land of Siriad to this day." Josephus, *Antiquities of the Jews*, Whiston's translation, book i, ch. 2, § 3.

Page 192.

*Stanza III.*

"Nor, holy Janus, in whose sovereign boat  
The church and all the monarchies did float."

Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors*, vi, 6, says, "Janus, whom Annius of Viterbo and the chorographers of Italy do make to be the same with Noah." Annius of

**Viterbo (1492-1562)**, or *Fra Giovanni Nanni*, a learned Dominican held in high repute at the papal court by Sixtus IV. and Alexander VI., published in 1498 a work entitled *Antiquitatum variarum etiaciones scitit*. In this he included what professed to be a *defloratio* of the five books of the ancient history of Berossus. The third book was entitled, *Berosi de antiquitatis Iuni patris quae Noe nomenavit*. It was affirmed in it that Noah "ob beneficium inventus vitiis et vini dignatus est cognomento Iuni, quod Annus etiam vocat vitifer et vinifer," and the early culture of Italy was ascribed to him. The book of Annus had great acceptance for a generation or two, and the *Commentaria* on Berossus were often separately reprinted, in spite of the fact that their fictitious character was exposed by several of the better scholars of the time. Munster, in his *Geographie*, after citing Berossus as authority that Iunus was but another name for Noah, and that Noah visited Italy, adds with caution and instructive credulity, "Ne dubitatis quin Berossus haec haberit ex praedictissimis scriptis relicitis scilicet vel a Noah, vel a filio eius." Ed. 1569, p. 35; cf. pp. 180, 1026.

## Page 193.

*Stanza V.*

"To my six lustres, almost now outwore."

The poem is dated 1601, when Donne, born in 1573, was 28 years old.

## Pages 193, 194.

*Stanza VII.*

" For the great soul, which here amongst us now  
 Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and brow,  
 Which, as the moon the sea, moves us, to hear  
 Whose story with long patience you will long,  
 (For 't is the crown, and last strain of my song)."

At the close of the preliminary Epistle Donne says that he delivers all the passages of the soul "from her first making, when she was that apple which Eve ate, to this time when she is he, whose life you shall finis<sup>h</sup> — 'the end of this book'; and these words, as well as

the preceding verses, are explained by the conclusion of the story of the Progress of the Soul, when at last she, the soul,

. . . . “knew treachery,  
Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enow  
To be a woman.” *Stanza LI.*

It is woman’s hand and tongue and brow “which, as the moon the sea, moves us.” It must be remembered that Donne entitled this vigorous and imaginative poem, *Poema Satyricon*.

Page 194.

*Stanza VIII.*

“If, as devout and sharp men fitly guess,  
That cross, . . .  
Stood in the self-same room in Calvary,  
Where first grew the forbidden learned tree.”

Where Donne found the fancy that the cross was planted where the tree of the knowledge of good and evil had stood I do not know. But among the numerous theories as to the site of Paradise there was one, at least as old as the fourth century, that it had occupied the spot which afterwards became the site of Jerusalem. See the 47th Question of the *Quaestiones ad Antiochum*, ascribed to St. Athanasius, and printed (as spurious) in the Benedictine edition of his works, *Paris, 1698.*

Page 197.

*Stanzas XIV-XVI.*

The description of the mandrake conforms to the popular superstition. Rough woodcuts of the male and female mandrake may be seen in the *Ortus Sanitatis*, Venice, 1511, accompanied with an account of their operations and qualities.

Page 200.

*Stanza XXI.*

“Men, till they took laws which made freedom less.”  
See *ante*, note on pp. 63, 64.

Page 202.

*Stanza XXVI.*

"As in this trap a ravenous pike was ta'en."

"As" has here the meaning of "so," "likewise."

Page 203.

*Stanza XXVII.*

"Makes a board or two" is a nautical phrase equivalent to "makes a tack or two," "swims this way and that."

Page 204.

*Stanza XXIX.*

"And laws make facts and laws for their destruction."

During the reign of Elizabeth the change in the national religion and the consequent diminution of facts and fish-days led to the decline of the fishing industry: some fishermen turned pirates, others ceased to follow the sea.

In 1564 an act was passed for the maintenance of the navy, one of the clauses of which, enacted with intent to encourage seamanship, was that Wednesdays and Saturdays through the year should be fish-days on which it should not be lawful to eat flesh, under penalty of three pounds or imprisonment for three months. See *Statutes of the Realm*, 5 Eliz. c. 5; cf. also *Acts of Privy Council*, New Series, vol. vii, 1558-1570. London, 1893.

Pages 207, 208.

*Stanzas XXXVI and XL.*

In Spenser's *Visions of the World's Vanitie* there is a description of the killing of the whale by the sword-fish, and of the elephant by the creeping of an ant, "a silly worm," into his nostrils, which may have afforded the suggestion of these stanzas.

## Page 208.

*Stanza XXXIX.*

“ Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend.”

“ There generally passes an opinion that it [the elephant] hath no joints, and this absurdity is seconded with another, that, being unable to lie down, it sleepeth against a tree . . . which conceit is not the daughter of later times, but is an old and grey-headed error, even in the days of Aristotle.” Sir Thomas Browne, *Vulgar and Common Errors*, iii, 1.

## Page 208.

*Stanza XL.*

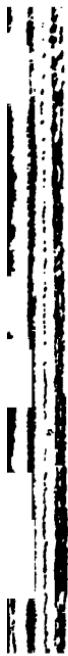
. . . “a man of better room.”

“ Room” is used here in its obsolete significance of “station,” or “rank.”

## Page 214.

*Stanza LII.*

This conclusion of the poem seems to have little connection with what precedes. It introduces a train of thought unrelated to the main theme. The inventions of cursed Cain’s race are told in Genesis iv, 20-22, but the invention of astronomy by blest Seth rests only on ancient Jewish tradition.



## CORRIGENDA.

### VOL. I.

Page 5, line 7, omit comma after "dies". The edition of 1669 reads "is" for "was".

Page 14, line 7 from foot, omit comma after "Grief".

Page 70, line 9 from foot, omit comma after "Death".

Page 108, line 15, omit comma after "Tenarus".

Page 169, line 20, insert comma after "came".



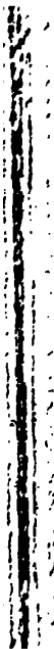
















3 2044 011 624 665

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED  
AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS  
NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON  
OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED  
BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE  
NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE  
BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.

WIDENER  
BOOK DUE  
SEP 10 1991

APR - 5 1996

BOOK DUE

WIDENER  
BOOK DUE  
FEB 10 1996

C WIDENER

BOOK DUE

SEP 15 2000

WIDENER

SEP 13 2000

BOOK DUE

CANCELLED

